

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 160  NUMBER 6

DECEMBER 1937

A TOOTH FOR PAUL REVERE

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

SOME say it all happened because of Hancock and Adams (said the old man, pulling at his pipe), and some put it back to the Stamp Act and before. Then there's some hold out for Paul Revere and his little silver box. But the way I heard it, it broke loose because of Lige Butterwick and his tooth.

What's that? Why, the American Revolution, of course. What else would I be talking about? Well, your story about the land down South that they had to plough with alligators reminded me.

No, this is a true story — or at least that's how I heard it told. My great-aunt was a Butterwick and I heard it from her. And, every now and then, she'd write it out and want to get it put in the history books. But they'd always put her off with some trifling sort of excuse. Till, finally, she got her dander up and wrote direct to the President of the United States. Well, no, he did n't answer himself exactly — the President's apt to be a pretty busy man. But the letter said he'd received her interesting communication and thanked her for it, so that shows you. We've got it framed, in the trailer — the ink's

a little faded, but you can make out the man's name who signed it. It's either Bowers or Thorpe and he wrote a very nice hand.

You see, my great-aunt, she was n't very respectful to the kind of history that does get into the books. What she liked was the queer corners of it and the tales that get handed down in families. Take Paul Revere, for instance — all most folks think about, with him, is his riding a horse. But when she talked about Paul Revere — why, you could just see him in his shop, brewing the American Revolution in a silver teapot and waiting for it to settle. Oh yes, he was a silversmith by trade — but she claimed he was something more. She claimed there was a kind of magic in that quick, skillful hand of his — and that he was one of the kind of folks that can see just a little bit farther into a millstone than most. But it was when she got to Lige Butterwick that she really turned herself loose.

For she claimed that it took all sorts to make a country — and that meant the dumb ones, too. I don't mean ijits or nincompoops — just the ordinary folks

Copyright 1937, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

that live along from day to day. And that day may be a notable day in history — but it's just Tuesday to them, till they read all about it in the papers. Oh, the heroes and the great men — they can plan and contrive and see ahead. But it is n't till the Lige Butterwicks get stirred up that things really start to happen. Or so she claimed. And the way that they do get stirred up is often curious, as she'd tell this story to prove.

For, now you take Lige Butterwick — and, before his tooth started aching, he was just like you and me. He lived on a farm about eight miles from Lexington, Massachusetts, and he was a peaceable man. It was troubled times in the American colonies, what with British warships in Boston Harbor and British soldiers in Boston and Sons of Liberty hooting the British soldiers — not to speak of Boston tea parties and such. But Lige Butterwick, he worked his farm and did n't pay much attention. There's lots of people like that, even in troubled times.

When he went into town, to be sure, there was high talk at the tavern. But he bought his goods and came home again — he had ideas about politics, but he did n't talk about them much. He had a good farm and it kept him busy — he had a wife and five children and they kept him humping. The young folks could argue about King George and Sam Adams — he wondered how the corn was going to stand that year. Now and then, if somebody said that this and that was a burning shame, he'd allow as how it might be, just to be neighborly. But, inside, he was wondering whether next year he might n't make an experiment and plant the west field in rye.

Well, everything went along for him the way that it does for most folks with good years and bad years, till one April morning, in 1775, he woke up with a toothache. Being the kind of man he was, he did n't pay much attention to it at first. But he mentioned it that

evening, at supper, and his wife got a bag of hot salt for him. He held it to his face and it seemed to ease him, but he could n't hold it there all night, and, next morning, the tooth hurt worse than ever.

Well, he stood it the next day and the next, but it did n't improve any. He tried tansy tea and other remedies — he tried tying a string to it and having his wife slam the door. But, when it came to the pinch, he could n't quite do it. So, finally, he took the horse and rode into Lexington town to have it seen to. Mrs. Butterwick made him — she said it might be an expense, but anything was better than having him act as if he wanted to kick the cat across the room every time she put her feet down hard.

When he got into Lexington, he noticed that folks there seemed kind of excited. There was a lot of talk about muskets and powder and a couple of men called Hancock and Adams who were staying at Parson Clarke's. But Lige Butterwick had his own business to attend to — and, besides, his tooth was jumping so he was n't in any mood for conversation. He set off for the local barber's, as being the likeliest man he knew to pull a tooth.

The barber took one look at it and shook his head.

'I can pull her, Lige,' he said. 'Oh, I can pull her, all right. But she's got long roots and strong roots and she's going to leave an awful gap when she's gone. Now, what you really need,' he said, kind of excited, for he was one of those perky little men who's always interested in the latest notion, 'what you really need — though it's taking away my business — is one of these-here artificial teeth to go in the hole.'

'Artificial teeth!' said Lige. 'It's flying in the face of Nature!'

The barber shook his head. 'No, Lige,' he said, 'that's where you're wrong. Artificial teeth is all the go these days, and Lexington ought to keep

up with the times. It would do me good to see you with an artificial tooth — it would so.'

'Well, it might do *you* good,' said Lige, rather crossly, for his tooth was jumping, 'but, supposing I did want one — how in tunket will I get one in Lexington?'

'Now you just leave that to me,' said the barber, all excited, and he started to rummage around. 'You'll have to go to Boston for it, but I know just the man.' He was one of those men who can always tell you where to go and it's usually wrong. 'See here,' he went on. 'There's a fellow called Revere in Boston that fixes them and they say he's a boss workman. Just take a look at this prospectus' — and he started to read from a paper: "'Whereas many persons are so unfortunate as to lose their fore-teeth" — that's you, Lige — "to their great detriment, not only in looks but in speaking, both in public and private, this is to inform all such that they may have them replaced by artificial ones" — see? — "that look as well as the natural and answer the end of speaking to all intents" — and then he's got his name — Paul Revere, goldsmith, near the head of Dr. Clarke's wharf, Boston.'

'Sounds well enough,' said Lige, 'but what's it going to cost?'

'Oh, I know Revere,' said the barber, swelling up like a robin. 'Comes through here pretty often, as a matter of fact. And he's a decent fellow, if he is a pretty big bug in the Sons of Liberty. You just mention my name.'

'Well, it's something I had n't thought of,' said Lige, as his tooth gave another red-hot jounce, 'but in for a penny, in for a pound. I've missed a day's work already and that tooth's got to come out before I go stark, staring mad. But what sort of man is this Revere, anyway?'

'Oh, he's a regular wizard!' said the barber. 'A regular wizard with his tools.'

'Wizard!' said Lige. 'Well, I don't

know about wizards. But if he can fix my tooth I'll call him one.'

'You'll never regret it,' said the barber — and that's the way folks always talk when they're sending someone else to the dentist. So Lige Butterwick got on his horse again and started out for Boston. A couple of people shouted at him as he rode down the street, but he did n't pay any attention. And, going by Parson Clarke's, he caught a glimpse of two men talking in the Parson's front room. One was a tallish, handsomish man in pretty fine clothes and the other was shorter and untidy, with a kind of bulldog face. But they were strangers to him and he did n't really notice them — just rode ahead.

II

But as soon as he got into Boston he started to feel queer — and it was n't only his tooth. He had n't been there in four years and he'd expected to find it changed, but it was n't that. It was a clear enough day and yet he kept feeling there was thunder in the air. There'd be knots of people, talking and arguing, on street corners, and then, when you got closer to them, they'd kind of melt away. Or, if they stayed, they'd look at you, out of the corners of their eyes. And there, in the Port of Boston, were the British warships, black and grim. He'd known they'd be there, of course, but it was different, seeing them. It made him feel queer to see their guns pointed at the town. He'd known there was trouble and dispute, in Boston, but the knowledge had passed over him like rain and hail. But now here he was in the middle of it — and it smelt like earthquake weather. He could n't make head or tail of it, but he wanted to be home.

All the same, he'd come to get his tooth fixed, and, being New England, he was bound to do it. But first he stopped at a tavern for a bite and a sup, for it was long past his dinnertime. And

there, it seemed to him, things got even more curious.

'Nice weather we're having, these days,' he said, in a friendly way, to the barkeep.

'It's bitter weather for Boston,' said the barkeep, in an unfriendly voice, and a sort of low growl went up from the boys at the back of the room and every eye fixed on Lige.

Well, that did n't help the toothache any, but, being a sociable person, Lige kept on.

'May be, for Boston,' he said, 'but out in the country we'd call it good planting weather.'

The barkeep stared at him hard.

'I guess I was mistaken in you,' he said. 'It is good planting weather — for some kinds of trees.'

'And what kind of trees were you thinking of?' said a sharp-faced man at Lige's left and squeezed his shoulder.

'There's trees and trees, you know,' said a red-faced man at Lige's right, and gave him a dig in the ribs.

'Well, now that you ask me —' said Lige, but he could n't even finish before the red-faced man dug him hard in the ribs again.

'The liberty tree!' said the red-faced man. 'And may it soon be watered in the blood of tyrants!'

'The royal oak of England!' said the sharp-faced man. 'And God save King George and loyalty!'

Well, with that it seemed to Lige Butterwick as if the whole tavern kind of riz up at him. He was kicked and pummeled and mauled and thrown into a corner and yanked out of it again, with the red-faced man and the sharp-faced man and all the rest of them dancing quadrilles over his prostrate form. Till, finally, he found himself out in the street with half his coat gone galley-west.

'Well,' said Lige to himself, 'I always heard city folks were crazy. But politics must be getting serious in these American colonies when they start fighting about trees!'

Then he saw the sharp-faced man was beside him, trying to shake his hand. He noticed with some pleasure that the sharp-faced man had the beginnings of a beautiful black eye.

'Nobly done, friend,' said the sharp-faced man, 'and I'm glad to find another true-hearted loyalist in this pestilent, rebellious city.'

'Well, I don't know as I quite agree with you about that,' said Lige. 'But I came here to get my tooth fixed, not to talk politics. And as long as you've spoken so pleasant, I wonder if you could help me out. You see, I'm from Lexington way — and I'm looking for a fellow named Paul Revere —'

'Paul Revere!' said the sharp-faced man, as if the name hit him like a bullet. Then he began to smile again — not a pleasant smile.

'Oh, it's Paul Revere you want, my worthy and ingenuous friend from the country,' he said. 'Well, I'll tell you how to find him. You go up to the first British soldier you see and ask the way. But you better give the password first.'

'Password?' said Lige Butterwick, scratching his ear.

'Yes,' said the sharp-faced man, and his smile got wider. 'You say to that British soldier, "Any lobsters for sale to-day?" Then you ask about Revere.'

'But why do I talk about lobsters first?' said Lige Butterwick, kind of stubborn.

'Well, you see,' said the sharp-faced man, 'the British soldiers wear red coats. So they like being asked about lobsters. Try it and see.' And he went away, with his shoulders shaking.

Well, that seemed queer to Lige Butterwick, but no queerer than the other things that had happened that day. All the same, he did n't quite trust the sharp-faced man, so he took care not to come too close to the British patrol when he asked them about the lobsters. And it was lucky he did, for no sooner were the words out of his mouth than the British soldiers took

after him and chased him clear down to the wharves before he could get away. At that, he only managed it by hiding in an empty tar-barrel, and when he got out he was certainly a sight for sore eyes.

'Well, I guess that could n't have been the right password,' he said to himself, kind of grimly, as he tried to rub off some of the tar. 'All the same, I don't think soldiers ought to act like that when you ask them a civil question. But, city folks or soldiers, they can't make a fool out of me. I came here to get my tooth fixed and get it fixed I will, if I have to surprise the whole British Empire to do it.'

And just then he saw a sign on a shop at the end of the wharf. And, according to my great-aunt, this was what was on the sign. It said 'PAUL REVERE, SILVERSMITH' at the top, and then, under it, in smaller letters, 'Large and small bells cast to order, engraving and printing done in job lots, artificial teeth sculptured and copper boilers mended, all branches of goldsmith and silversmith work and revolutions put up to take out. Express Service, Tuesdays and Fridays, to Lexington, Concord and Points West.'

'Well,' said Lige Butterwick, 'kind of a Jack-of-all-trades. Now maybe I can get my tooth fixed.' And he marched up to the door.

III

Paul Revere was behind the counter when Lige came in, turning a silver bowl over and over in his hands. A man of forty-odd he was, with a quick, keen face and snapping eyes. He was wearing Boston clothes, but there was a French look about him — for his father was Apollos Rivoire from the island of Guernsey, and good French Huguenot stock. They'd changed the name to Revere when they crossed the water.

It was n't such a big shop, but it had silver pieces in it that people have paid thousands for, since. And the silver pieces were n't all. There were prints and engravings of the Port of Boston

and caricatures of the British and all sorts of goldsmith work, more than you could put a name to. It was a crowded place, but shipshape. And Paul Revere moved about it, quick and keen, with his eyes full of life and hot temper — the kind of man who knows what he wants to do and does it the next minute.

There were quite a few customers there when Lige Butterwick first came in — so he sort of scrooged back in a corner and waited his chance. For one thing, after the queer sign and the barber's calling him a wizard, he wanted to be sure about this fellow, Revere, and see what kind of customers came to his shop.

Well, there was a woman who wanted a christening mug for a baby and a man who wanted a print of the Boston Massacre. And then there was a fellow who passed Revere some sort of message, under cover — Lige caught the whisper, 'powder' and 'Sons of Liberty,' though he could n't make out the rest. And, finally, there was a very fine silk-dressed lady who seemed to be giving Revere considerable trouble. Lige peeked at her round the corner of his chair, and, somehow or other, she reminded him of a turkey-gobbler, especially the strut.

She was complaining about some silver that Paul Revere had made for her — expensive silver it must have been. And 'Oh, Master Revere, I'm so disappointed!' she was saying. 'When I took the things from the box, I could just have cried!'

Revere drew himself up a little at that, Lige noticed, but his voice was pleasant.

'It is I who am disappointed, madam,' he said, with a little bow. 'But what was the trouble? It must have been carelessly packed. Was it badly dented? I'll speak to my boy.'

'Oh no, it was n't dented,' said the turkey-gobbler lady. 'But I wanted a really impressive silver service — something I can use when the Governor comes to dinner with us. I certainly *paid*

for the best. And what have you given me?’

Lige waited to hear what Paul Revere would say. When he spoke, his voice was stiff.

‘I have given you the best work of which I am capable, madam,’ he said. ‘It was in my hands for six months — and I think they are skillful hands.’

‘Oh,’ said the woman, and rustled her skirts, ‘I know you’re a competent artisan, Master Revere —’

‘Silversmith, if you please —’ said Paul Revere, and the woman rustled again.

‘Well, I don’t care what you call it,’ she said, and then you could see her fine accent was put on like her fine clothes. ‘But I know I wanted a real service — something I could show my friends. And what have you given me? Oh, it’s silver, if you choose. But it’s just as plain and simple as a picket fence!’

Revere looked at her for a moment and Lige Butterwick thought he’d explode.

‘Simple?’ he said. ‘And plain? You pay me high compliments, madam!’

‘Compliments indeed!’ said the woman, and now she was getting furious. ‘I’m sending it back to-morrow! Why, there is n’t as much as a lion or a unicorn on the cream jug. And I told you I wanted the sugar bowl covered with silver grapes! But you’ve given me something as bare as the hills of New England! And I won’t stand it, I tell you! I’ll send to England instead.’

Revere puffed his cheeks and blew, but his eyes were dangerous.

‘Send away, madam,’ he said. ‘We’re making new things in this country — new men — new silver — perhaps, who, knows, a new nation. Plain, simple, bare as the hills and rocks of New England — graceful as the boughs of her elm trees — if my silver were only like that indeed! But that is what I wish to make it. And, as for you, madam,’ — he stepped toward her like a cat, — ‘with your lions and unicorns and grape leaves and your

nonsense of bad ornament done by bad silversmiths — your imported bad taste and your imported British manners — puff!’ And he blew at her, just the way you blow at a turkey-gobbler, till she fairly picked up her fine silk skirts and ran. Revere watched her out of the door and turned back, shaking his head.

‘William!’ he called to the boy who helped him in the shop. ‘Put up the shutters — we’re closing for the day. And William — no word yet from Dr. Warren?’

‘Not yet, sir,’ said the boy, and started to put up the shutters. Then Lige Butterwick thought it was about time to make his presence known.

So he coughed, and Paul Revere whirled and Lige Butterwick felt those quick, keen eyes boring into his. He was n’t exactly afraid of them, for he was stubborn himself, but he knew this was an unexpected kind of man.

‘Well, my friend,’ said Revere, impatiently, ‘and who in the world are you?’

‘Well, Mr. Revere,’ said Lige Butterwick. ‘It is Mr. Revere, is n’t it? It’s kind of a long story. But, closing or not, you’ve got to listen to me. The barber told me so.’

‘The barber!’ said Revere, kind of dumbfounded.

‘Uh-huh,’ said Lige, and opened his mouth. ‘You see, it’s my tooth.’

‘Tooth!’ said Revere, and stared at him as if they were both crazy. ‘You’d better begin at the beginning. But wait a minute. You don’t talk like a Boston man. Where do you come from?’

‘Oh, around Lexington way,’ said Lige. ‘And, you see —’

But the mention of Lexington seemed to throw Revere into a regular excitement. He fairly shook Lige by the shoulders.

‘Lexington!’ he said. ‘Were you there this morning?’

‘Of course I was,’ said Lige. ‘That’s where the barber I told you about —’

'Never mind the barber!' said Revere. 'Were Mr. Hancock and Mr. Adams still at Parson Clarke's?'

'Well, they might have been, for all I know,' said Lige. 'But I could n't say.'

'Great heaven!' said Revere. 'Is there a man in the American colonies who does n't know Mr. Hancock and Mr. Adams?'

'There seems to be me,' said Lige. 'But, speaking of strangers — there *was* two of them staying at the parsonage, when I rode past. One was a hand-somish man and the other looked more like a bulldog —'

'Hancock and Adams!' said Revere. 'So they are still there.' He took a turn or two up and down the room. 'And the British ready to march!' he muttered to himself. 'Did you see many soldiers as you came to my shop, Mr. Butterwick?'

'See them?' said Lige. 'They chased me into a tar-barrel. And there was a whole passel of them up by the Common with guns and flags. Looked as if they meant business.'

Revere took his hand and pumped it up and down.

'Thank you, Mr. Butterwick,' he said. 'You're a shrewd observer. And you have done me — and the colonies — an invaluable service.'

'Well, that's nice to know,' said Lige. 'But, speaking about this tooth of mine —'

Revere looked at him and laughed, while his eyes crinkled.

'You're a stubborn man, Mr. Butterwick,' he said. 'All the better. I like stubborn men. I wish we had more of them. Well, one good turn deserves another — you've helped me and I'll do my best to help you. I've made artificial teeth — but drawing them is hardly my trade. All the same, I'll do what I can for you.'

So Lige sat down in a chair and opened his mouth.

'Whew!' said Revere, with his eyes

dancing. His voice grew solemn. 'Mr. Butterwick,' he said, 'it seems to be a compound, agglutinated infraction of the upper molar. I'm afraid I can't do anything about it to-night.'

'But —' said Lige.

'But here's a draught — that will ease the pain for a while,' said Revere, and poured some medicine into a cup. 'Drink!' he said, and Lige drank. The draught was red and spicy, with a queer, sleepy taste, but pungent. It was n't like anything Lige had ever tasted before, but he noticed it eased the pain.

'There,' said Revere. 'And now you go to a tavern and get a good night's rest. Come back to see me in the morning — I'll find a tooth-drawer for you, if I'm here. And — oh yes — you'd better have some liniment.'

He started to rummage in a big cupboard at the back of the shop. It was dark now, with the end of day and the shutters up, and whether it was the tooth, or the tiredness, or the draught Paul Revere had given him, Lige began to feel a little queer. There was a humming in his head and a lightness in his feet. He got up and stood looking over Paul Revere's shoulder, and it seemed to him that things moved and scampered in that cupboard in a curious way, as Revere's quick fingers took down this box and that. And the shop was full of shadows and murmurings.

'It's a queer kind of shop you've got here, Mr. Revere,' he said, glad to hear the sound of his own voice.

'Well, some people think so,' said Revere — and that time Lige was almost sure he saw something move in the cupboard. He coughed. 'Say — what's in that little bottle?' he said, to keep his mind steady.

'That?' said Paul Revere, with a smile, and held the bottle up. 'Oh, that's a little chemical experiment of mine. I call it Essence of Boston. But there's a good deal of East Wind in it.'

'Essence of Boston,' said Lige, with his eyes bulging. 'Well, they did say you

was a wizard. It's gen-u-wine magic, I suppose?'

'Genuine magic, of course,' said Revere, with a chuckle. 'And here's the box with your liniment. And here —'

He took down two little boxes — a silver and a pewter one — and placed them on the counter. But Lige's eyes went to the silver one — they were drawn to it, though he could n't have told you why.

'Pick it up,' said Paul Revere, and Lige did so and turned it in his hands. It was a handsome box. He could make out a growing tree and an eagle fighting a lion. 'It's mighty pretty work,' he said.

'It's my own design,' said Paul Revere. 'See the stars around the edge — thirteen of them? You could make a very pretty design with stars — for a new country, say — if you wanted to — I've sometimes thought of it.'

'But what's in it?' said Lige.

'What's in it?' said Paul Revere, and his voice was light but steely. 'Why, what's in the air around us? Gunpowder and war and the making of a new nation. But the time is n't quite ripe yet — not quite ripe.'

'You mean,' said Lige, and he looked at the box very respectful, 'that this-here revolution folks keep talking about —'

'Yes,' said Paul Revere, and he was about to go on. But just then his boy ran in, with a letter in his hand.

'Master!' he said. 'A message from Dr. Warren!'

IV

Well, with that Revere started moving, and, when he started to move, he moved fast. He was calling for his riding boots in one breath and telling Lige Butterwick to come back to-morrow in another — and, what with all the bustle and confusion, Lige Butterwick nearly went off without his liniment after all. But he grabbed up a box from the counter, just as Revere was practically shoving him out of the door — and it

was n't till he'd got to his tavern and gone to bed for the night that he found out he'd taken the wrong box.

He found it out then because, when he went to bed, he could n't get to sleep. It was n't his tooth that bothered him — that had settled to a kind of dull ache and he could have slept through that. But his mind kept going over all the events of the day — the two folks he'd seen at Parson Clarke's and being chased by the British and what Revere had said to the turkey-gobbler woman — till he could n't get any peace. He could feel something stirring in him, though he did n't know what it was.

'T ain't right to have soldiers chase a fellow down the street,' he said to himself. 'And 't ain't right to have people like that woman run down New England. No, it ain't. Oh me — I better look for that liniment of Mr. Revere's.'

So he got up from his bed and went over and found his coat. Then he reached his hand in the pocket and pulled out the silver box.

Well, at first he was so frustrated that he did n't know rightly what to do. For here, as well as he could remember it, was gunpowder and war and the makings of a new nation — the revolution itself, shut up in a silver box by Paul Revere. He might n't have believed there could be such things before he came to Boston. But now he did.

The draught was still humming in his head, and his legs felt a mite wobbly. But, being human, he was curious. 'Now, I wonder what *is* inside that box,' he said.

He shook the box and handled it, but that seemed to make it warmer, as if there was something alive inside it, so he stopped that mighty quick. Then he looked all over it for a keyhole, but there was n't any keyhole, and, if there had been, he did n't have a key.

Then he put his ear to the box and listened hard. And it seemed to him that he heard, very tiny and far away, inside the box, the rolling fire of thou-

sands of tiny muskets and the tiny, far-away cheers of many men. 'Hold your fire!' he heard a voice say. 'Don't fire till you're fired on — but, if they want a war, let it begin here!' And then there was a rolling of drums and a squeal of fifes. It was small, still, and far away, but it made him shake all over, for he knew he was listening to something in the future — and something that he didn't have a right to hear. He sat down on the edge of his bed, with the box in his hands.

'Now, what am I going to do with this?' he said. 'It's too big a job for one man.'

Well, he thought, kind of scared, of going down to the river and throwing the box in, but, when he thought of doing it, he knew he could n't. Then he thought of his farm near Lexington and the peaceful days. Once the revolution was out of the box, there'd be an end to that. But then he remembered what Revere had said when he was talking with the woman about the silver — the thing about building a new country and building it clean and plain. 'Why, I'm not a Britisher,' he thought. 'I'm a New Englander. And maybe there's something beyond that — something people like Hancock and Adams know about. And, if it has to come with a revolution — well, I guess it has to come. We can't stay Britishers forever, here in this country.'

He listened to the box again, and now there was n't any shooting in it — just a queer tune played on a fife. He did n't know the name of the tune, but it lifted his heart.

He got up, sort of slow and heavy. 'I guess I'll have to take this back to Paul Revere,' he said.

Well, the first place he went was Dr. Warren's, having heard Revere mention it, but he did n't get much satisfaction there. It took quite a while to convince them that he was n't a spy, and, when he did, all they'd tell him was that Revere had gone over the river to Charlestown. So he went down to the

waterfront to look for a boat. And the first person he met was a very angry woman.

'No,' she said, 'you don't get any boats from me. There was a crazy man along here an hour ago and he wanted a boat, too, and my husband was crazy enough to take him. And then, do you know what he did?'

'No, mam,' said Lige Butterwick.

'He made my husband take my best petticoat to muffle the oars so they wouldn't make a splash when they went past that Britisher ship,' she said, pointing out where the man-of-war *Somerset* lay at anchor. 'My best petticoat, I tell you! And when my husband comes back he'll get a piece of my mind!'

'Was his name Revere?' said Lige Butterwick. 'Was he a man of forty-odd, keen-looking and kind of Frenchy?'

'I don't know what his right name is,' said the woman, 'but his name's mud with me. My best petticoat tore into strips and swimming in that nasty river!' And that was all he could get out of her.

All the same, he managed to get a boat at last — the story does n't say how — and row across the river. The tide was at young flood and the moonlight bright on the water, and he passed under the shadow of the *Somerset*, right where Revere had passed. When he got to the Charlestown side, he could see the lanterns in North Church, though he did n't know what they signified. Then he told the folks at Charlestown he had news for Revere and they got him a horse and so he started to ride. And, all the while, the silver box was burning his pocket.

Well, he lost his way more or less, as you well might in the darkness, and it was dawn when he came into Lexington by a side road. The dawn in that country's pretty, with the dew still on the grass. But he was n't looking at the dawn. He was feeling the box burn his pocket and thinking hard.

Then, all of a sudden, he reined up

his tired horse. For there, on the side road, were two men carrying a trunk — and one of them was Paul Revere.

They looked at each other and Lige began to grin. For Revere was just as dirty and mud-splashed as he was — he'd warned Hancock and Adams all right, but then, on his way to Concord, he'd got caught by the British and turned loose again. So he'd gone back to Lexington to see how things were there — and now he and the other fellow were saving a trunk of papers that Hancock had left behind, so they would n't fall into the hands of the British.

Lige swung off his horse. 'Well, Mr. Revere,' he said, 'you see, I'm on time for that little appointment about my tooth. And, by the way, I've got something for you.' He took the box from his pocket. And then he looked over toward Lexington Green and caught his breath. For, on the Green, there was a little line of Minute Men — neighbors of his, as he knew — and, in front of them, the British regulars. And, even

as he looked, there was the sound of a gunshot, and, suddenly, smoke wrapped the front of the British line and he heard them shout as they ran forward.

Lige Butterwick took the silver box and stamped on it with his heel. And with that the box broke open — and there was a dazzle in his eyes for a moment and a noise of men shouting — and then it was gone.

'Do you know what you've done?' said Revere. 'You've let out the American Revolution!'

'Well,' said Lige Butterwick, 'I guess it was about time. And I guess I'd better be going home, now. I've got a gun on the wall there. And I'll need it.'

'But what about your tooth?' said Paul Revere.

'Oh, a tooth's a tooth,' said Lige Butterwick. 'But a country's a country. And, anyhow, it's stopped aching.'

All the same, they say Paul Revere made a silver tooth for him, after the war. But my great-aunt was n't quite sure of it, so I won't vouch for that.

HARVARD AND BEYOND

Boyhood and Youth

BY LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

I

IN 1884, when I was nineteen years old, I went to Harvard from that small Quaker college, Haverford. In this translation, I was still following in the footsteps of my aspiring elder sister, who had awakened my taste for literature, who had brought Walt Whitman to our house, and who had now decided to leave Smith College for the superior feminine institution which had recently been founded in the shade of America's oldest and most famous university. My sister's upward flights, though never unaccompanied by swarms of wooers, were inspired by a genuine ardor for intellectual things, and she was bent on applying her excellent young mind to the study of philosophy.

This philosophic interest had been, I will not say awakened, but certainly enhanced by an incident which happened in the summer of 1883, and which was destined to have a considerable influence on her life, and on that of all our family, including my own. In the summer of this year the British Association met in Canada, and many of its members toured the United States, and came in due course to Philadelphia, whose citizens were requested to open their houses for the entertainment of these visitors from abroad. Five of them were allotted by the local committee to us, and came to stay at our house in Germantown, and of these five, three fell at once in love with my sister.

One of them was a professor of some distinction at an Irish university, and one a don at Christ Church. The third was a young London barrister of Irish origin, a Balliol graduate and favorite pupil of Benjamin Jowett's. Though a fervent Roman Catholic, he had somehow reconciled his beliefs with the Hegelianism then current at Oxford. Much would he talk of Balliol College and of its revered Master, Benjamin Jowett, who had prophesied for him a shining future; of T. H. Green, and Arnold Toynbee and Toynbee Hall and its new philanthropy; of English Liberalism and its great leader Gladstone; and of the great radical, Joe Chamberlain, under whose banner it was his hope and purpose to march to triumph for the great causes he had espoused. This triumph was, we were given to understand, to be accompanied by fame and beneficent power for himself. These great names, the names of T. H. Green, and Jowett, of Arnold Toynbee and Gladstone and Joe Chamberlain, awake somewhat ironic echoes as I now repeat them; but then, at least in our remote environment, they sounded like the names of heroes shouted from afar.

It is no wonder, therefore, that to this music my aspiring sister would seriously incline her ears — ears which afterwards she came to think of as having been at that time somewhat gullible organs of audition. The middle-aged professor, the

middle-aged don from Christ Church, had no spells like these to weave; they soon faded away across the Atlantic; but the aspiring barrister's suggestion, which he urged with passionate eloquence upon my sister, that she should become his partner and fellow fighter in this great contemporary effort to bring the Kingdom of Heaven down to earth, in England — this shining prospect began more and more to engage her grave attention. What impressed her most, and struck her as indeed momentous and imposing, was the broad and deep foundations upon which this proposed New Jerusalem was to be founded — this splendid castle of his evocation, on whose high towers she was invited to build with him their eagle's nest.

Nothing less fundamental could have satisfied her; modern philosophy and modern science had shaken, she felt, her belief in the old evangelical explanation of the universe; but now to be assured, to be half-convinced by this accomplished dialectician, that on the very philosophy, the very science, which had daunted her he could, by sounding to the bottom of their darkest abysses, find a foundation, and build up for her anew the great edifice of faith, and thus restore to her those great watchwords, 'God,' 'Duty,' and 'Immortality,' which were, he added, requisite for her salvation and the salvation of the human race; that he could moreover show her all this as eternally riveted on the firm basis of the ancient and Catholic universal Church — this was indeed a high-flying courtship and a splendid wooing, and she was profoundly impressed by the prospect.

Only to soar into so exalted a region it would be necessary, she felt, for her to expand and exercise her intellectual wings; she must, in fact, study philosophy with more attention, and for that study Harvard, with its famous philosophers, Royce and William James and Professor Palmer, was obviously the place. So from Smith College my

sister transferred herself to Cambridge, and, as I have said, I followed in her train. This migration was the more easily effected owing to William James's friendship with my parents; he was an admirer of my mother's religious writings; he had enlisted my father's assistance in the formation of an American Society for Psychical Research, and had more than once stayed with us in Germantown when he came to Philadelphia in connection with this work. It was, I think, by his arrangement that lodgings were found in the comfortable home of two elderly Cambridge maiden ladies; and a new chapter in our lives began.

Though my sister and I lodged together, we led our lives in complete disassociation. She began at once her philosophic studies; and at once, for it was her fate, the only professor who was willing to instruct her joined himself in a headlong fashion to the band of her wooers, and began to endeavor, by displaying another metaphysic, to replace in her thoughts, and ultimately at the matrimonial altar, the London barrister with whom, as he knew, she was engaged at that time in a correspondence which much occupied her mind. While this philosophic and yet passionate drama, in which I did not take the slightest interest, was proceeding, was in fact, I may say, raging, — and the word is not too strong, for the professor's eager courtship of a young woman who attended his lectures did more honor to his temperament than credit to the chair he occupied, — while all this was going on, I became more and more absorbed in the pleasant social life of Harvard.

My father had given me a generous allowance. I had already a few acquaintances who belonged to what was considered a good set among the undergraduates, and was elected a member of several of those societies and fraternities and clubs which play, or played, so important a part in Harvard life. I have now forgotten the names of these foolish associations, but my pleasure at my

election to them I can still recall. It was in the essence a snobbish pleasure; why should I boggle at the word? Indeed the atmosphere of Harvard was at that time — whether it has changed since then I do not know — richly colored by the sense of social differences. The admiration for prestige possessed by members of the most exclusive clubs, the delight of being seen in their company, and the hope of being admitted into their select circles — these were the animating motives of life at Harvard as I knew it; and the democratic principles I had learned from Walt Whitman were of little avail against this atmosphere of social aspiration. That there was an intellectual set at Harvard of much greater interest than the foolish world in which I was, after all, little more than an outsider, that there were young men of intelligence and high promise among my contemporaries, I had not the slightest notion. I was indeed hardly worthy at that time of the notice of intellectuals like Santayana and Berenson, who were at Harvard with me, though I became acquainted with them only in after years.

I actually sat beside my present brother-in-law, Berenson, at a course of William James's lectures, but no communication passed between us, and it was not till long afterwards, when he had married my elder sister, that we began that series of confabulations to which I owe so much. For my parents' sake William James did, however, befriend their callow offspring, and I was often invited to his hospitable house. I need not try to describe the charm of the most charming man I ever met; Ralph Perry has performed that task in his admirable biography, but I may perhaps add a touch to his account of that free and spontaneous spirit by repeating an anecdote he related to me one night, telling me that I might repeat it anywhere but in Cambridge.

He had gone, he told me, by tram that afternoon to Boston; and as he sat and meditated in the Cambridge horse-tram

two strains of thought had occupied his mind. One of these was the notion, which Mrs. James had derived from the perusal of Kipling's writings, that our civil order, that all the graces and amenities of our social life, had for their ultimate sanction nothing but force, however much we might disguise it — the naked fist, in fact, the blow of the sword, the crack of the pistol, or the smoke and roar of guns. Superimposed upon this meditation began to recur, with greater and greater persistence, the memory of certain remarks of his brother Henry, when, on a recent visit to America, he had indignantly protested against the outrageous pertness of the American child and the meek pusillanimity with which the older generation suffered the behavior of their children without protest.

It was not long, William James said, before he became aware of what had aroused this second line of thought; it was the droning sound which filled the horse-tram — the voice, in fact, of an American child, who was squeaking over and over again an endless, shrill, monotonous singsong. Growing more and more irritated by this squeaking, William James resolved that he at least would not suffer it without protest; so, addressing the mother of the vocal infant, he said politely, 'I think, madam, you can hardly be aware that your child's song is a cause of annoyance to the rest of us in this tram.' The lady thus addressed paid no attention; but a gallant American, who heard it, turned on him and said with great indignation, 'How dare you, sir, address a lady in this ungentlemanly fashion!' At this insult William James, recalling the doctrine of naked force which his wife had impressed upon him, replied with manly promptness, 'Sir, if you repeat that remark, I shall slap your face.' The remark, to his consternation, was repeated, and the professor was compelled to make good his word. The slap was conscientiously administered; the occupants of the tram arose in indignation, pressing their cards

upon the victim of the assault, and protesting their willingness to be witnesses at any legal proceedings which might ensue. Then they all sat down; and as the tram clattered along through the dust towards Boston, with the child still shrilly singing, the grave burden of the public disapproval which William James had encountered became almost more, he said, than he could bear.

He looked from hostile face to hostile face longing for some sign of sympathy and comprehension, and fixed at last all his hopes on a lady who had taken no part in the uproar, and whose appearance suggested foreign travels perhaps, or at any rate a wider point of view. He felt that she at least understood the motive of his action; and so great was his longing for sympathy that when at last the tram reached Boston and they all got out he committed the error of trying to make sure of her approbation. 'You, madam,' he said, addressing her, 'you, I feel sure, will understand . . .' Thereupon the lady drew back from him and exclaimed, 'You brute!'

I may add here another anecdote of William James, for when I name that enchanting person it is difficult to dismiss him with no further mention. Some years later, when our family was at last established abroad, he came to stay with us in Sussex, and declared his desire to spend a summer in England and experience the joys of English country life. My father thereupon obtained a list of country houses to be let in our neighborhood, and orders to view them, and drove William James to see one after the other. This inspection he carried on with the utmost care, examining each house from attic to cellar, allotting the various rooms to be occupied by the various members of his family.

When this process was over, and he returned to our house to dinner, he genially remarked, 'I can't tell you how grateful I am for all the trouble you have taken; I have had my summer in England, and now we go abroad.'

II

While we were at Harvard, Edmund Gosse came to Boston to deliver the Lowell Lectures; my sister and many of the Harvard intellectuals went religiously to listen to the utterance of this English writer, whose name was familiar to us all. Of these lectures I have forgotten everything except one pregnant sentence, in which the name of Botticelli first echoed in our ears. 'Botticelli,' the lecturer said, in that cultivated 'English accent' which was music to us, 'Botticelli, that name which is an open-sesame to the most select, the most distinguished, the most exclusive circles of European culture.'

The effect of these words upon us was magical. What longings it aroused in us, what delicious provincial aspirations for a world fairer than the world we lived in—for exquisite remote European things! It was the song the Sirens sang, it was the voice of the Muses that Thamyris heard, it was almost the voice that summoned Saint Paul to a higher life as he journeyed to Damascus. Would Fate, we deliciously wondered, ever vouchsafe to us to enunciate those syllables of sweet magic and thus win admission to those far-away bright circles of European culture, circles as heavenly in our provincial eyes as those circling rings of angels seen in great Italian pictures? Among that audience, although my sister and I did not know him at the time, was the future art critic, Berenson, who, he has told us since, went at once and bought himself a reproduction of Botticelli's 'Primavera.'

Life is an ironic thing, and when years afterwards I recalled to Edmund Gosse the words which he had pronounced long ago in Boston, he told me that his principal association with the name of Botticelli at that time was connected with a cat, which was then by its mewings causing considerable annoyance in his household. There had been a joke in *Punch* about an æsthete who, when

shown a picture attributed to Botticelli, had denied its authenticity on the ground that he was always dumb in the presence of a work of that master. So the Gosses had purchased a photograph of an unquestioned picture by Botticelli, and pinned it up by the basket of this cat, in the hope — which proved a vain one — of silencing its voice.

I have spoken of the effect upon me of Walt Whitman's poems; I fell at Harvard (for my time there was not utterly wasted) under the influence of another writer, Matthew Arnold. When I now think of Matthew Arnold, I am oppressed by a sense of sadness. The exquisite poet who so soon abandoned poetry; the supreme critic whose best criticism is so scanty; the beautiful stylist and great writer who wasted the energy of his best years in dull official routine; the advocate of Hellenism and sweet reasonableness who soon gave himself up to angry recrimination, and who, whether owing to exasperation with his contemporaries or to some arrogant streak in his own nature, more and more abandoned that serene aloofness from contemporary conflicts which had been his ideal, and adopted a pose of aggressive, self-satisfied contempt, and a harsh browbeating style full of derisive catchwords!

When I read again the best writings of Matthew Arnold I find in them the expression of the most truly enlightened spirit among the great Victorians, the most humane, the most European and least provincial of all English authors, whose outlook is still our outlook, who still speaks to us with contemporary accents. But fifty years ago it was that more controversial Matthew Arnold who aroused my young enthusiasm. His aggressive warfare with the Philistines delighted me; I rejoiced in his ridicule of the evangelical religion and dissent in which I had been nourished, and what delighted me most of all was his attribution of an arrogant superiority, an exclusive kind of distinction, to that

culture, that sweetness and light, which now for the flimsiest reasons I believed that I had attained. But it was not only the attainment of culture for oneself, but the diffusion of it, which Matthew Arnold preached, and this part of his doctrine was most of all an inspiration to me.

I belonged by family traditions to the philanthropic world; from the American atmosphere and from the conversations and the writings of Walt Whitman I had absorbed democratic principles that floated vaguely — as such principles can easily float without conflict — side by side with my more exclusive proclivities, and above all with this ideal of cultural uplift, as it would now be called. I found that I could gild with a finer gold than that of dollars my future commercial prospects. I imagined myself as returning, when I entered the family business, to my birthplace amid its furnaces in New Jersey, to diffuse among those raw and illiberal workmen a love of true culture, a passion for things of the mind, and a desire to learn the best that is known and thought in the world. I saw myself a picturesque, a somewhat pathetic figure (for the children of light are lonely in this world and are almost always persecuted by it), awakening in these unenlightened employees of my family their more delicate and spiritual perceptions, and by a most happy combination of circumstances drawing all the while a large income from my activities among them.

Thus Matthew Arnold's oft-repeated watchwords of 'culture,' 'sweetness and light,' and 'warfare against the Philistines' were words of enchantment in my ears; and another doctrine of his, that of 'many-sided culture,' served usefully also to justify and ennoble the extremely many-sided, not to say miscellaneous studies — if they may be called studies — which engaged a small part of my attention during my sojourn at Harvard.

Following the example and enjoying the companionship of my gay and unstudious companions, I fell in with the

strange custom which then prevailed at that university (things are changed now for the better, I believe) of attending miscellaneous and perfectly unrelated lecture courses — courses recommended more for what was called their 'softness' than for any other reason; going to lectures, for instance, at the same time on Dante and Meteorology, on Homer and on the practice of philanthropy, and other unrelated subjects. If this was perhaps a strange method of acquiring the many-sided culture Matthew Arnold recommended, its strangeness never occurred to me, nor was it ever suggested by any of my instructors.

I perceive that I got almost nothing of intellectual value from Harvard University. It was my fault, no doubt; if I had been a real student, I should have found genuine instruction. But, for all my assumption of superiority, the crudeness of my mind at the age of twenty wakens amazement in me. Though I read the works of Matthew Arnold, I gave equal or perhaps more serious attention to the literature of Theosophy, and was inclined to believe that the key to the problem of existence was to be found, if I could only grasp it, in a little book of Rosicrucian doctrine over which I used to pore for hours. My sister, with her superior philosophic light, scorned my Rosicrucian speculations, but she herself visited at this time, with the intention of studying her doctrine, the famous female prophet, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy; nor was she much better able than I to discriminate between all the various names — Botticelli and Benjamin Jowett and Mrs. Eddy and Matthew Arnold and Gladstone and William James and the Rosy Cross — which sounded in our ears.

III

I detect in myself a tendency to sentimentalize over these early years of my existence. It is not that I wish to recall

my youth. It is rather that I feel a kind of impatient pity for that half-baked young fool of an American boy about whom I have been writing. No, I have no regrets for youth. Gladly would I go on living at my present age, and with my present interests, for uncounted years. To become young again would seem to me an appalling prospect. Youth, intellectually considered, is a kind of delirium, which can only be cured, if it is ever cured at all, by years of painful treatment.

The debt of our civilization to the ancient Greeks is of course beyond all calculation, but in one respect we have no cause to thank them. Their adoration of the youthful human form, in contrast to the Eastern idealization of venerable age, has put a kind of blight on human life; our progress, as we grow older, in wisdom and humanity is thought of in terms of the physical decay which accompanies that luminous advance. We feel ashamed, instead of feeling proud, like the Chinese, of our accumulating years; we are always trying in vain to seem younger than we really are; and in our Western world it is by no means a compliment, as it is in the wiser East, to attribute to others a greater age than their appearance might suggest.

When I think of that brother and sister fifty years ago at Harvard, — endowed, it may be, with the grace of youth, but full otherwise of ignorance and folly, — I cannot but prize more highly our present state. Our bodies, it is true, are aching bodies, and our bones are ripening for their ultimate repose, but how small a price, after all, is that to pay for the knowledge we have acquired of the world and men, for the splendid panorama of literature and the arts which years of travel and study have unrolled before us, and above all for those adequate conceptions in whose possession, according to Spinoza's wisdom, true felicity consists.

(To be concluded)

STAR IN THE EAST

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

I

WHAT if the Christmas story had never been told? Try for a moment to erase from human history, from art, from our own childhood memories and our own adult associations, all references to Christmas. For a moment look steadfastly at life on this planet with Christmas altogether blotted out from the past, the present, and the future. Our first reaction to this effort at obliteration is a curious chilliness, a sense of dull fog; rising clouds seem to climb the blue night sky and gradually dim and then destroy a mounting star. At the thought of no Christmas ever, anywhere, we shiver a little and then brace ourselves to meet once more a blackening world. Gaze into the past two thousand years as if they formed a looming chasm, in which century beyond century towers dark. Examine that ebon space of time slowly, patiently, and perceive it illumined every year by a tiny prick of light, a glinting spark there in the East, called Christmas. But what if Christmas had never been?

Or look not into the inky past, but out into the world around us. War planes droning from every sky, bombs blasting happy streets, everywhere armament piling, piling, on every border guns of men snarling to murder their brothers — what of Christmas to-day for you and me? Has the Nativity story faded into folklore, into fairy tale? Or is the Christmas concept swung like a star before the climbing imagination of man, a light which, once planted in the black

sky, has become forever inescapable? Still every year, we pause a day's length in our blind plunging, to gaze Eastward, there to see, against the silent midnight heaven, pictures that infallibly recur, and to hear out of mysterious stillness music that yearly rings out unconquerable above all cannon. Christmas — is it something become as obsolete as the fleeting forest doves, or is it an imperishable dream that a blundering humanity, still lurching upright from the beast, shall one day make true?

Christmas is worth our examining; yet not Christmas as defined in the dictionary, but rather the actual living Christmas, as it exists with all its manifold associations in human brains and hearts to-day. There are two accounts of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, and only two. From these two accounts come the Christmas pictures indelibly painted upon our imaginations. To one of these records we owe the fact that every one of us can instantly call to mind a blue-black Oriental night, cupping with mystery all earth's stretching miles. Breathless with impending fate, we gaze into the dark East, waiting. Once more it happens — the horizon pulses with a faint white which slowly spreads and brightens. Above those far-off watchful hills there appears the glint as of a taper pressing upward from the enveloping dark beyond. Then slowly, as we watch, there rises once again the inexorable star. Strange beyond all strangeness, the mounting radiance climbs the heaven.

Far, far off now upon that landscape illimitably dark, figures form against the eastward skyline. Three camels loom, three swaying palanquins, in each a cloaked and kingly figure seated. The eyes of the three gaze forward, never swerving from the certain aim of their journey. The padded feet of the camels with rhythmic certitude bear onward to the west. The folds of the regal cloaks ripple down into shadow, gold gleams on the hooded foreheads, and hands strong and motionless hold jeweled gifts. We cannot count the years in which Christendom has witnessed that recurrent journey. We cannot recall when first as children we watched the kings of the East ride westward to Jerusalem through the night.

We remember that they are more than kings, these men of mystery who, at the command of a star, journey from their distant palaces to do homage. They are also astrologers whose office is to discover and foretell destiny. Within their splendid homes they have traveled as far as human brains can carry them into the curious conduct of the earth-bound soul. All the secrets of the intellect they have penetrated, only to cast from them all their proud attainment, and kneel in worship before a baby prince just born.

It is an ancient story; every one of us remembers it at Christmas time. Each of us, long educated to Christmas, witnesses every year the arrival of the Magi in Jerusalem, startling those humdrum streets with their most curious demand, 'Where is He?' At last the buzzing crowds bring the report to that sovereign of earth, rotting old Herod in his palace. In the presence of these majestic strangers his fears flare higher. The craft of terror speaks in his voice, hoarse with remembered murders: 'When you have discovered the newborn king, bring me word that I, too, may seek him to give him worship.' We behold the serene obeisance as the monarchs from afar leave the council chamber, having now obtained their clue, Bethlehem of Judæa.

The spellbound fancy of our childhood once again watches a renewed journey out of the proud city into the night. Again we wait for the star to mount and guide them. It stands at last, white and mysterious, above a door that opens, while the Wise Men enter to offer their gifts, kneeling, to the tiny newborn king of the Jews.

We should like to forget the shudder that as children we experienced at the sequel — the babies of Bethlehem massacred to feed a monarch's fear. It was the fashion then for a dictator merely to murder. Holy Innocents we rightly call them, for no Bethlehem two-year-old, nor yet that haloed baby within the door, ever had his life snuffed out by poison gas! And all to save the might of might, lest peace come to the earth!

It is the biographer named Matthew who has given our imaginations this journey of three kings from the mysterious East. The other of the two Nativity narratives, Luke's, rests on a totally different conception of the coming of a God-man. We need to keep in mind that it is a birth story with a twofold approach which has come to signify to us what we term 'Christmas.' In Matthew there is no manger; in Luke there are no Magi. It is necessary to reread Luke's first chapters most carefully in order to ascertain precisely what these have contributed to the stored riches of our lifelong association with the word 'Christmas.'

Matthew's purpose is to prove that the crucified felon, Jesus of Nazareth, was in reality the Jewish Messiah immemorally expected. Throughout Matthew ancient prophecy, authenticated, rings from every page like a chime. In harmony with this constant objective, that of establishing Jesus as the promised Messiah, the Gospel of Matthew describes the visit of the proudest monarchs of earth to the birth chamber of a Hebrew king. Majestic as is this incident, and pregnant with prophecy mysteriously fulfilled, the infant Jesus

revealed in Matthew remains a tribal God. Luke's biography, on the other hand, is the first great Christian apologia presented to a pagan world. Written by a Greek to a Roman about a Jew, it has revealed for nineteen centuries the universality of the Christian faith.

Not utterly can you and I, modern men and women, kneel beside proud alien kings to gaze at divinity made mortal. We need something greater than a Hebrew Messiah for the worship of to-day, which has begun to reverence man, and is now climbing to ever more energizing conceptions of his origin. To-day we require no Magi to impress us, for we can bow our spirits only in the stable dung before a human baby, so beautiful that he shines star-bright as he lies there. Neither then nor now has there ever been time in humanity's hurrying inns to contemplate the manner of God's coming to earth. Taught from year to year, from century to century, by Luke's Christmas story, to-day we are learning to behold in every baby a miracle from God.

II

While through Matthew we have come to possess the star, the Magi, and the massacre, everything else that Scripture has contributed to our Christmas concept we have obtained from Luke. Let us study, then, what Paul's 'beloved physician' has given to the world in the most beautiful story of birth ever written. Wherever he discovered them, it is Luke who set down the first Christmas carols. The memories that Luke has bequeathed to us are as melodious with music as they are bright with picture. While Matthew tabulates prophecy line by line, Luke paints men and women whose whole lives pulse with expectation.

A doubter expresses faith restored: 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people.'

Innumerable churches echo Luke's

Christmas chant of an old man who had waited in unconquerable hope until he held a little village baby in his arms: 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'

What would have been lost to human liturgy if Luke had never set to words the triumph of all motherhood throughout all time: 'My soul doth magnify the Lord!'

Spreading from Christmas time to overflow all adoration throughout the year peals forever, through Christian worship, Luke's 'Hail Mary.'

Who of us, of whatever faith, or no faith, is not startled to awe together with Judæan shepherds gazing at the night sky riven by tiers of angelic choirs caroling at Christmas: 'Glory to God, the unfathomable, and glad news to all men who hold God's own kindness in their hearts. Unto you is born this night in near-by Bethlehem, on the trodden mud of a stable, the Deliverer of the world.'

The Christmas story, thus hurriedly I have tried to summarize it — camels shouldering the night, eyes mysteriously wise beneath the dusky, gleaming crowns, all made bright by the star beam that cleaves the eastward darkness; nearer by, shepherds that lift their marveling gaze to the familiar heaven suddenly rent with glory and spilling angelic song. The march of the shepherds and the journey of the Wise Men are actually, as we know, two far-sundered tales, but human imagination has made forever one the approach of the Magi and the herdsmen to a little swaddled baby lying glorious in a manger. Every crèche in every household represents the kings and the shepherds bowed side by side in adoration, just as it shows familiar ox and ass and sheep pressing upon the feet of the camels from out the East.

But there is more than all this included in the Christmas story as Luke tells it. There is a preceding Visitant, at whose news a girl, white and astounded, cries, 'But how shall these things be?' Then,

so we are told, a Power from Beyond possessed her and she conceived the Holy Child. For the towering Herald had pronounced the keynote of a strange new faith about to be born to a heavy world: 'With God all things are possible.'

Thus a Greek doctor presents the birth story of the man he gave half a lifetime to portraying. But what if Luke's story had never been told? Then would there never have been a Christian creed? It takes martyrs to found any faith. Would the manger have driven any man or woman to the arena or the gibbet or the blazing fagots? Would Christmas drive you or me to lay down life for love of the Christ-baby? Neither long ago nor now has Christmas made martyrs. Yet it is already conceivable that in some far day, as year by year we become sensitized to the beauty of the Christmas hope, men and women may be found ready to give their lives to establish upon earth the beauty of a Child.

That the new religion was not dependent on Christmas for its acceptance is readily proved. For more than fifty years it had run its flaming hidden way along the Mediterranean coast before Christianity records a Christmas. It was not a baby in a manger but a man upon a cross who planted a mustard seed. It was not a miraculous coming to earth but a miraculous return to it that drove the first missionaries to their doom still shouting hope. Out of many there remain to-day only four little pamphlet biographies that describe the impact upon his own time of the most mysterious man in human history. Of these four only two tell anything of their hero's birth. Of the other two, Mark, which is the earliest account and nearest to the events it chronicles, says nothing of a baby, but instantly presents a man who blazes a meteor track across his day, and then rushes madly to his death. The other, John, latest and most appraising of the four, also makes no mention of a childhood, but again only describes a man, one who went to his cross to estab-

lish for humanity a new principle of growth — forgiveness. There is in Mark and in John no hint of Christmas.

III

So far I have been looking into the past to find what our idealism has formulated and forever possesses in regard to Christmas. But there is another aspect to be considered, and there is a query to be frankly faced. The ancient church, I have said, needed no Christmas; but someone might ask, 'Does not the modern church need it? Are not certain doctrines inherently dependent on the Christmas narratives of Matthew and of Luke? There is, for example, a mystery pitifully wrangled over, called the Incarnation. Someone might even go so far as to inquire, 'Pray what do you, a modern woman who dares to call herself Christian, what do you yourself really think about Christmas? Be honest with us others who can but smile gently at miracle stories and wonders. Tell us, you who otherwise speak our language and read our books and laugh our laughter, how does this Christmas tale actually affect you in your struggle to pattern a twentieth-century life on a first-century Example?'

The Christmas creed of one present-day Christian — shall I try to formulate it? I have no authority, of course, to speak for more than one person. I find it hard to go back to my far-off child dreams when I waited to hear the herald angels sing. Do I still hear them to-day? No — and yes. Once, caught up in wonder, I watched the march of three camels through the night, carrying three kings to worship a swaddled baby. Do I still marvel at their wisdom? Do I still lift awed eyes to the white radiance above them? No — and yes.

One Christian's creed of Christmas, that is what I am trying to set down here and now. I cannot restrain a rueful smile, nor conquer a wistful helplessness at the effort, for who will listen? Why

should I struggle to ascertain from within myself what I actually think about Christmas if Christmas is only a legend, or at best merely a fable or a gracious fairy tale? If Christianity itself, as so many affirm, has become only a curious and half-forgotten creed, it seems fatuous to try to explain the relation of Christmas to that creed. The faith of the Galilean, the faith in the Galilean, it has become a star that is set — perhaps.

As I look forth, our earth of to-day appears singularly like that of the first Christmas Eve. The world of that night was black, outworn, hopeless. It stretched between its seas, bleak waste or unawakened jungle; or, beneath one famous futile civilization piled upon another, it lay dying. Where life still pulsed about the rim of the Mediterranean, that life was diseased with mounting despair. One gazes back into increasing dusk; then against that darkness a tiny light, incredibly tiny, in the East. Near that light Herod still ruled, a ruthless tyrant, over timorous millions.

After nineteen hundred years, is the stretching expanse of this planet so different to-day, with its guns and its gases and its gun-crazed human hearts? Suppose long ago some shepherd who had just witnessed bright hosts of angels, and a little newborn child, should have run the brief miles to Herod's Jerusalem, shouting his news. What would have happened to him or to his tidings in those old incredulous streets? Not even the Wise Men in all their majesty of mind dared return to face Herod, who could murder. And what fantastic glee or far worse fate would meet anyone who in any capital of the world to-day dared announce that Christmas dream recurrent through all the heaped black centuries, the dream that one day the child-spirit shall rule a world of men subdued by the kindness within their own hearts?

Already this much of promise has

occurred — down through all the years there has been a little band that has seen and believed a star. In a heavily agnostic world, in a world that kills and kills, and even teaches killing to its little children, this tiny band preserves its confidence that the lamp of hope the Galilean set burning shall never die. There is even now and then a Christian who dares to cry, 'I believe!' not in the safe precincts of a church, but out in the jostling market place, or even in the jostling pages of a modern magazine. This, then, is what one Christian holds true of our faith and of our Christmas.

There once flashed across history a man who remains inexplicable. In nineteen centuries we have advanced hardly a foot's length in understanding him. In some mysterious way he continues within hand's reach of every one of us, still challenging. But we always crucify him for saying, 'Follow me!' Because his hand points a way we dare not follow, we drive a nail through it; we each pound through that flesh our own particular spike of disbelief and abhorrence. We hate this Jesus above all because we know he always forgives us. Incessantly he is strung up on a cross solely because he is kind. For we are all afraid to be kind. We are still beasts only just emerging from the clay out of which God would create us men if we dared let him. Once God set before us an Example for our self-creation, but the chief use we have made of Jesus of Nazareth is to keep him somewhere within our souls so that we may freely spit upon him while we continue to do safe obeisance to Herod and to Pilate. The worst thing we have ever done to Jesus is to call ourselves Christian, for thus we have crucified him with creeds, while we went about our business of inventing better and better bombs to kill babies.

Still there have always been some who have perceived the light from the East, and feebly enough have tried to follow it; though it has never been — not yet — a child that we followed, but a man.

Just as for the ancient world, so for us, the news to clutch our fainting hearts was not that a mysterious baby was once born into the world, but that a yet more mysterious man is still in it. This curious motive-doctrine of our religion is still called, for lack of a more blazing word, the Resurrection. It was not the coming into life but the return from death that first gripped with hope the slaves and the wharf rats and the fearless-eyed fishermen who met the night in little boats.

For decade after decade the new religion had no Christmas, but rather a cross for its enlightening. In some strange way, however, the need was coming not merely for the austere tapers of the catacombs, but for the ruddy candles of home. People began to ask for fuller knowledge of their Hero than his death and his return. Where had he been born and how, this so human God of theirs? Search must have begun. It was Luke that found some source whose ancient Aramaic origin is suggested by the archaic forms chosen by his gifted pen in its translation into Greek. So it came about that the early church now began to add to its teaching of the harsh cruelty of the Crucifixion and of the mystic wonder of the Resurrection a humbler, homelier story. Converts now began to hear of the awed approach of shepherds to a baby in a manger, and of camels from afar bringing wise men to worship. Gently all liturgy grew sweet with those ancient Christmas chants, and every year people found themselves harkening to a strange new promise sung down from the sky to listening men on earth.

IV

Yet I seem to hear still sounding that persistent query: 'But do you, a modern woman called Christian, do you really believe all this Christmas story, or any of it?' And my answer is Yes — and no. Yes, I believe the Christmas narrative has become so blazoned upon our imag-

inations, so carved into our aspiring souls, so knit into the warp and woof of all our idealism, that if it were somehow wrenched from our being we should be crippled forever in our blind upward climb. There are some things truer than truth, and of these things I believe the angels singing 'In excelsis' is one. Did actual Magi once travel from their far high palaces to offer gifts to a newborn child? I do not know; but I do know actual wise men of to-day who journey from the far places of the intellect humbly to bow before the King of the Jews. Every year I gaze at a picture sacred with unguessed hope — a radiant baby, cradled, and bending over him a mother spent yet adoring, and a man kneeling close beside to protect this most mysterious gift from God. Lightly enough we call this picture the Holy Family, not always perceiving its promise, that one day all the families of the earth shall become holy. Yes, I believe the Christmas truth that one day men shall arise in the might of kindness, casting from them forever the beast.

But actually, do I believe the Christmas story in all its physical literalness? No, and for the simplest of reasons: Jesus himself never asked me to believe it. I do not hold myself responsible for accepting anything Jesus does not ask me to accept. Jesus spoke of his paternity often enough, but never in terms of the Nativity story, rather in terms incalculably harder to believe. To me the enigma of Jesus lies not in his manner of entering earth, nor yet in his manner of leaving it; the enigma lies in his continuing influence. For me, the more I study the man of mystery, from birth to death, the more the word Incarnation has come to signify not a doctrine but a daily adventure. The little child entrusted to Mary and Joseph grew to be a man known to the world as Jesus of Nazareth. It was, I believe, the function of this Jesus to reveal the steps by which we climb from the beast within us to the God within us. Because I have

seen God born in a stable, wrapped in everyday swaddling bands, surrounded by familiar ox and ass and sheep, tended by a village man and woman, welcomed by shaggy-clad Judæan shepherds fresh from their stony pastures — because of this I see in the Incarnation the seeding of all the commonplace by the divine. I perceive a new splendor in every door-sill because the Carpenter was always passing in and out of everyday doors — and is still passing.

Because it is so easy for me to behold the baby of Bethlehem grown into a man who would join in every earth-made joy, who would light the candles and lead the carols, because I see always his earth-presence in all our merriment, it is easy enough for me to delight in the aspects of our Christmas that have nothing to do with sacred story. In fact, I cannot for my life understand how anyone who has ever tried to follow the Incarnation of Jesus can ever again distinguish between the sacred and the secular.

I believe this Jesus of Nazareth, who wore our flesh often so joyously, who went to weddings and feasts, who watched the children playing in the market place and knew by heart their lilting rhymes, this Jesus who had watched a worn hand patch a worn coat, who had perhaps himself helped tread the grapes in some upland vineyard, who had perhaps himself broken a glowing lily to brighten some despairing home, who had yearned to gather all his murderous Jerusalem to the safe home-place of his heart even as a hen gathers her brood beneath her wings — I believe this same Jesus stands gazing in at all our Christmas trees and at the children dancing around them, and laughs with them his laughter that shall one day ring victorious down all the dark ages. Of all his strange sayings that have been pre-

served to us the strangest is 'My joy I leave with you,' spoken to his friends on the blackest evening of his life.

I believe Jesus of Nazareth every year takes delight in our Christmas candles and joins the young carolers who of late have begun to sing beneath the windows of hospitals and of jails. Surely he must love the red holly even as he loved the whitening barley of his own Palestinian fields. He takes pleasure in our bright wreaths, and our laden tables and our gift-giving, and our journeying from far places to be at home on Christmas. It is recorded of him that he sweated blood at the thought of leaving this earth whose joys we hold so cheap that on only one day of all the year do we dare to be utterly glad and utterly kind.

But some day the Christmas dream shall come true for all the days of all the year, and of all the world to come. Some day — this I surely believe — the Wise Men and the shepherds, the high and the humble, both together having become men, shall rise and say to Herod, 'Stop! Though we be massacred for our courage or crucified for it, Stop! Year by year we have witnessed the Christmas hope climb the black sky; year by year we have heard a promise chanted from God's heaven; year by year a holy child has been laid in the sordid manger of our hearts, until at last we have risen in the invincible power of our own kindness. We cry to all the war-men of this shrieking planet, Stop! We declare that henceforth all babies shall be born and shall grow in safety. Who knows but that each one of them is a little child of God born to write his own message of valiant mercy upon the climbing scroll of human history!'

Christmas shall come true! Look! Even now once again it climbs the midnight sky, his star in the East!

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS¹

BY OWEN WISTER

I

SOME novels are all plot and no characters. They are like unoccupied houses. Put Becky Sharp in the house. What a difference! How many detective stories do people read — and forget? But Sherlock Holmes and Watson are remembered these forty years; so are Don Quixote and Sancho Panza these four hundred. It is their personages, rather than their plots, which cause novels to outlive their generation. I read *A Modern Instance* in the early eighties. Until I reread it a while ago, I could have told you but obscurely of its incidents; whereas of Bartley Hubbard, and Marcia his wife, and her father Squire Gaylord, I could have given you a quite definite account. In my memory all three had weathered time; they stood out clear against the faded background of their detailed adventures.

William Dean Howells has left our literature a large company of men and women so true to life that, although he created them in an epoch that has passed, we can travel about the United States and see many still like them today. Indeed, if there be a writer whose books are more crowded with veracious portraits of his fellow Americans, firmly and subtly painted, I don't know him.

Howells wrote some forty novels. One particular thread runs through so many of them that it might almost be called his leitmotif. This recurrent theme is the confronting of the simple with the

sophisticated, the rustic with the urban, the country mouse with the town mouse. In *Doctor Breen's Practice*, Grace Breen is a young lady physician at a seaside resort, with whom Dr. Mulbridge, of the vicinity, has fallen in love.

"I presume," says his mother to him, speaking of the young lady, "that she's been used to ways that ain't like our ways. I've always stuck up for you, Rufus, stiff enough, I guess; but I ain't going to deny that you're country born and bred. I can see that, and she can see it too. It makes a great difference with girls. I don't know as she'd call you what they call a gentleman."

"Dr. Mulbridge flushed angrily. Every American, of whatever standing, thinks of himself as a gentleman, and nothing can gall him more than the insinuation that he is less."

From his birth in 1837 until 1861, when for the first time he set foot outside Ohio, Howells was himself a country mouse. When he was born, Andrew Jackson was n't dead, Victoria was n't crowned, Ohio cornfields were clearings framed by the backwoods, railroads were in their cradle, government postage stamps did not exist. Of his earliest years he records in that quiet, charming style of which he was master: —

"Nobody was rich there or then; we lived in the simple abundance of time and place, and we did not know that we were poor."

Except in those of his pages dedicated to laughter, a grave and gentle attitude

¹ Delivered before the American Academy of Arts and Letters on the Blashfield foundation.

toward life pervades his writings. Heredity made him so, as environment made him a country mouse. Four generations behind him, he had an ancestor in Wales who became in his maturity a Friend by Convincement, as the Quakers say. This Friend by Convincement had a son whose protest against the pomps and vanities of this wicked world drove him from Wales across the sea. He found shelter from mundane frivolities in the backwoods of Ohio. There, in a primitive settlement, he carried on his father's business of making flannel, but placed his family in an outlying log cabin, isolated from whatever pomps and vanities rioted in the settlement. He became a Methodist of camp-meeting habit, and preached damnation to the sinful pioneer. In his son the inherited spiritual strain relaxed, but persisted. Skeptic for a while, he read Swedenborg, and was converted to that dreamy faith. To Howells this Swedenborgian father transmitted what had come straight down from the old Welsh Friend by Convincement. The moral appraisal of human action is implicit throughout the novels. This, with the delicate subtlety of his touch, sets Howells apart from his successors in the field of realism, the field he cleared sixty years ago for the crops that flourish in it to-day — the good grain and the noxious growth.

Manual work began early for him as typesetter in his father's printing office: not always the same office; not always a newspaper. Once it was a mill; and thereby hangs the tale of *New Leaf Mills*, the most flawless of all. The unsuccessful Swedenborgian changed occupations right through the twenty-four years during which his son never set foot outside Ohio; but he succeeded in opening the boy's mind to books. Volumes of doleful poetry formed the bulk of the Methodist grandfather's small library. To these the father did not confine himself when he read aloud to his son. He led him to less gloomy authors. The precocious typesetter soon needed no guid-

ing. By thirteen, Howells had fairly turned himself loose in literature. He climbed about in it as a boy climbs trees for cherries and apples and birds' nests. He moved from author to author as his father moved from job to job; and he took to writing in the style of the master he was reading. At Columbus, it was decasyllabic couplets, like the Augustan Pope. They were composed in his head through the forenoon while setting type, and written down during the hour for the midday meal. Elsewhere, a tragedy drawn from Roman history was cast in the metre of *The Lady of the Lake*. While at Ashtabula, the future Dean of American Letters wrote in the manner of Ossian. At Jefferson, it was Shakespeare. He read the plays with a brother typesetter in the woods. He says of their reading that it 'was not interrupted when a squirrel dropped a nut on us from the top of a tall hickory, and the plaint of a meadow-lark prolonged itself with unbroken sweetness from one world to the other.'

Thus he continued to spring from enthusiasm to enthusiasm, continually changing literary costumes; off with one and on with another. He grew very agile. Standing at his type case, he set up as he made up a serial in the combined styles of *Bleak House* and *Reveries of a Bachelor*. He overheard a farmer who came in for his paper say that he did not think that story amounted to much. His greatest love possessed him while at Columbus for the third time. He was now furnishing news letters about legislation to various papers. He read Heine with an old German bookbinder. This bookbinder became Lindau in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. With him Howells not only read but wrote Heine; sent a poem to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which James Russell Lowell thought must be Heine, and would not print for some time.

And now it was 1861, and Howells twenty-four, and in charge of the news department of a Columbus evening Republican newspaper. News in 1861 was

fierce. It never got inside him. It ran off his back, just as it had run in 1848 while kings were being shaken from their thrones; just as it did while the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny filled the winds with rumors and the earth with graves. Foreign lightning did not strike American barns in those days; but there were violent native storms all through the 1850's well within hearing of Ohio. That decade began with the Fugitive Slave Law and ended with the hanging of John Brown; and Howells had read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as it came out in the *National Era*. And now, in 1861, the South had seceded, Sumter had fallen, Washington was threatened — yet during his farewell month in Ohio the news still ran off his back. 'In this month,' he says, 'I devoured all the Waverley novels, but I must have been devouring a great many others, for Charles Reade's *Christie Johnstone* is associated with the last moment of the last days.'

These days were the last because, in acknowledgment of his compiling the campaign life of Abraham Lincoln, Howells was appointed consul abroad. This country mouse stepped from Ohio to Austrian officers, the Piazza San Marco, Titian, and the Palace of the Doges, with not a step between. His momentary glimpse of *Atlantic Monthly* society in 1860 had not counted; it was this appointment that changed his destiny.

II

What did he take to that city of sophistication? Intimate knowledge of English literature, some knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, and Spanish; an Italian grammar to study aboard ship; a style already formed; and unbounded innocence of Mediterranean morals and social discriminations. What did he bring home? A wife, companion of his youth and age, and a wealth of impressions, delightfully recorded later; for example in *A Foregone Conclusion*, that early novel, where Don Ippolito is the

translation into fiction of the priest with whom Howells in his Venetian days read Dante a little, and conversed much.

The Civil War was going on throughout his consulship, and formed the subject of an epic. This the consul composed in Dante's *terza rima*. That no editor would accept it is hardly a matter for amazement. One wishes that Howells could have read *John Brown's Body*. In his published books the Civil War enters by reference only: Ferris, Venetian consul, comes home and gets a wounded arm; in *A Chance Acquaintance*, Dick and Bob Ellison are on leave when the emancipation of the slaves is proclaimed: Colonel Silas Lapham carries in his leg a bullet from Gettysburg; in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, Colonel Woodburn, a most amiable Virginian, cherishes a plan for restoring slavery so purged of its imperfections that Massachusetts, South Carolina, and Uncle Tom will all be equally and utterly content.

Old World sophistication could not have dawned upon Howells; it must have burst. What in that epoch, for complexity, could have been the ripest Ohio beside the greenest Venice? Consider the jump from Dan'l Boone to Francis Joseph and Colleoni! It is what gave a shock to Lydia Blood in *The Lady of the Aroostook*. And next, the step from the Adriatic to Manhattan, to Harvard and Beacon Street, less sophisticated than Francis Joseph, but more complex than Columbus, Ohio.

It is through these contrasts that Howells found his perspective; for to see your own place critically you must always go somewhere else. From Venice he looked at his own country, from New York and Boston he saw Ohio. Enter his novels through him, and you have their interpretation and their significance. It is a map of his country and the people of his day that he opens. It is drawn by the true descendant of the Friend by Convincement, watching his fellow men and their ways with forbearance and under-

standing, and sorrowful over the inequalities of civilization.

He did some writing for the *Nation* and *North American Review* in New York; thence he went in 1866 to Cambridge and Boston as subeditor and editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* for fifteen years. He lingered in Boston after that.

There, in 1884, some young men made him a request. These young men were undomesticated. Their meals were homeless, their pennies few, most of them slept in lodgings. A violin, or a voice, or a paintbrush, or a pen, was to keep the wolf from their door. They wanted a club — a small one, and simple. Would Howells be president? He would. To gather enough members, they sought further among the congenial and undomesticated. They found young doctors, fresh from Vienna and Paris, all learning and few patients; attorneys ready for clients, and architects recently out of the Beaux Arts; some musicians by choice, some bank clerks by compulsion, with tastes at war with banking: a rare, harmonious motley. They jested and romped. Their meat was modest, their drink Chianti; but with no drink at all they could career like colts in a field. They abounded in whims. One purchased a bear, and brought it to be the club pet. This was not a success. And there sat gently smiling Howells, presiding when he brought guests like Henry Irving, who prolonged the night to 6 A.M. listening to high-kilted songs. Then Howells said, 'Irving, do you never go home?' And so ended that particular festivity.

Gently smiling Howells; sturdy of frame, round and massive of head; nearing fifty; moustache and hair growing gray; with kind, rather sad eyes; watching and relishing the gayety of these young men. In after years he wrote from New York: 'I would gladly be with you all again, for a part of my past that I am proud of and fond of is bound up with the Tavern Club.' In that dining room, mellowed with memories, hangs

his likeness, pensive and benign. Beneath it he has written: —

Taverners! where long ago I was the host,
Let me come back again and be your guest;
And while I share the joy of song and toast,
Still keep the silence that I shone in best.

Few are left at that club who remember their first president. More are in New York who saw and heard him as first president of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. After those Beacon Street years, he moved, at the end of the eighties, to New York, and there spent most of his later life. For what might be called a moment he was editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, and, during twenty years, of 'The Editor's Easy Chair,' in *Harper's Magazine*, his busy hand as unflagging in Manhattan as it had been in the days when it had set type in Ohio.

When the Great War began, Eugène Brieux brought greetings from his Academy to ours. At the assembly to receive him, our first president bade the French dramatist welcome. Sturdy of frame, of rounded head, grayer than in his Tavern days, he spoke with the same felicity that fills his books and quietly glows with the inner gentleness of a Friend by Convincement.

III

In his very first story Howells says: —

The sincere observer of man will not desire to look upon his heroic or occasional phases, but will seek him in his habitual moods of vacancy and tiresomeness. . . . I never perceive him to be so much a man and a brother as when I feel the pressure of his vast, natural, unaffected dullness. Then I am able to enter confidently into his life and inhabit there, to think his shallow thoughts, to be moved by his dumb, stupid desires, to be dimly illuminated by his stunted aspirations, to share his foolish prejudices, to practise his obtuse selfishness. . . . Do I pitch my pipe too low? We poor honest men are at a sad disadvantage; and now and then I am minded to give a loose to fancy, and attribute something really grand and fine to my people, in order to make them worthier of the reader's respected acquaintance.

'We poor honest men.' By that he meant the realists. In 1872, when he published that first story, realists were as yet little heard of on our side of the Atlantic. Howells espoused their doctrine, and was their evangelist in our wilderness.

Again, in his very next story, Howells utters his creed through the lips of his heroine. Kitty Ellison, in *A Chance Acquaintance*, says:—

'If I were to write a story, I should want to take the slightest sort of plot, and lay the scene in the dullest kind of place, and then bring out all their possibilities.'

Very well: possibilities undoubtedly lurk in chronicling small beer; but so they do in Burgundy and champagne. If you banish those well-known if more expensive articles, you *exclude*, your realism stops short; for what justification has the word unless it means the inclusion of *all* reality?

I think Howells did pitch his pipe too low. And why, one might ask, when at the outset he offered to his readers a programme so plain, did any readers seek him? There are several answers to that, and all of them good. He pitched his pipe too low; but he brought from it such delicate and subtle tones as to charm the ears of the discriminating at once.

That first slight story, *Their Wedding Journey*, little more than an animated guidebook of the St. Lawrence, caused the discerning to speak to each other of it. Still more did *A Chance Acquaintance*. These two present the same group on the same steamboat, seeing Niagara and Canada on the same journey. In the second book, Howells picks other characters from the group to be chief actors in the little drama; and for the first time he confronts the country mouse with the town mouse. His third story, *The Lady of the Aroostook*, is a variant of the same theme, and brought him increasing attention. This was during the seventies. At the beginning of the eighties, *A Modern Instance* struck a far graver note; and

when *Silas Lapham* appeared in 1885, his audience had come to watch with interest for each next book.

I set the charm of his style first among the good reasons for this. Next, Howells did not confine himself to man's 'vast, natural, unaffected dullness,' and 'shallow thoughts,' and 'dumb, stupid desires,' and 'obtuse selfishness.' Plenty of all that he assuredly gives us; his map of Americans is the broadest I know; or better, his forty novels are a city peopled with more specimens of what Americans so variously can be than any other. But, had he stuck to his principles, never should we have had Kitty Ellison, that attractive, sprightly country mouse, with whom, right at the start, Howells deserts his principles. I wish he had followed Kitty up in subsequent stories, as he follows her fellow travelers Basil and Isabel March considerably, and other characters in other books slightly. Kitty writes of her Boston town-mouse acquaintance: 'He has been a good deal abroad, and he is Europeanized enough not to think much of America, though I can't find that he quite approves of Europe.' And she says: 'Sometimes it seems to me as if Mr. Arbuton were all gloves and slim umbrella.'

And so I come to my third good reason, and will add no others. It is that we Americans never until we were a hundred years old had seen ourselves in print, our daily selves and ways. Not Brockden Brown, nor Fenimore Cooper, nor Simms, nor the twilight Hawthorne, had hit us where we lived. Two visitors had done so—but how was a people that boisterously took itself and its institutions for the millennium to relish the pieces of their minds that Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens gave it? But that had been long ago. The Civil War was behind us, the Pacific railroad finished, civilization not quite a drop in the bucket; *Punch* lay on tables in rooms where Diaz and Daubigny hung on the walls, Chopin stood open on grand pianos; Patti was queen of song, Del-

monico Chesterfield of the cuisine; the bronze mastiff no longer decorated the lawns of the genteel. At Appomattox the Union had won not only its war but also its intellectual independence. We had grown both less green and less sensitive. Many grandchildren whose grandparents had found the plain talk of Dickens and Mrs. Trollope highly exasperating were now fit to have a mirror held up to nature without desire to smash it. One mirror there had been as early as 1856; but so few had read the realistic novels of De Forest that he passed unheeded. Let any reader who opens Howells today and wonders why he awakened so much attention among the intelligent realize the situation. There had been no mirror. Here was one, clear and bright; and in it crowds of our daily selves and ways, reflected without distortion, and by one of us. It was a new thing. Howells stepped into a literary vacuum, and filled it.

It was new to meet your private thoughts about your own country and fellow countrymen uttered aloud, and so well uttered. When they read of the 'humorous, sub-ironical American expression,' close observers had seen that; they, too, had noted 'the American convention of jocosity in talk,' the 'optimistic fatalism of our orientaling West,' our 'self-satisfied, intolerant, and hypocritical provinciality,' that national mood of 'sarcastic patience . . . in which we Americans face most problems of life,' and an 'abundance of that humorous brightness which may hereafter be found the most national quality of Americans.' Over such generalizations as these, appreciative readers nodded their heads; nor could they differ with Howells when he said that 'in America life is yet a joke with us, even when it is shameful and grotesque, as it so often is.' Howells softens his hard sayings by his pervading kindness; he never preaches, he never scolds; it is seldom that he implies anything so savage as in what Ben Halleck in *A Modern Instance* says of the news-

paper man, Bartley Hubbard: 'He was a poor cheap sort of creature. Deplorably smart, and regrettably handsome. A fellow that assimilated everything up to a certain extent, and nothing thoroughly. A fellow with no more moral nature than a base-ball. The sort of a chap you'd expect to find, the next time you met him, in Congress or the house of correction.'

One parenthetical word about De Forest: in 1875, in his novel *Playing the Mischief*, before Howells, he had several Congressmen in his mirror; after sixty years they don't look a day older.

Generalizations at which the discriminating nodded are to be found from first to last in the novels. I am considering the novels only. What he has to say in his essays and his verse gives no more of the man than is expressed or implied in his fiction: the poetry in him, the seriousness, the sadness, the drollery, the style. Of style he says, in praise of *The Vicar of Wakefield*: 'Kindness and gentleness are never out of fashion. . . . I do not believe that the best art of any kind exists without them. . . . The greatest talent is not that which breathes of the library, but that which breathes of the street, the field, the open sky, the simple earth.'

Besides meeting in Howells their private thoughts about their country, observant readers found a large collection of Americans, men and women just like people they had often, or sometimes, seen: the hotel clerk who treats you as if it were a privilege to speak to him; the customhouse officer who addresses you as if he had caught you in a crime; the religious impostor, the rustic bigot, the fake medium, the deceived spiritualist, the ardent convert to a brand-new religion, the girl who can't make up her mind, the spinster who fills her sterile hours with philanthropy, the dabbler in art, the infallible wife, the passively ironic husband, the unmanageable child, the helpless parent, the dry, shrewd Yankee, the rich man who builds the village a new Sunday school and dodges his

taxes, many women with every shade of jealousy from imperceptible manœuvring to ungoverned outbreak, and various vivid degrees of the blackguard.

Howells succeeds with many types of both sexes; I think he is more at home with the eternal feminine, and also with his country-bred folk, rough or gentle. In *Miss Bellard's Inspiration* he paints tenderly and truly a Victorian couple, old-fashioned, of simple, provincial decency; the people you may still find in square houses not lately carpeted or painted, whence antique dealers have bought sideboards and portraits, and left Landseer's 'Monarch of the Glen' behind; and outside there is some box growing. Soon you will not be able to find them. Other types are better fitted to survive in our hit-and-run civilization, amid our haste, waste, and sham, our heyday of the crank, the crook, and the quack.

But you will find Mrs. Maynard. She is in *Doctor Breen's Practice*. From the many examples of the spoiled American woman that Howells gives I pick her out. We have all seen her. Mrs. Maynard has lost her taste for her husband, has come away from him, is seeking a divorce, has left him. She is full of self-pity. She is n't well. Complaint is her keynote. The doctor recommends her going to bed. She exclaims: 'Then I'm going to be down sick! I knew I was! I knew it. . . . Well, I should think George Maynard would want to be with his family!'

Our best novelists have presented variously this specimen of American woman: in *Unleavened Bread* her name is Selma, you meet her in *The Plutocrat*, and in *Dodsworth*; perhaps the latest example of her is the insupportable mother in *The Last Puritan*.

Doctor Breen's Practice is the novel I should recommend to any young reader desirous of making the acquaintance of Howells. It is not one of his important books. They are too long for a beginner, too *andante* in movement for a genera-

tion that demands everything to be *allegro*; but the story combines insight, character drawing, and landscape, with a perfection of delicate art that is hard to find just now. I rate *Doctor Breen's Practice* high among the lesser novels. Excellent also is *Annie Kilburn*, with a rich girl trying to be a benefactor; and *The Undiscovered Country*, with a daughter sacrificed to her father's fanatical belief in spiritualism. In *The Kentons* the beginner will find the headlong daughter, her nice, worried, helpless parents, her irrepressible younger brother, and a fine specimen of the blackguard. But the most interesting blackguard in the collection will be found in *The Landlord at Lion's Head*. No character throughout Howells is more alive than Jeff Durgin. Much of the action is laid in New Hampshire, and the opening pages of landscape are pages of enchanting beauty.

Conversations in Howells are very natural. His ear was true. It caught nice shades of ignorance or education, nice cadences and vocabularies, rustic and urban. I have spoken of his well-bred country mouse, Kitty Ellison. Compare the English which she speaks with that of the rustic Marcia Gaylord.

Less charming is poor, jealous, tragic Marcia Gaylord in *A Modern Instance*; but very vivid—alive from head to foot. Her jealousy of Bartley Hubbard is what breaks down that inferior character, and brings their marriage to grief. In this almost great book—the nearest he came to greatness—Howells lays a light, sure touch on one of the sinister infirmities in American character: the failure of the American parent. It is the most sinister of all. Neglectful homes turn out worthless children. Were a census of young nuisances, young wastrels, young failures, and young criminals to be taken, the neglectful home would prove the place that bred most of them by its slipshod irresponsibility. Poor, stormy Marcia's parents teach her nothing of self-control, let her dash defenseless into life; and upon her father,

through her disaster, a logical Nemesis descends. The dramatic divorce trial rises to tragedy; the book far outtops the better-known *Silas Lapham*.

As a type of the self-made man, I choose Jacob Dreyfoos in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, rather than Silas Lapham. He is more dynamic, more of a savage. The sudden creation of his fortune brings him, as it brings Lapham, from the country to the town. Wealth suffocates the human in him, and develops the ruthless. Many separate destinies are intertwined for a while in this most crowded of all the novels, many offspring of American conditions; Beaton, the *poseur* and parlor blackguard, Fulkerson the flippant promoter, Lindau the tragic old German socialist, once again Basil and Isabel March, Mela, silly daughter of Dreyfoos, her wildcat sister Christine, and still others. The strongest, deepest current of the book is the relation of Dreyfoos, the grasping, untamed go-getter, to his gentle, spiritually-minded, and only son, Conrad. Conrad's devotion to helping the helpless bitterly angers his father. Once he strikes the boy. Conrad's death while trying to pacify a mob of workmen with whom he sympathizes, and to shield the foolish, ungovernable Lindau from a policeman's club, brings old Dreyfoos face to face with himself.

Silas Lapham is brought face to face with himself more gradually, by his sensible, clear-sighted, right-minded wife. All through the days of their prosperity she has shaken her head and spoken her mind over his freezing a partner out of business at a moment to his own, but not to the partner's, advantage. Silas obstinately justifies himself by what is called the ethics of business: the partner took more money out of the venture than he put into it. Where was the hardship, where the offense? Well, it did n't satisfy Mrs. Lapham. The partner was dropped at the moment when huge profits were imminent, and Silas got all of them. She never gives in, she always

returns to the charge. Invariably he is sullen. But in the end, after adversity, and through it, Silas rejects a transaction which business ethics would entirely justify, but his wife never. This is the true core of the book, this bringing a rough, domineering man face to face with himself. It is a good instance of that moral measure and test of human conduct which makes the foundation of all the serious writing of Howells. Conscience had not been stricken from the dictionary of his generation.

The love story in the book is something I am inclined to doubt. Given, as Howells gives, the sort of country mouse that Penelope Lapham is, and the sort of town mouse that Tom Corey is, I find myself in need of more convincing that Tom would have married, or ever have wished to marry, Penelope. His Beacon Street background and her farmhouse background had produced a youth and a maiden so widely dissimilar in tastes, customs, and ideas, that the thing is not to me quite probable. To make me believe it, Tom should have been far less conventional, and Penelope far more charming. Again, in *A Modern Instance*, the scruples of Ben Halleck about asking Marcia to be his wife — but listen; I leave it to you.

During Marcia's unhappy marriage to Bartley Hubbard, Ben discovers that he has fallen in love with her. He never tells her. She never knows it. He takes himself off to a far country. Events move on. There is the divorce trial, the flight of Bartley Hubbard, and, in time, his death in the far Southwest. Marcia, a widow, has gone back to live with her father in the country. Ben wants to marry her just as much as ever; but he feels his having been in love with her while she was another man's wife to be an indelible stain. 'Am I not,' he asks, 'bound by the past to perpetual silence?'

Such a state of mind I could accept in a nature extravagantly morbid, but not in Ben Halleck as drawn by Howells up to that point. Nor can I accept, in *Miss*

Bellard's Inspiration, the savage quarrels of the married couple in public. They are visitors in the house of gentlefolk.

The readiness is all. In every fiction, whether on the stage or in a book, the art of preparation is the final secret to master. We need not know what is coming next; but when it comes, we must assent to it. What is the theatre? What is a novel? Each is a form of Art which creates, by a set of conventions, the illusion of actuality. Have you ever opened a story, expecting to read it for a little while — and sat up till you finished it in the small hours? Most of us know this experience. And what exactly happened to us while we read? The illusion of actuality was created in us by the author's art. He conjured us into the land of make-believe. We knew that we were merely reading black words on white pages; yet, was our state not akin to hypnosis? We did not hear the telephone, and if the furniture cracked suddenly, perhaps we jumped. And so I find the doctrine of realism pretentious in its assumption of a superior veracity. Once the author creates the illusion of actuality, what matter if he tells me about Louis the Eleventh, or the smells his own nose has smelt in the slums, or a traffic policeman in Chicago, whom he sees every day? Of course we are likely to respect the accurately observed more than the ineptly invented; but true imagination sees deeper than the camera: else, why is Hamlet quite alive three hundred and thirty-seven years after his birth?

I cannot agree that realism is the only method by which the illusion of actuality can be created. Henry James, in writing enthusiastically to Howells about *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, says: 'The novelist is a window . . . and it's because you open so well and are hung so close over the street that I could hang out of you all day long. Your very value is that you choose your own street — heaven forbid that I should choose it for you.' Of like opinion is Maupassant: 'Some chosen spirits ask alone of the

artist, "Make me something beautiful, in the form that suits you best according to your temperament."'

And likewise Kipling: —

There are nine and sixty ways of constructing
tribal lays,
And — every — single — one — of — them — is
— right!

IV

Howells and James followed each other's art with close admiration. In 1896, James asked me at Rye, where he was planning to live, if I had seen Howells lately. And he fell to praising *The Landlord at Lion's Head*. 'It's — it's — it's,' he began, 'well, I think it's possible — yes, I'll go as far as possible — that — that six-and-a-half Americans know how good it is.'

'Counting me?'

'Yes, my dear Owen, you're the half!'

Howells enjoyed that when I told him.

I saw him often, knew his kindness well, listened to his opinions, not always able to agree with them. Once I came into his library in Beacon Street on a day of the Harvard Class Races. He had been watching them from the window.

'I had a sort of religious experience this afternoon,' he said. 'People down there in the alley along the water kept climbing on my back fence to see the rowing; and a policeman was busy making them get off. I sent for him, and thanked him. After he had gone, it came over me, what better right had I than they to sit comfortably in this room when they were out on the fence?'

'But you have earned it by your gift and hard work!' I protested.

He gave a baffled sigh. 'Yes, yes, but it ought n't to be.'

We were speaking on another day of Dr. Weir Mitchell, whose genius as a doctor he admired; he also read his novels, which had a quality quite above the common. 'But I fear he's on the side of the nobles,' said Howells, rather sadly.

He deplored the passages in great liter-

ature which unveil the human animal; and he wished that they could be expurgated. And when he had, with his usual unlimited kindness, read a long rebellious novel I had brought him, and given me quite astonishing encouragement, he paused with an embarrassed laugh, and proceeded, 'I'm going to ask you not to publish it. You might find a publisher; and later I think you would be sorry. There are too much hard drinking and hard swearing in it and too much knowledge of good and evil. Were it a translation from the Russian, I should n't object.'

Consider the objections that this inconsistent realist would have raised had the author of *Teetfallow*, *Bright Metal*, *The Store*, brought him those admirable, unsparing pictures of prejudice and bigotry! He would have begged the author of *The Lost Lady* not to tell us what she has there told us so well; and certain steps which the gifted author of *Work of Art* allows us to see in the education of Myron Weagle, Howells does not allow us to see in the education of Jeff Durgin. A perfect hotel is the ambition of both these youths; both are Yankee rustics; but a generation of change lies between them. Let the inquiring student of realism in our fiction compare *The Landlord at Lion's Head* with *Work of Art*, and he will see what a long way we have gone beyond Howells.

In short, realist though he meant to be, the descendant of the Friend by Convincement, the typesetter from early Ohio, turns his mirror away from a very elemental reality in human nature, so compelled by the taste of his epoch and by that personal reticence which dwelt in him.

While still a typesetting lad, he stood at the case with his father, throwing the type right and left into place. And while they did so they read together and discussed George Eliot's translation of the *Life of Jesus*, by David Friedrich Strauss, a new book then. It destroyed whatever faith in revealed religion was in young

Howells. Until, in middle age, he was walking near Florence with James Bryce and Stillman, then correspondent of the *London Times*, he had taken it for granted that no well-read man had any faith. His happening to say so astonished his companions, and to learn that many educated men believed in God came to him, as he described it, like a blow.

I recommend one other short tale to the inquiring beginner. *New Leaf Mills*, distilled from the typesetter's early years, but written very late, recalls Turgenev in its flawless directness and clarity, as well as in the rigorous simplicity of its subject. But, whatever book he explores, the young student will find that it 'dates.' After fifty years, how many novels do not date? If he is a real student, he will fall in with the more leisurely pace of other days. Then he will find that Howells, though most of his tales are laid east of the Alleghenies, somehow includes the whole of our social geography, except the very different social geography of Henry James. There, beginning with *Daisy Miller*, you find the American confronted with Europe, as you find the American in Howells confronted with other Americans. The successors of both masters are many: the American of Newport and Park Avenue in *The House of Mirth*, the less ornamental American in *Babbitt*. Our huge continent makes inevitable, and desirable, the regional novel, the *Porgys*, the *Teetfallows*, the *Rome Hauls*, the *My Antonias*; and these with many others are seldom written, like their predecessors of the Victorian era, with gloves on, but with bare hands — some hands that their owners would do well to wash.

But if he possess any critical discernment my inquiring beginner will perceive that the mirrors of none, though they may blaze more brutally, give reflections so clear in moulding and outline, so quiet, so undistorted, as those which the delicate art of William Dean Howells held up to nature in his day.

OUR ADVENTURE IN CONSERVATION

The CCC

BY F. A. SILCOX

I

THE idea of using the youth of this country in worth-while conservation work must be credited to Professor William James, who in 1910 wrote an essay on the 'Moral Equivalents of War.' He expressed the thought that it was 'but a question of time and of opinion-making men seizing historic opportunities' until the nation's youth would be organized to form for a few of their young years a part of an army enrolled against nature. He believed that there would be thus preserved for a peace economy the moral equivalents for the martial ideals and virtues of unity, surrender of private interest, loyalty, discipline, and hardihood, and that numerous other benefits to the country would follow. To various and sundry hardy tasks, in forests and fields, on roads and in mines, on ships,

would our gilded youths be drafted off according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and sobered ideas. They would have paid their blood-tax, done their own part in the immemorial human warfare against nature, they would tread the earth more proudly, the women would value them more highly, they would be better fathers and teachers of the following generations.

George H. Maxwell's book, *Our National Defense — the Patriotism of Peace*, published in 1915, expanded that idea into a definite and practical form. He urged the 'National Construction Corps'

to build bridges and aqueducts, to bring water to the deserts and make them productive, to plant trees on bare mountains, to fight forest fires and insect pests — all in the interest of making the country more self-supporting as a measure of national defense.

About the time that Professor James's essay was published in America, a movement for youth camps appeared in Germany, sponsored by a group of Heidelberg professors, but their efforts ended in an unsuccessful petition to Kaiser Wilhelm.

It was in Bulgaria, however, shortly after the World War, that the need for road repairs led to the starting of a six-months compulsory labor service for persons between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, including both men and women. Switzerland, in 1924, launched the idea of her *Freiwilliger Arbeitsdienst*, or Voluntary Labor Service for unemployed youth. Germany in 1925 actually started her first work camp for youth, at Breslau in Upper Silesia, under the direction of Professor Eugene Rosenstock.

It was the world-wide depression which turned more than one nation to this use of unemployed young men. In some European nations there were added other purposes and aims. Germany's youth camps, though now strongly political, were not originally so; Bulgaria's were based on political economy; while those of the Swiss were measures of

necessity and of assistance. Fundamentally, the two outstanding purposes were, first to give to young men work which would save them from lives of idleness and possible crime, and secondly to use them on worth-while outdoor construction work which would build them up physically, mentally, and spiritually. These two basic purposes were present in the first systematic attempts at youth labor or work camps in Austria, Switzerland, France, England, and the United States. Regardless of the pattern of government, whether liberal or conservative, whether democratic or dictatorial, regardless of political outlooks, here was a principle generally recognized, that the youth of a nation — if it were to survive — must save itself by healthful work in the out-of-doors.

Usually European youth camps are under the ministry of labor. In some countries farm work is emphasized, in others forestry or broad conservation work. In Bulgaria, Germany, and England, youth camps have been used to supplement farm labor, especially at harvest time. In Switzerland, France, and Austria, the work has been largely confined to forests. In some European countries youth camps have been what we Americans would call militarized, or at least highly regimented; this is notably true of the German *Arbeitsdienst*, where the youths march out to their work projects, move in strict military formation from job to job, carry their shovels in soldier style, and live in camps strongly reminiscent of army barracks. By contrast, — and it is a striking contrast, — youth work camps in Switzerland, England, France, Austria, and America have no semblance of militarization and little regimentation. Swiss youth receives no wages; its work is *freiwilliger*, voluntary.

I had the privilege, while in Europe in 1936, of seeing some of the German and Austrian youth camps, or *Arbeitsdienst*. I was particularly impressed with the simplicity and efficiency of the Austrian camps. We found the boys working on

the Vienna City Forest, far back in the mountains, in small-unit, simple camps, with little or no machinery or trucks, doing hand-labor jobs within walking distance of their camps: doing jobs which our own CCC are doing — cleaning out and building foot trails, clearing roadside drainage ditches, building small fish hatcheries, controlling forest insect pests, planting young tree seedlings where needed to complete the forest cover on steep mountain sides; husky young boys, cheerful, busy, learning how to use shovel and axe and mattock, how to build up and restore the forest wealth of their country, and how to build up their own bodies and spirits.

In France and England, though there is a large percentage of young men in the work camps, there are also quite a number of older men — war veterans, local farmers and farm workers, forest workers. The French relief workers are used almost entirely on forest work, — roads and trails, control of insect pests, tree diseases, forest planting, — while the English do considerable park and public playground development and improvement work, as well as assisting farm owners with extra labor, during harvest or planting times.

II

Trees and young men have been growing up simultaneously in this nation for countless generations. Trees struggled to sink their roots firmly into the earth in order to push their tops into the air and spread their limbs over the ground, to bear their fruit, scatter their seed, and to give their seedlings a protected start in life.

The white man came and in his struggle for security turned against the red men and the trees. The forest and the Indian were pushed back, by burning, by killing — by any and all means. A continent had to be conquered. At first, the forest was an obstacle, hiding red enemy or wild animal. With increasing colonization, settlements, towns, and cities

sprang up, and forests began to have value as shelter for home and business. In the name of economics and civilization there was ruthless exploitation of the nation's forest wealth. The pioneer logger and lumberman appeared. The Eastern seaboard was conquered, the Alleghenies invaded, and the march started westward. Lumbering began to be systematized. The unexcelled virgin forests of Maine, the Adirondacks, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, then the Lake States, contributed their giants. The sweep extended down through the Appalachians into the vast pineries of the South, then into her hardwoods. The great untouched forests of the Rocky Mountains, of Montana, Idaho, and the Pacific Coast, beckoned, and the lumberman went West. Soon there was no farther West to go to.

Franklin B. Hough, who was the first government forester, from 1876 to 1883, struck a note of warning that we must protect and manage our forests. B. E. Fernow, a German-trained forester, later headed federal efforts and labored long for American forestry, organized a forestry school, and succeeded in starting, during President Harrison's administration, a monumental system of forest reserves — now the National Forests.

To the vision of Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot is due the first practical effort to salvage some of the country's wasted wealth and to conserve through wise use what was left. They gave general currency to this philosophy of wise use by designating it as 'Conservation.' The opposition of the Congress of that day was widespread — an opposition now a historical fact.

Against bitter opposition founded on greed and a too rugged individualism they laid the broad foundation of the present National Forests and a national conservation system.

Senator Francis G. Newlands's far-reaching waters and soils conservation bill of December 4, 1907, — conceived with statesmanlike vision, — was shelved

for ten years. Then, in 1917, it was finally included as a section of a Rivers and Harbors Act. But the war diverted public attention, and in 1920 old private greed struck out Newlands's long-fought-for waterways provision from this Rivers and Harbors Act. That left us about where we were in 1907. Sixteen years went by before the Flood Control Act of 1936 was finally passed — and in the meantime millions of acres of topsoil continued to wash down our rivers, and millions of feet of timber continued to be turned into ashes and charred snags.

It is trite to say, in the light of our present broad knowledge of devastated lands, that soils which were unfit for farming were laid bare by loggers and fires. To-day we face the task of restoring trees to thousands and thousands of acres of such soil, now classed as 'sub-marginal agricultural land.' It should forever have remained in forest growths.

But this ever-hurrying stride of 'modern progress' had brought both young men and trees to a stage perilous to the nation's welfare, long before the facts were recognized generally. As forest wealth receded, the welfare of man and the nation's wealth seemed to advance. The pace was furious, but it continued to increase. After a short life, the rush of exploitation bogged down, following completion of the great transcontinental railroads, and there was time for stocktaking.

The conservation job started by Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot had been long waiting to be shoved ahead — too long; it was overdue. Waste of natural resources to satisfy private greed had been going on until it became a national trait. Foresters, conservationists, biologists, soil experts, park executives, all had dreamed of a time when men and money would be available to undertake nationally the salvage job. They had not only dreamed of it, but had planned for it: better protection for forest wealth, saving it from fire, insects, and disease; development and improvement of this wealth; development of out-

door recreation on federal, state, and municipal lands; preservation of wild life; prevention of soil wastage, long a national disgrace. Here, as elsewhere, we had studied, experimented, tested, measured, — and watched, — the rapid washing away of our topsoils, but had done little or nothing in the direction of practical salvage.

The World War boomed machine production and took further toll of forests and soils. 'Spruce and wheat will win the war' was the motto then. Americans worked willingly and heedlessly further to exploit a sickening land. Man's carelessness and a parsimonious attitude toward spending to protect and develop natural resources contributed to tremendous losses by forest fire. Thousands and thousands of square miles of horribly mutilated and barren forest lands with remnant ghost towns are to-day's witnesses to man's ruthlessness in every corner of the land where forest wealth predominated up to the middle of the nineteenth century.

Early in the twentieth century new opportunities and opportunity seekers reached a balance. Men found it more difficult to get jobs. There were still opportunities, but they were harder to find and they required craft and professional skill in larger degree. The nation was on the verge of a period of economic doldrums when the World War intervened, to supply first materials and later men — young men. Although this country's loss in lives of young men was small compared to European losses, it was prodigious and we felt its effects as a nation. After the World War, we were a creditor nation for the first time in our history, and for a while made the most of it, pushing machine production to its peak during the first ten years of Kaiser Wilhelm's exile at Doorn.

III

The year 1929 was a banner one in the annals of the United States. The Aladdin's lamp of economics was kept

bright and worn thin from overmuch rubbing. The Aladdins were as heedless of the consequences of too much rubbing as men in earlier days had been heedless of results from devastating the forests. Perhaps in both cases some knew but did not or dared not speak. There were many who did but went unheard. The country plunged into economic disaster.

From 1930 to 1932 jobs grew scarcer and scarcer as the extent of our national crash became daily more apparent. Old and young, men and women, boys and girls, were laid off indiscriminately everywhere. Businesses failed, production stopped, banks closed, savings were exhausted, mortgages on homes and farms were foreclosed. Cattle, sheep, pigs, corn, wheat, lumber, nails, rails, houses, land, furniture, clothing, food — all were sacrificed to the maw of universal indebtedness. Paper profits vanished along with material gains and savings. Some people prospered, but to most it was an appalling and costly disaster. As a nation of people, we had 'lost our shirt.' Millions were without work; somewhere between ten and fifteen million employed persons — the figures of experts vary — were no longer gainfully occupied. Bread lines were democratic. Men — and women too — from all walks of life stood in them, hour after hour, day after day, month upon month. It was heart-breaking to those who stood in the lines and to those who stood on the side lines.

However heavily the depression may have descended on the adult population of this country, the load was even greater on youth. Here was the most valuable resource we had, youth, being wasted; worse than wasted — sacrificed. As far back as 1925, it was estimated that there were from five to eight million young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five wholly unoccupied. They were neither working nor at school. After the crash almost three million young people were on relief. One could see freight trains loaded with men and boys, occasionally women among them,

going somewhere, anywhere. Railroad brakemen simply ignored the swarms. Far too many of this new vagrant army were in their teens. Jungle campfires reflected the despair on beardless faces the country over. Some states made feeble attempts to keep out these hordes by shoving them across state lines, but everywhere flophouses, rescue missions, soup kitchens, bread lines, and jails were filled with youth for the first time.

Many a lad, realizing the load which his parents were carrying and eager, yet powerless, to help, set out to find a job. Disillusionment soon followed. There were no jobs even for skilled, more experienced workmen, and, as the boys joined the wandering hordes, there loomed before them the blackness and hopelessness, the utter futility of further seeking. What was there left? Begging, panhandling, petty thieving, first of food and then of covering, finding some way to keep body and soul together, to get by — ending, in too many cases, with the final philosophy that the world owed them a living. The world had turned against these lads; many fought back, many gave up, went down. A part of the story is written in the youthful crime records of this country between 1924 and 1934.

IV

Times were bad in 1931 and 1932. They had never been worse. Hope was succumbing to fear. The problems of unemployed youth had become even more acute. And then came another conservation-minded Roosevelt, who had also been a practising forester for many years on his Hudson River estate.

Keenly alive to the pressing social as well as economic problems of the country, Franklin Roosevelt sounded a new and practical note in his acceptance-of-the-nomination speech at Chicago in July 1932. At that time he said in part:

Let us use common and business sense. . . . We know that . . . means of relief, both for the unemployed and for agriculture,

will come from a wide plan for the converting of many million acres of marginal and unused land into timber land through reforestation. . . .

In doing so, employment can be given to a million men. . . .

There is every reason to believe that the presidential candidate was familiar with and interested in the well-authenticated facts, available here and abroad, which led to the conclusion that the forests, parks, and soil of the United States could provide the equivalent of full-time constructive work for two million persons. But at the time it was made, there was much scoffing in some quarters over this statement.

It was fully realized that even if the government put to work as many as 300,000 young men it would be solving only a fraction of the youth problem. The Civilian Conservation Corps was but a part of the employment programme; there were the CWA, later the WPA, Transient Camps, NYA, and the big programmes of public works. But the CCC played an important rôle from the beginning in using youthful hands and brains.

On March 21, 1933, just seventeen days after his inauguration, the President sent his message on emergency legislation to Congress.

On April 5 the President appointed Robert Fechner Director of Emergency Conservation Work. He was to set up an army of 300,000 young men to work in the forests, fields, and parks of America. He drafted the personnel and experience resources of four executive Departments — War, Labor, Agriculture, the Interior — to furnish plans of work and to select, enroll, examine, feed, clothe, and house these youths and to supervise their daily jobs. He wanted the Corps started, and started at once. There were food and clothes and tents and tools to be got, shelter and bedding, and superintendents and foremen to be picked and hired. The President was insistent that the Corps be started. The Enabling Act was passed

on March 31, and on April 17 the first CCC camp was established.

The breadth and scope of the President's plan fairly took away the breath of foresters and conservationists alike. The President provided immediate financing from existing unobligated balances; and he requested that matters affecting the size of the Civilian Conservation Corps, camps, scope of work, and such, be submitted for his personal approval. The Corps has ever since held the President's personal interest, and it may also be said that his knowledge of its details is almost uncanny.

On April 10 the first quota of 25,000 men was called. By April 17 the first CCC camp near Luray, Virginia, appropriately in the George Washington National Forest, was set up in tents and immediately occupied. On May 12 the number of men to be enrolled was increased to 274,375.

The Army had swung into action. Labor had set up its selection agencies in every county. For decades the United States Forest Service had done long-range planning in managing timber, forage, recreation, and other forest-land resources. Its comprehensive work programmes were revised for the CCC. The Departments of Agriculture and the Interior picked the camp sites and, with their plans of work ready, by July 1, 1933, hundreds of thousands of men were at work in camps throughout the United States.

East Side New York boys found themselves one morning in the high meadows of the Glacier National Park; New Jersey and Connecticut youths waded through late spring snows in the Mount Hood National Forest in Oregon; Texas farm boys saw their first mountains in Wyoming. Here was real adventure. City boys learned what an axe was, how to use it. City and country boys learned to drive trucks and tractors, to fell big trees, to build suspension bridges, to fight forest fires; learned how to take care of themselves in the wilderness. Here

was hardihood. Shy boys, homesick for their mothers' apron strings, had 'childishness knocked out of them.' The moral equivalents of war were being experienced by the CCC, as Professor James had predicted twenty-five years before.

The men were organized into 200-man companies; each camp was in charge of an Army reserve officer, with one junior and a medical officer. By 1936, the number of men in companies was reduced to 157, but the original 200-man units are now to be restored. The Army has charge of transporting, paying, feeding, clothing, and housing the boys. It has charge of their health, education, discipline, and morale while at camp headquarters. The camps are not in the strict sense military camps, nor has any militarization ever been allowed in them. These are not Army camps, but CCC camps with reserve officers in charge. Discipline is by character rather than command.

From the personnel of the enrollees are drawn cooks, orderlies, a mess steward, a supply steward, hospital aid, assistant educational adviser, clerks, and truck drivers. All field work or jobs outside of camp are directly under departmental technical agencies, for the most part from the Agriculture and Interior Departments, who exercise supervision over the actual work on the job. Project superintendents, foremen, and specialists — engineers, foresters, biologists, agronomists, soil experts, landscape architects, or entomologists — direct the work. They carry out the conservation plans and projects, and since the men work eight hours a day for five days a week, they are in close contact with the youths for at least forty hours a week. The foremen, in addition to directing the work, teach and train the boys, explaining not only the use of tools, machinery, and other equipment, but also the *how* and *why* of the jobs. Not only do these young men learn how to handle tools and equipment, how to drive trucks, tractors, and road machinery, but thousands of them

become so proficient that after a year or so they are offered better jobs in the outside world. This is as it should be. The camps, therefore, are a real and a very practical training school for raw labor in that they teach untrained youths how to work, efficiently and conscientiously, what a day's work is, and something of the dignity of labor. All this outdoor exercise in forest or field has its inevitable effect on their bodies, their minds, and their spirits, and one soon notices the growing and hardening muscles and the cheerful and smiling faces. Their pride and self-respect have been restored. They find exciting adventure in simple, direct experiences of their own in contrast to the vicarious adventure experiences of others as depicted in movies and the 'pulp.' The quantity and quality of their work have surprised seasoned foremen used to handling older and more skilled workmen.

In addition to the cash allowance of \$5.00 a month for himself, the young man of the CCC receives food, clothing, shelter, medical attention, and an opportunity for practical training. But each enrollee has to allot most of his monthly pay of \$30 to needy dependents. The allotments sent home by these young sons have made it possible for millions of families to have their names stricken from local relief rolls, or have kept families from the relief rolls.

V

The original national quota was a quarter of a million young, unmarried men between eighteen and twenty-five years of age. When the Congressional authorization for the first two years of CCC work expired on March 31, 1935, the President asked Congress to extend the programme for another two years and to provide funds for a substantial increase in Corps activities. The Emergency Relief Appropriation Act of 1935 complied with the President's request. It was at first planned to expand the

Corps to a strength of 600,000 enrolled men, but by October 31, 1935, the office of Emergency Conservation Work had approximately 505,782 enrolled men at work on conservation projects from a total of 2635 camps. These figures represent the peak of the Corps since its inception in April 1933, and include men in the Civilian Conservation Corps in every state of the Union, 10,500 in Indian camps situated on Indian reservations, and 4500 residents of Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands, all working on conservation projects. Here is a veritable army with shovels, all enrolled in the cause of American Conservation!

The major purposes of the CCC programme for the first four years have been to relieve distress through the employment of idle young men on constructive conservation projects, to aid in the rehabilitation of youth, and to assist in the general administrative drive for economic recovery. The project was essentially one of restoring the confidence of young men in themselves, building them up physically, making them more useful citizens, and of launching the nation on a sound conservation programme which would protect, conserve, and expand our timber resources, increase recreational opportunities, reduce our tremendous soil wastage and the annual forest-fire toll.

The fact that there is no military discipline in these camps must be emphasized again. The Army early learned that CCC discipline must be secured and maintained through the personality of the reserve officers, through a few simple penalties — but maintained primarily by the boys themselves. These boys living together, working together, playing together, have worked out a practical social discipline of their own. A 'gold-bricker' entering a camp soon finds that loafing on the job is n't popular, and that he must do his share; if he 'can't take it,' he leaves camp — perhaps 'goes over the hill,' to use an old expression. The camp spirit brings a new man

into line, or he finds CCC life not to his liking. There is no college hazing; the boys just make it plain that everyone must do his share. The simple penalties I have alluded to are denial of week-end leave privileges for minor infractions, a fine not exceeding three dollars for more serious ones, and, for very serious offenses, discharge from the Corps. The last is avoided if at all possible. There were sporadic outbreaks at first until it became known that there were no hard-boiled regulations, that the men in charge of camp and work were human beings sincerely interested in the daily welfare of the boys.

The social values of the CCC are just beginning to be realized. Some authorities have credited directly to the Corps a decrease in juvenile crime. From the superintendent of the Nebraska Reformatory for Men comes the statement that the CCC has been responsible since 1933 for a 25 per cent decrease in the number of inmates in his institution. The superintendent of the Virginia State Penitentiary attributes to the CCC a drop in commitments of 156 in nine months. Justin Miller, chairman of the United States Attorney General's Committee on Crime, in a statement of December 14, 1936, brought out the three main causes of juvenile crime and delinquency — those arising from the physical environment of the delinquent, from his contact with his family, and from his own personality and status in society. He added: —

A simple knowledge of the aim of the CCC, the conservation of both human and natural resources of the country, is enough to suggest what the organization does to oppose these conditions.

The CCC programme has made use of the forests, parks, and eroded fields of the nation to supply work for these idle youths; it has given hands and brains something to do. The forests and parks offered an opportunity not only to give these men jobs but also to restore con-

fidence in themselves and to build them up physically. These things it has done for some two million men since the spring of 1933.

Not only has the CCC functioned in the orderly and planned work of conservation of natural resources, but it has also been the first line of defense in national and local catastrophes. When serious emergencies have arisen during the past four years, the call has gone out for CCC boys. Potomac, Ohio, and Mississippi floods, a Florida hurricane, an Alabama tornado, Oregon or Idaho forest fires, blizzards in Nevada, Utah, or Wyoming, the Middle West drought of 1934, the advance of grasshopper and Mormon cricket hordes — always these called the CCC to rescue lives and property; and the boys answered, with willing hands, strong backs, and a comforting cheerfulness. Not infrequently such work called for acts of real heroism, and outstanding ones are recognized by an Award of Valor, a special certificate for the Corps. Hundreds of individuals have been recommended for such awards, but because of the high standards set less than twenty-five have been granted during the past four years.

The boys of the Corps have fought forest fires on a thousand fronts, devoting more than 3,800,000 man-days to this one activity; they have checked and controlled blister rust in the Northwest, Dutch elm disease in the Northeast, pine twig blight in the Southwest, and grasshoppers in the Middle West. They have battled bark beetles in Western forests, gypsy moth in the East — forest insects and tree diseases on over 15,000,000 acres. They have planted over a billion young trees — after collecting the seed, making the forest nurseries, and growing the seedlings. They have built 90,000 miles of truck trails or forest roads primarily as protection against forest fires; they have completed over 3,500,000 soil-erosion check dams. And from their pay of \$30 a month from 1933 up to July 1, 1937, they have sent home over \$400,-

000,000 to an estimated number of 6,000,000 dependents. The total cost of the CCC from the beginning up to July 1, 1937, has been approximately \$1,900,000,000. Of this, more than \$825,000,000 was obligated for supplies, materials, services, lands, and equipment necessary for the functioning of the Corps. Over \$770,000,000 was obligated for salaries and wages to enrollees, supervisory personnel, and all other employees. Food supplies have cost in excess of \$225,200,000; the clothing and textile industries have received nearly \$198,000,000; lumber and construction and building-trades industries have received approximately \$80,000,000; transportation of enrollees and supplies has cost approximately \$87,000,000. These are large sums, and yet is not such an investment justified when spent for the salvage of American natural resources worth many billions of dollars, and for saving the priceless human resource of American youth?

VI

Before the four years were up, the President recommended, and the people of the country approved, a permanent CCC. The President also recommended that, along with its permanency, the supervisory and technical personnel of the Corps be placed under the classified Civil Service. The Congress approved the new CCC Act on June 28, 1937, but for only three years, and without Civil Service. Instead of being a part of the Emergency Conservation Work as heretofore, the new Act sets up the Civilian Conservation Corps as a separate and independent unit and grants more authority to the Director of the Corps. Its strength is now definitely fixed at 315,000 men, to include 270,000 junior enrollees (ages seventeen to twenty-three inclusive), 30,000 war veterans, 10,000 Indians, and 5000 from Alaska and the insular possessions of Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. The Act sets a

maximum term of enrollment of two years, except for a few special men such as camp overhead, veterans, insular enrollees, and Indians. More emphasis is put on practical training of enrollees on the job. Most important of the changes is the elimination of the former requirement that only boys from families on relief rolls were eligible; now, while preference will be given to 'relief rollers,' the financial status of applicants will not be a bar to enrollment, provided the youth is unemployed or in need of employment. Enrollees will still be required to send home part of their pay, but provision is made for the War Department, the paymasters of the CCC, to retain a part of a man's monthly compensation and pay this to him in a lump sum at the time of his discharge; this provision is made especially for orphans or boys who have no immediate dependents. Otherwise the Corps will function about as it has during the past four years.

The scope and kinds of conservation work hitherto in force will continue, with possibly a few exceptions. Perhaps forest planting or reforestation, soil erosion by water and wind, and protection of natural resources will receive more emphasis than heretofore.

The saving of the remnants of our natural resources from abuse and of our youth from the effects of the depression has just begun. The work of destruction on the former, running back through generations, cannot be repaired in a brief four years; denudation was too thorough and lasted too long for its scars to be healed so quickly. There are millions of boys entering the youth class of seventeen to twenty-three each year who will need healthy, outdoor work, who will need to learn something of social discipline, who will need to learn the lessons of practical conservation. No one can say that this big job of national conservation is now finished; it will take generations to complete.

AN EPISTLE TO THE JEWS

BY JOHN CURNOS

I

JEWISH writers are agreed that the Jews are to-day passing through a grave crisis — perhaps the gravest of their history. It is not only that the rising wave of anti-Semitism the world over is a serious business which justifies misgivings in the Jewish heart. Historically, the Jew is used to it. Persecution, indeed, has always served to harden and strengthen him. It has even, perhaps, served to preserve him as an entity. What is more serious to-day is the division among the Jews themselves. For the second time in their history they are disunited — in the face of a danger greater than any faced before. The enemy without is strong; the dissension within is scarcely less ominous. Israel lives as in a besieged city, surrounded by cohorts vaster and more dangerous than those of old Rome, and is at war with itself. Physical dispersion was the price paid by Israel for its dissensions nineteen centuries ago; to-day Israel is faced with spiritual, if not physical, extinction.

The Jewish problem, as we now know it, did not exist before the war. Roughly speaking, the Jews were then divided into two large camps: those who upheld Orthodoxy — what with the immense Central European ghettos and the Russian Government assisting, an easy matter — and those who avidly grasped at the benefits of the Emancipation, who saw the future in the glowing light of progress, freedom, and equality, and were in no sense hostile to the idea of assimilation.

The Orthodox faction lived its independent life, clinging to the One God, oblivious of the vast discoveries of science which were shaking the liberated world and precipitating new values. While waiting for the long-expected Messiah, Orthodox Jews zealously maintained the ancient customs. They circumcised their males, prayed with phylacteries on forehead and arms, fastened the *mezuzoth* on the door to ward off evil, and put in a periodical plea to the Almighty: 'Next year in Jerusalem!' Inside their houses they displayed pictures of the two Moses' — the first usually in the act of splitting the Red Sea; the other, Moses Montefiore, the great Anglo-Jewish philanthropist who, according to legend, could trace his genealogy two thousand years back, and who it is certain always traveled (but never on the Holy Sabbath) equipped with his private kosher kitchen, even when he went to Russia to intercede for his coreligionists with the Tsar. In some houses yet a third Moses graced the walls. This was Moses Maimonides, whose birth eight centuries ago was but lately celebrated by Jewry and the world. A great rabbi, physician, philosopher, and theologian, he was much admired by the great Saint Thomas Aquinas, who was not above borrowing something of the Jew's dialectic.

If Orthodox Jewry still celebrated its heroes, — as, for example, Judas Maccabæus, during the Feast of the Candles, — it no less remembered the

demise of its enemies. To this day the Feast of Purim commemorating the death of the arch Jew-baiter Haman, brought about by Esther, remains the gayest feast on the Jewish calendar, and children still dance round in the synagogue because the Hitler of his day was foiled by one more clever than he—Mordecai. Even in our household, which had lapsed from Orthodoxy, the name of Torquemada, the loathed Grand Inquisitor, was a byword among us children, as it was in other Jewish households. The reality of such persecutors of Jewry in the dim past was brought home to us by the cry of the muzhik children that often greeted us in the village street: 'Christ-killer! Christ-killer!' Little wonder that the Jews are a historically-minded race!

Thus, Christianity achieved in the Jewish mind not the infinite mercy of its Jewish founder, but the conviction that the Jews could expect only cruelty at the hands of the followers of Christ. And because of his followers Christ himself suffered in the minds of his own race. True Christianity might have won the Jews over, and there might not have been any Jewish problem to-day. Essentially, then, the Jewish problem is inseparable from the Gentile problem. It is indeed inseparable from a proper reappraisal of Christ by both Jew and Gentile. They can both deny him, or meet in him. It is certain that a real acceptance of him by one or the other must inevitably involve both. It is a matter of the simplest logic, and Christ could have reduced it to a parable. And indeed he has done so; for the world to-day is as that herd of Gadarene swine possessed with devils and rushing to destruction. This is not mere religious symbolism, but stark realism.

II

The Jews to-day have a special problem: how to give the soft answer that turneth away wrath. Is there anything but a soft answer that will do it? In Germany the Jew has no choice but to

offer the other cheek, whether he likes to or not. What of the other lands in which he fares better, but in which nevertheless he is being eyed askance? Even America is not free from Jew-baiting, and there are many, Jews and Gentiles alike, who view this fact with apprehension.

Let us face realities. A single Jew has the power to cast odium on the whole race. A single Jewish banker lends credence to the absurd notion that all Jews are rich; a single Jewish Communist gives rise to the cry that all Jews are bent on destroying the government. The Jew is Judas who betrayed the Lord, but it is conveniently overlooked that He, the betrayed, was also a Jew. The Jew is rich, the Jew is successful, the Jew is aggressive (give him an inch and he will take a mile!), the Jew is clever — he takes all the *summa cum laude* degrees in the colleges. But there is the other side. 'With the handicap against us, what can we do but try to be smart? It's what makes us plod harder than the Gentile.' This is the voice of a Jewish undergraduate at Harvard. 'We are shut out from so many things, what's left for us to do but try to make money?' This the voice of a great Jewish scholar in England.

It would be futile to go into the rights and wrongs of the matter. One thing is clear: either the Jew must go on doing the things for which the Gentile dislikes him, or he must rise above human nature and, like Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion. Of what avail is it, indeed, that the individual Jew is a decent fellow if his neighbor's sins are counted against him? Every Jew is his brother's keeper.

There is a tendency to-day to attribute all ills to economics and try to find a solution for all problems on an economic basis; and it has been confidently asserted that the Jewish problem is no longer a religious problem, but wholly an economic one. It has been argued that if the Jews would only thin out their professional classes and go in for proletarian and farming occupations the causes for the dislike of the race might be removed.

And, in support of this theory, it has been pointed out that the Soviet Government has solved the Jewish problem within its borders, in the first place by abolishing wealth and the middle classes, and in the second by diverting Jewish energies into industry and agriculture. It has been carefully glossed over, however, that this solution of the Jewish problem has been accomplished at the cost of social freedom, and with the practical extinction of Russian Jewry.

But those who solve all problems on material bases have yet to learn that the gains are inevitably material, the losses wholly spiritual. In destroying Russian Jewry the Soviets have imposed on the converted their own material doctrines, at the same time declining with thanks the spiritual heritage of a people with a history of four millenniums. The poverty in the creative arts in Soviet Russia may be laid directly at the door of those who have deliberately removed all spiritual forces capable of generating that beauty which is possible only where the mind and the heart are free.

Death — the extinction of the Jews — would be a pitiful solution to the Jewish problem; unless — but of that later.

A people that has produced an Isaiah, a Hillel, a Christ, — yes, even a Karl Marx, — is not, in any case, destined to suffer so ignominious an end. There is a solution to the problem: the Jewish people can save itself, in the cultural-spiritual sense, by returning to its appointed destiny, to itself. Vast reservoirs of faith are still here, waiting to be tapped. But they can be tapped only if the Jewish people will return to its original spiritual sources — or rather to the point where it left off its traditional spiritual life. Its long strenuous battle for survival should have merely strengthened it for this.

I am not referring to Zionism, though Zionism need not hinder what I have in mind, and may possibly even help it. Zionism, as all know, advocates a new revolt against Pharaoh's taskmasters, a

new trek across water and desert, a new conquest of the land of milk and honey. Certainly all the preliminary plagues already prevail in this modern Egypt. Heaven knows the Pharaohs seem only too willing to see these stiffnecked people go — anywhere. Poland, for instance, would welcome such a solution. Even so, there are the Amorites, Amalekites, Hittites, Canaanites, and so forth, waiting at the other end — only they go by the name of Arabs.

To make a reconquest of the Promised Land it looks as if the Jews would have to fight. They have tried economics — the modern way — that is, by buying the land; but, as late events have shown, they may have to hold it at the price of their blood — the traditional way. They may find that they will need not only a new Moses but a new Joshua: a Moses who will have to stiffen their backbone to match their neck; a Joshua who, in place of the trumpets that brought down Jericho, will have to produce howitzers and machine guns and aeroplanes. And when he has destroyed the enemy — granted that he has destroyed it — he will, perhaps, have to establish a little dictatorship, forcibly to prevent the populace from doing homage to the Golden Calf. This is no reflection on Israel. The Golden Calf is an ancient and universal god, worshiped equally by all nations, whatever their secondary gods may be. While in exile, the children of Israel many a time and oft, not without reason, had to seek his patronage and protection.

III

If there is a measure of Mosesism in the Jewish national movement (Zionism), there is an even greater measure of Mosesism in Marxism, or Marxism-Leninism, as it is called in Soviet Russia.

This brings me back to a walk I took with Prince (now Comrade) Mirsky during an Oxford week-end in 1930. Mirsky had at the time just finished the process of turning from Orthodox Russian to

Communist, and he seemed anxious to convert me to his new religion. ('Communism is the opiate of the people,' I had said, to pull his leg.) As I went on rebutting him and the argument waxed hot, he brought up heavy guns by stressing the personality of Lenin. Was he not a unique personality? Was there another personality in history that had remoulded a nation, impressed his will to make it a vehicle of stern social justice?

'What about Moses?' I said in all earnestness, waking wrath in Mirsky's soul and almost causing him to bring down his stick upon my head.

'Moses is a legend!' he retorted.

'And so Lenin will be! Indeed, he is a legend already!' I answered, and went on: 'What real difference is there between them? Moses came from Jehovah with his tablets of the Law and his eugenic-hygienic programme, while Lenin came from Marx (a Jehovah of sorts!) with a somewhat different set of commandments and a modern eugenic-hygienic programme. One promised his people material prosperity and a long life if they were good; the other a full tummy and a share in the good things of the earth.'

Whereupon my friend Mirsky dismissed me as a hopeless romantic. Doubtless he meant it, for he considered himself a realist, one who presumably sees things as they are, the type of human being whom Shakespeare has already answered in 'There are more things in heaven and earth,' and so forth. But a true realist, to my way of thinking, would take into consideration the fact that hidebound principles which arise out of material phenomena are not enough, that some vital principle, some spiritual energy, animates humanity as well as the desire for bread and social justice.

I do not speak in terms of theology, but in terms of religion, which is not the same thing at all. The great Jewish transgression consists in the refusal to accept the ultimate expression of the

Jewish genius, which, step by step, inevitably had led from Moses to Christ, from tribalism to universality, from formalism to freedom.

Christ has sometimes been called the supreme romantic. I should call him the supreme realist. That the Jews should have rejected him, even as has the rest of humanity, proves nothing except the truth of the words, 'Ye stiffnecked, and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye.' And so we have the spectacle of a wholly unrealistic world at cross-purposes with itself, professing the faith of Christ and in practice acting on the eye-for-an-eye principles of Moses.

But the best of the social justice advocated by Moses and the ultimate objective of a 'classless society' advocated by Marx are both incorporated in Christ's doctrines, which contain much else undreamt of in Moses' and Marx's philosophies. Above all, there is the evident superiority: there is no compulsion in Jesus' doctrine. He asked men to believe in his truth as free men. He was a realist in that he knew there could be no real spirituality without freedom. 'Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'

All of this has much to do with the Jewish problem in so far as it concerns the Jew himself, in that innermost part of him which we call the soul.

It is a problem not alone of persecution, of economics, of maintaining the Jewish entity intact against a host of enemies, imagined and real; it is primarily a question of spirit, of culture, of keeping alive that vital spark which is both Israel's Jewishness and its universality, and assures both its integrity and its self-respect. It is a remarkable fact that three figures under discussion here, Moses, Christ, and Marx, so vital in the history of the European, — yes, even of the 'good European,' — have been Jews. And it has been one of those preposterous, even ironic, mistakes of history that

the Jews, having achieved the apex of their peculiar culture in Christ, should then have rejected him; it is their supreme tragedy that, having produced Christ, they should have failed of the final effort to incarnate him in life.

IV

Whether the Bible is an 'inspired' book, or Christ the Son of God, has no place in this discussion. But it is certain that the author of the Sermon on the Mount, the noblest expression of the human spirit, was no accident. Modern scholarship has demonstrated beyond every shadow of doubt that Christ was the natural and inevitable culmination of evolutionary processes which carried Israel from the tribal state in which Moses found it to Isaiah, then by slow stages to Hillel, and finally to Christ. Immediately preceding Christ was Hillel, who had already formulated 'Do not do unto others that which you would not have others do unto you' — a principle which with Christ merely passed into the positive stage. And contemporaneous with Christ was Philo Judæus, who as a religious philosopher was already combining Jewish theology with Greek mystery. Moses was essential as a beginning, but for the Jews to-day, in a cultural sense, to espouse the cause of Marx is therefore a going back to the formalistic didactic temper of Moses, a going back to the letter and not an advance forward to the spirit, to the apex of their culture, which was Christ. It is an absurdity equaled only by the German return to the gods of Valhalla. The history of the Jews, then, during the past nineteen centuries, has indeed been a deflection from their spiritual destiny — even perhaps as, according to Berdyaev, Christian history has been an unfortunate deflection from Saint Francis, the apex of the specific Christian culture. There is little to choose between tribal hatred and class hatred, which may be only another form of tribal hatred.

The impetus of an ennobling idea is wanted, an idea born of the race and waiting to be projected into life. The thread of tradition must be resumed where it was broken. Either that, or spiritual bankruptcy must be frankly acknowledged — what there is left of the Jewish idea 'liquidated,' as our Communist comrades would say. To avoid the latter contingency, the leaders of Jewry must come out with a complete avowal of the ultimate implications of Jewish teaching which found its expression in Christ.

I have in mind, of course, not Christ the God, but Christ the 'god-man,' to borrow a term from Dostoevsky; Christ liberated from Christian commentaries, Christian dogmas, Christian theology; Christ as we know him from the four Gospels and the Revelation of Saint John, uncolored by the interpretations of Saint Paul and the Church Fathers, untainted by the specific readings of the Prophet by separate cults; a Christ who was of the 'sons of God,' perhaps the favorite 'Son of God,' who was what he was quite regardless of whether he was born of a virgin or rose from his tomb after the Crucifixion; a Christ whose perfection, whose godlikeness, are not affected by symbols or extraneous meanings that men have sought to attach to him, and whose words neither lose nor gain any of their beauty or significance whether they were spoken by a man or by a God. All that we can know and must admit is that he was greater than Hillel and Isaiah who preceded him, even as they were greater than Moses who preceded them. Christ could not have been without Moses, yet these two — one with 'resist not evil,' the other with 'a tooth for a tooth' — were antipodes. Why stop at Hillel, when a greater than Hillel came after him? It is this question that modern Jewry must answer, and, if the answer is the only answer that can be honestly given, Jewry must make a new start.

This the Jewish leaders must ac-

knowledge, or else accept Nietzsche's idea that the Jews invented Christ for other peoples in order themselves to escape the fury of the strong and to benefit by the charity of the gentle and the meek!

They — the rabbis — have been saying nice things about Christ from their own and Christian pulpits, and some of them doubtless have patted themselves on the back for this token of their liberal opinion. But that is not enough. The only reasonable and logical thing they can do is to establish the most perfect Jew and the most perfect man among the fully acknowledged hierarchy of their Prophets, their 'sons of God.' Why not acknowledge him together with these others? The rabbis should frankly and openly affirm: 'Christ is our own, our very own, flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone, and he came not "to destroy the law, or the prophets . . . but to fulfill." He is our Prophet, our greatest prophet, the keystone of our ultimate faith. We will answer the challenge of Hitler's *Mein Kampf* by making known Christ's struggle to establish a free spiritual kingdom on earth.'

'The people of Christ have been a Christ among the peoples,' said Israel Zangwill. That, too, is not enough. The people of Christ must try to be the Christian among the peoples. Have not its leaders again and again reiterated, 'The mission of Israel is peace'? Why, then, not acknowledge 'officially' the Prince of Peace? He was a Jew, was he not? And is there anything in his teaching contrary to the spirit of Judaism?

It is perhaps too much to hope that the Jews, any more than their Gentile neighbors, can put into living practice the ultimate principles taught by their greatest Prophet. Yet the life of their specific culture demands that these principles be set up as the goal of aspiration. Converted by this culture to its highest self, — that self, indeed, which produced Christ, — the Jewish people might ulti-

mately hope to convert their Christian neighbors to a creed which preaches the only kind of 'classless society' worth having, a society persuaded to classlessness not by force and legal decree but by love and free choice.

In stating these views, views for which in Uriel Acosta's day I should have been subjected to the public indignity of 'forty stripes save one' and afterwards trampled upon by gathered crowds, I do not yield my place as a Jew. On the contrary, I affirm it. But as that day is past, so also is the time past to balk at what is true and inevitable.

Intelligent Jews to whom I have spoken of my mad notion have, contrary to my expectations, agreed to the logic of the proposal I have outlined. And I recall the words spoken to me by a living world-famous Jewish novelist: 'We Jews must come to terms with Christianity. It is the only way out for us.' Did he not fear crucifixion by his own for so audacious a thought? Nor, indeed, do I anticipate friendly comments on the heresy to which I have given expression. There is too much stiffnecked intellect in the Jewish fibre to-day. Pride and intellect corrupt; only faith gives life.

One thing more. Would the above proposal create a schism in Jewry if an attempt were made to bring it into force? As I have said at the beginning, the dissensions in Israel are already so numerous and so grave that another dissension or two cannot possibly do it any harm. And again — who knows?

Is the idea set forth in this essay 'reactionary'? It is the fashion nowadays to call reactionary anything that savors of a religious nature. But may it not be that, in the present state of irreligion, such an idea may be regarded in the highest sense as revolutionary? Again, may it not be that the world's problem, as well as that of the Jews, is precisely in the main a religious one? Certainly Tolstoy and Dostoevsky would have thought so.

ENDOWMENTS IN JEOPARDY¹

BY EDWIN WALTER KEMMERER

THERE is probably no nation in the world that believes more strongly in higher education than the United States. In number of college students we lead the world, with more than a million men and women regularly enrolled at the present time. And no other country can compare with the United States in the number of its colleges supported by private endowments or in the amount of these endowments — the accumulated gifts for generations of self-sacrificing public-spirited citizens.

These great educational foundations are to-day being threatened by inflation. I should like to cite one of many possible illustrations of what happened in Europe under the extreme inflation that followed the World War.

Dr. Stroof, a wealthy philanthropic citizen of Germany, died in 1921 and left a fortune of 7,821,000 marks to the University of Frankfurt. The bonds in which the money was invested were transferred to the University in seven installments during 1922 and 1923, while German inflation was at its worst. As of the times these installments were paid to the University, their gold value had declined to 65,179 marks, or to less than one per cent of their original value, and by December 18, 1923 the entire endowment of nearly eight million marks was worth in gold less than $\frac{1}{100,000}$ of a mark.

¹This article is a revision and amplification of an address, 'Inflation and Higher Education,' given by the author at Harding College, Searcy, Arkansas, April 6, 1937.

This is, of course, an extreme case. The post-war inflation was very much milder in most countries — as, for example, England, France, Belgium, and Italy. In its ultimate development, the inflation will probably prove to be very much milder in the United States.

The outstanding fact creating our currency problem of recent years was the low commodity price level following the crisis of 1929, a commodity price level that reached its low point about February 1933, the month before our departure from the old gold coin standard. The general price level of February 1933 gave the dollar at that time a purchasing power 38 per cent higher than it had in the supposedly normal year 1926. This low price level — or, in other words, this relatively high value of the dollar — was a very disturbing factor in our economic life, chiefly because of the facts that our enormous volume of long-time debts, running over one hundred billion dollars, was payable, principal and interest, in terms of these dollars, and that the face value of these obligations, therefore, did not decline as the value or purchasing power of the dollar increased and as the incomes of debtors in terms of dollars declined. In other words it required, in February 1933, a substantially greater amount of commodities and services — more bales of cotton, more bushels of wheat, more pounds of beef, and more days of labor — to pay a hundred dollars' worth of debt than would have been required to do so at the time most of these long-time debts were contracted.

This was a real burden to the debtor classes.

It should be noted, however, that while this period of declining prices, from 1929 to February 1933, increased the burden of the debtor classes, the long period of rising commodity prices from 1896 to 1920 had been continually reducing the value of the dollar in which debts were payable, and therefore benefiting the debtor at the expense of the creditor.

The decline in commodity prices and resulting increased burden to debtors just described presented a serious problem to the government, and one demanding heroic treatment, but the evidence is strong that the debt problem created by this low commodity price level was but a temporary one and therefore one requiring only temporary remedies. In other words, there was no reason to believe that there had been any fundamental and enduring changes in the long-time debt situation, or that commodity prices had come down to the depression level of 1932-1933 to stay.

The principal factors of American inflation may be divided roughly into two classes: first, the factors of deliberate and planned inflation; second, the factors of fiscal inflation. Let us consider first the factors of planned inflation.

Planned Inflation

Early in his administration President Roosevelt announced his determination to bring about a substantial rise in commodity prices. He said: 'If we cannot do this one way we will do it another. Do it we will.' This was the so-called plan of reflation, which was intended to raise the price level to something like what it was during the years immediately preceding the crisis of 1929. Among the devices used by the government to accomplish this purpose the following were the more important:—

(1) Large open-market purchases of government debt and bank acceptances

by the Federal Reserve Banks — a policy inaugurated during the Hoover administration. The plan was to expand the circulation of bank notes and Reserve Bank deposit credit by spending them for the purchase of these securities. From October 4, 1929, to December 31, 1933, the holdings by the twelve Federal Reserve Banks of these securities purchased in the open market rose from \$431,000,000 to \$2,570,000,000. They have stood at approximately the latter figure from that date to this.

(2) The devaluation of the gold dollar, reducing its gold content by 41 per cent, or to 59 cents; and thereby increasing the volume, in terms of dollars, of our four billion odd dollars of gold of 1933 by 69.3 per cent, or by over \$2,800,000,000, with subsequent small additions as further United States gold coin and old gold certificates have come to the Treasury.

(3) The Administration's silver currency expansion policy culminating in the Silver Purchase Act of June 19, 1934, which declared it to be the policy of the government that the proportion of silver to gold in the monetary stocks of the United States should be increased, 'with the ultimate objective of having and maintaining one fourth of the monetary value of such stocks in silver.' From February 1933 to August 1937, the silver money in circulation in the United States (dollars and certificates), exclusive of subsidiary silver coins, has increased from \$391,000,000 to \$1,154,000,000, or by 195 per cent. By the end of 1936 the government had acquired, under the Act of June 19, 1934, a total of 1,209,000,000 ounces of silver, but our stock of gold had in the meantime increased so much that there was still a shortage of about 1,000,000,000 ounces of silver, and we were only 307,000,000 ounces nearer the 1-to-3 goal than when the Act was passed. This vast accumulation of silver, aside from the very small amount needed from time to time to maintain an adequate circulation of fractional silver

coins, — our present total circulation is 345 million dollars representing 248 million fine ounces, — performs no useful monetary function whatsoever.

(4) The government's declared cheap-money or low-interest-rate policy, as evidenced in Federal Reserve Bank discount and open-market rates and in the interest rates charged by government and quasi-government lending agencies.

Low interest rates encourage loan expansion. Increased loans by banks result in the increase of bank deposits which circulate through bank checks. This increase in circulating bank deposits, the media with which we do over 90 per cent of our business, is an inflationary force tending to cause rising prices. It was this type of inflation that was largely responsible for the doubling of commodity prices and the cost of living in the United States that occurred during the period of the World War and immediately after.

Fiscal Inflation

The second class of inflationary factors may be termed fiscal inflation. They represent the monetization, or the practical conversion into bank notes and, more importantly, into bank deposits, of government deficits through the sale to the banks of government debt or through the making of loans by banks on the collateral of government debt.

Our national government expenditures, exclusive of those made under trust funds and miscellaneous accounts for the four years ending June 30, 1937, were approximately \$31,000,000,000; the revenue received (taxes and customs) for the same period was approximately \$17,000,000,000. In other words, during a period of four years in time of peace the national government spent nearly twice its total revenue receipts, representing an average deficit of about \$3,500,000,000 a year, and it did this in the face of continually increasing taxes that have raised the revenue receipts

from about \$3,000,000,000 in the fiscal year 1933-1934 to about \$5,300,000,000 in the fiscal year 1936-1937. These accumulated deficits have raised the gross interesting-bearing debt in these four years from approximately \$22,000,000,000 to about \$37,000,000,000, or to a figure about twice the national debt of only six years ago, and 50 per cent higher than at the close of the World War. No other important country in the world has expanded its national debt at anything like such a rate during this period of world depression.

To-day the total cost of Federal, state, and local government in the United States is in the neighborhood of \$17,000,000,000 a year. Compare this with the nation's income of approximately \$64,000,000,000 for 1936 and we have a ratio of about 27 per cent.

The billions upon billions which the government has been borrowing have not been obtained in the old-fashioned way of selling government bonds to the American people, to be held by them as investments in their safe-deposit vaults. They have been, in fact, obtained for the most part by the government's selling to the banks its own bonds and notes. The banks create deposit credit for paying the government for its bonds. This deposit credit, in turn, is checked against by the government for meeting its expenses. This is the process of deposit-currency inflation.

Of the total national government debt to-day, about \$19,000,000,000, or over half, is held by our banks. Holdings of United States Government obligations, direct and fully guaranteed, on June 30, 1937, by operating insured commercial banks alone, were 133 per cent greater than all capital funds; over four and one-half times total capital stock (including notes and debentures); and 38 per cent of all individual and corporation deposits — demand and time. This sort of thing, when long continued under an inconvertible currency system like our own, spells inflation.

This is essentially the form which inflation took in Germany after the war, except for the fact that there the expansion of circulating credit was chiefly in the form of bank notes instead of bank deposits. Concerning this inflation in Germany, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, President of the German Reichsbank, said: 'The German war finance consisted mainly in the Reich's satisfying its needs as they arose by the discount of Treasury bills and bonds at the Reichsbank, the floating debt thus incurred being funded (so far as possible) twice a year by the public issue of long-term loans. . . . What the public at large, and all but a very few of the country's economic leaders, failed adequately to appreciate was the fact that inflation on a heavy scale was the concomitant of the whole of this form of war finance.'

The notes of the German Central Bank were secured largely by German government bonds, and the bonds were payable in the notes, just as our government bonds to-day are payable at the discretion of the government in Federal Reserve notes or any other form of United States money.

Financing by Inflation Undermines Democratic Government

The usual way of paying public bills is by taxes. The bigger the bills, the higher and the more enduring are the taxes.

The public does not like to pay taxes. 'To tax and to please,' said Edmund Burke in his speech on American Taxation, 'no more than to love and to be wise, is not given to men.' It is for this reason that the usual antidote to extravagant government expenditures is public opposition to increased taxes. The basic principle of Anglo-Saxon democracy is control of the government by the people through their control of the purse — namely, of the taxes they pay. This principle becomes inoperative in proportion as a government finances

itself by borrowing from the banks. 'The red lights are put out.'

When prices rise under the pressure of inflationary forces, the costs of government likewise advance, and the government, therefore, needs continually increasing revenues; but rising cost of living, and the usual lags in wage advances, make the public increasingly resistant to higher taxes. For the obtaining of the additional revenues required to meet these growing expenses, political pressure, therefore, becomes strong upon both Congress and the President to resort increasingly to inflation rather than to heavier taxation.

This situation in a democracy is greatly aggravated during periods of economic depression, when a substantial percentage of the voting population is living on government bounty either in the form of a dole or in the form of public work relief.

Although government financing by inflation is much more burdensome and inequitable in its ultimate results than orderly financing by sound taxation, its immediate results are not so unpleasant and the public is much slower in realizing the cost of government financing effected through inflation than it is in feeling the burden of increased taxation. Financing through inflation accordingly tends to become progressively the line of least political resistance, and this policy is, therefore, all too often continued until it terminates in disaster. It is a case of 'after us the deluge,' and spellbinding politicians are usually not much concerned with *post-election* floods. The French, who have had extensive experience with inflation during the last two centuries, have a saying which shows more foresight: 'The guillotine follows the paper-money press — the two machines are complementary one to the other.' The resort of a nation to inflation for fiscal purposes has often been compared to the resort of an individual to opium smoking. The first sensations are pleasant, but the more one takes,

the more he wants. The appetite grows by what it feeds upon, and the more one indulges, the weaker become his powers of resistance.

Four Years of Rising Commodity Prices

The various inflation measures just discussed, by increasing the supply of our circulating media relative to the demand, have been making money cheaper relative to goods — in other words, have been pushing up the commodity price level. That is inflation. If, for illustration, we compare prices for the latest dates for which figures are available in the year 1937 with the prices of February 1933, the last month of the old gold coin standard, we find that the general price level has increased 32 per cent, the cost of living 24 per cent, wholesale prices in general 45 per cent, the prices of farm products 118 per cent, and spot prices of basic commodities, according to Moody's index, 140 per cent. If we turn to a few important specific commodities we find that steel billets have increased 42 per cent, copper 188 per cent, lead 115 per cent, tin 153 per cent. The retail price of round steak in the average American city has increased 84 per cent, that of rib roast 74 per cent, of bacon 109 per cent, of lard 127 per cent, of eggs 73 per cent, of butter 56 per cent, and of flour 69 per cent. Although commodity prices in general are still below the pre-depression level, they have been rising almost continually for over four years, and during the past year the advance has been pronounced.

Among the powerful inflationary forces now pushing the price level upward, forces taking up the cheap-money slack already created and in some cases creating more slack to be taken up, are the following, which, it will be recognized, are not entirely distinct, but in some cases involve a certain amount of overlapping: —

(1) The devaluation of our gold dollar, which has greatly stimulated the world

production of gold and the inflow of gold to the United States from abroad.

(2) Our silver policy, involving, as it does, an enormous expansion in the circulation of silver certificates.

(3) The government's low interest rate and cheap-money policy, which encourage bank-deposit and currency expansion.

(4) Our heavy government deficits and their financing through borrowing from the banks.

(5) The flow of 'hot money' from abroad into the United States from war-scared Europe, seeking security and profit in the United States.

(6) Our heavy excess bank reserves, both in commercial banks and in the Federal Reserve Banks.

(7) The prospects of rising velocities of bank-deposit circulation as business recovers from the depression.

Counteracting these inflationary forces there are four important forces: —

(1) The expansion of business, as we work our way out of the depression, which involves an increasing demand for money and bank-deposit credit.

(2) The improvement — small though it is — which we have been having lately in the budgetary position of the national government, and which is reducing somewhat the size of our annual deficit.

(3) The policy of the Federal Reserve System in providing by administrative action, taken under the authority of recent banking legislation, for the doubling of legal reserve requirements of banks in the Federal Reserve System.

(4) The government's action — recently somewhat relaxed — of providing for the sterilization of gold imports, which prevents newly imported gold from being used as a reserve base for currency and credit expansion.

The economic forces making for inflation at the present time appear to be more powerful than the counteracting economic forces, and, despite frequent reactions, one of which we have been ex-

perienicing lately, caused chiefly by political developments at home and abroad, the prospects are strong that we are still facing a substantial period of rising commodity prices which will carry the cost of living much higher than it is to-day.

The Prospect of a Much Higher Cost of Living

How far this inflation will go before it is halted it would be rash to prophesy. The answer will be determined not only by economic forces but also by powerful political forces both at home and in the broad field of international affairs.

Between 1896 and 1913, largely as a result of the enormous increase in the world's supply of monetary gold coming out of the newly discovered gold mines in South Africa, wholesale commodity prices in gold-standard countries rose on the average something like 50 per cent, representing a depreciation in the value or purchasing power of gold of about 33½ per cent. During the period of the World War and the two years immediately following, practically all the world gave up the gold standard and resorted to various paper-money standards. The demand for gold accordingly fell off, and the value of gold in terms of commodities declined enormously. During that period no country in the world remained strictly on the gold standard, but the United States came nearer to doing so than any other important country.

After peace had become established, the leading countries of the world soon became dissatisfied with their various managed paper-money standards and undertook to return to the gold standard. There was, of course, nothing like enough gold 'to go around' at the inflated price levels of 1919-1920, so that when the movement to return to the gold standard began to get under way there was a great slump in the inflated commodity price levels of the war and early post-war periods. But from 1923 to 1929, con-

temporaneously with an increasing gold production and with many improvements in currency and banking systems involving large economies in the use of gold, most of the leading countries of the world returned to the gold standard. Gold supplies were ample to meet the demand, and as a result the commodity price levels in gold-standard countries during the period of eight to nine years ending in 1929 were remarkably stable.

There is good reason to believe, therefore, that the level of commodity prices prevailing during these eight to nine years ending in 1929 was a reasonably normal one for post-war conditions.

The world economic crisis beginning in 1929 smashed business confidence nearly everywhere, caused a catastrophic decline in commodity prices, and led to a world-wide scramble for gold. Gold is a commodity that represents a large value in a small bulk. It is the commodity in which people have the most confidence in times of panic and depression, and in such times it performs well the function of a storehouse of value. In times of crisis, governments, banks, corporations, and individuals all hoard gold. The total stock of monetary gold in the leading countries of the world (in terms of old dollars) was 14 billion dollars in June 1937,¹ as compared with 10.3 billion dollars in October 1929, when the economic crisis struck us. In other words, the world has 36 per cent more monetary gold to-day, when the great majority of the leading countries are off the gold standard, than it had when most of them were on the gold standard.

Such hoarding creates an artificial demand for gold and pushes up the value of gold in terms of commodities — or, in other words, pushes down commodity prices — in gold-standard countries. This high value of gold or comparatively low commodity price level, being largely due to a panic-stimulated fear, to a scramble for security, is of a temporary

¹ The world's gold production increased rapidly soon after the war. — AUTHOR

character. When the world economic depression is over and confidence is restored, this world-wide scramble for gold for hoarding purposes will disappear. Gold will then flow back into more active monetary use and its value will then depreciate again, in my judgment, at least to as low a level as that prevailing during the years immediately preceding the crisis. In other words, the commodity price level in gold-standard countries, as measured in ounces of gold (that is, in gold by weight instead of in devalued monetary units), will rise at least as high as it was during the eight to nine years of comparatively stable commodity price level ending with the crash of 1929.

If we assume that, when the present crisis-stimulated world scramble for gold passes, the value of gold, or its purchasing power over commodities in the markets of the world, will return to what it was in the supposedly normal pre-depression year, 1926, then our conclusion will be as follows:—

Countries which during that period debased their gold monetary units, and which maintain a gold standard, will experience increases in their price levels, above the levels of 1926, proportionate to the debasement of their respective monetary units. If, for example, between 1926 and the time under consideration the gold content of a monetary unit had been cut in half, commodity prices would be doubled as compared with the level of 1926. In the United States we reduced the gold content of our dollar by 41 per cent, making the new dollar the equivalent of 59 cents of the dollar of 1926. This debasement should give us an increase in the commodity price level of 69.3 per cent above what the level would have been had we retained our old '100-cent dollar.'

If we increase the National Industrial Conference Board's cost-of-living index of 1926 by 69.3 per cent, we have an index number which is 98 per cent above

the corresponding index number for August 1937. Similarly, if we increase the wholesale price index number of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the year 1926 by 69.3 per cent, we have an index number 96 per cent higher than the present one.

In other words, on these very conservative assumptions which I have made, when the slack we have already created has been taken up we may reasonably expect that the cost of living and the wholesale price level will be something like double what they are to-day.

Bear in mind that these estimates are made upon the conservative assumptions (1) that the gold standard will be retained in the United States and the other countries which now have it; (2) that the leading countries of the world which are now off the gold standard will return to that standard; (3) that we will not further debase our own gold monetary unit, but will continue with our so-called 59-cent gold dollar; and (4) that we shall very soon balance our budget.

If, however, our government should persist in its cheap-money policies and should continue to run heavy deficits of the kind it has been running in recent years and continue to meet these deficits by increasing inflationary borrowing from the banks, our present 59-cent dollar, or any other dollar we might establish, would break down, and we should be in grave danger of experiencing a flight from the dollar accompanied by a run-away inflation of the type many countries of Europe suffered after the World War.

The prospects are strong, therefore, that we are now experiencing an upward swing of commodity prices, which, with minor interruptions, will ultimately carry the price level much higher than it is to-day. The inflationary forces that will push up the price level have not yet got into full effect, and we are now in the temporary period of mone-

tary and credit glut and resulting low interest rates which usually precedes a strong upward movement of commodity prices—a movement that is usually followed by advancing interest rates.

The present situation is in many respects like that of the year 1915, when interest rates were low because of the temporary redundancy of moneyed capital and before the great, World War, upward movement of commodity prices and interest rates had got into swing.

Speaking in 1921 of the situation that developed out of our government's World War policy of artificially depressing the interest rate by glutting the market with moneyed capital, with the primary object of maintaining a favorable market for government bonds, I said:

As a matter of patriotic duty bankers were expected to expand their loans and deposits. . . .

The demands of patriotism were looked upon as requiring the public to avail themselves to the limit of the liberal loan facilities made available by the banks. . . . 'Borrow and buy' was a widely used slogan in the first three Liberty Loan campaigns, and was strongly, although more quietly, urged upon the public in the fourth Liberty Loan and the Victory Loan campaigns.

In their laudable desire to keep interest rates low on bank loans to essential war industries, and, more importantly, to make possible the flotation of large government war loans at excessively low rates of interest, the Federal Reserve authorities adopted a policy of low discount rates for Federal Reserve Banks and of preferential rates and great liberality for advances made on the security of government war obligations. . . . This policy greatly expanded deposit credit. . . . We bought our low interest rates on government paper at the price of very high prices for commodities. *We kept interest rates down by a policy that kept pushing the price level up.*

This is essentially the policy we have been pursuing for several years. It has been recently emphasized by the de-sterilization of 300 million dollars in

gold and a reduction of Federal Reserve discount rates to the lowest point in the history of our own central banks or the central bank of any other country, with the primary purpose of maintaining a favorable market for United States Government securities. Such measures, it should be noted, are being taken 'under a planned monetary economy' in a period of rising commodity prices, of extremely low interest rates, and of long-continued inflow of gold into the country. These cheap-money policies are being followed at a time when the reserves of the Federal Reserve Banks are at double legal requirements and when there is only a negligible amount of borrowing from the Federal Reserve System by member banks, at a time when excess reserves of member banks are at the high figure of a billion dollars despite a recent doubling of legal reserve requirements and when the government is sterilizing approximately a billion dollars of monetary gold.

In other words, for its own fiscal purposes the government is pursuing policies intended to make money and moneyed capital more plentiful and cheaper at a time when, from a monetary point of view, both are redundant and excessively cheap. It is the old story over again of a government under fiscal pressure exploiting its monetary powers for fiscal purposes. Such a policy, when long continued, is almost certain to be disastrous both to the government treasury and to the currency. It is the usual destroyer of managed currencies, but it is, at least temporarily, 'the line of least political resistance.'

We hear much about 'controlled' inflation, as if inflationary forces could be turned on and off by the government at will. The world's experiences with inflation, however, as every student of monetary history knows, show that inflation, when it once gets well started, is one of the hardest things in the world to control. Certainly conditions in our own country are extremely unfavorable

for the success of grandiose experiments in controlled inflation.

Under Inflation Financing, Who Ultimately Pays the Bill?

Inflation, we have said, by reducing the value or purchasing power of the dollar in terms of which all debts are expressed and paid, benefits the debtor at the expense of the creditor.

The idea is held in many places that the creditors in the United States are mostly bloated bondholders and the debtors are mostly farmers and home owners, struggling hard to pay their mortgage debts to these Shylock creditors. As a matter of fact, the greatest debtors in the United States (on long-time account) are not the farmers, with approximately \$7,500,000,000 of farm mortgages, but the stockholders of our corporations (railway, public utilities, and industrial) with their \$36,000,000,000 of bonded indebtedness; and the greatest creditors are the people who own these bonds. A large part of our bonds and mortgages is owned by insurance companies against approximately a hundred billion dollars of outstanding insurance on 113,000,000 policies, by savings banks and other banks, by hospitals, by governmental bodies and corporations in their pension funds, by colleges, by scientific, charitable, benevolent, religious, and other welfare institutions in their endowment funds, and by widows and orphans, and other beneficiaries of funds held in trust. These creditors are our most conservative investing classes — classes whose welfare is a matter of such great social importance that we protect many of them by special laws which restrict the investment of trust funds to a limited and supposedly safe field of investments. In these restrictions, high-grade bonds and mortgages are favored, and common stocks are usually disfavored. This policy is enforced both by law and by traditional public opinion.

Although all classes of securities in the United States have advanced during the last four years since we gave up the gold coin standard and debased our gold monetary unit, it is the common stocks which have advanced most and the highest-grade bonds which have advanced least. The rise in common stocks on the average, since February 1933, has been several times more than sufficient to compensate for the decline in the value or purchasing power of the dollar in which they are payable, but the advance in the prices of high-grade bonds on the average has not even been sufficient to compensate the owner for the moderate increase in the cost of living. With reference to experiences on this score in the countries of Europe which suffered serious inflation, Dr. Walter S. Landis recently declared: —

Under the laws of certain of the European countries, savings banks, life insurance companies and trustees must invest funds in their control in the so-called gilt-edge or 'legal class.' In general these classes consist in high-grade first mortgages, state and municipal bonds and bonds of railroad companies and other industrials of a certain superior type. The law actually required this. During a period of inflation, it is exactly these types of securities that suffer the most. . . . The law actually destroys the very foundation of these preferred savings and trust funds. . . .

In other words, the government with one hand destroyed the value of the money, which is equivalent to saying it destroyed the value of the very securities that it had required trustees, insurance companies and savings banks to invest in.

Exactly that same situation exists here in America to-day. Can you imagine anything more vicious than the Central Government in Washington destroying the values of what the several states absolutely require the trustee to invest in?

How Educational Endowments Were Affected by Inflation in Europe

Within a score of years, under the pressure of the World War and the post-war

reconstruction, most of the leading countries of the world have had extended experiences with inflation, and these experiences have repeated with renewed emphasis the lessons concerning inflation of many hundreds of years of world monetary history.

Let us take a few examples of how this inflation worked in Europe with reference to endowed educational and research institutions. The following are cited from a report prepared by Professor P. G. Wright under the auspices of the Duke University Endowment.

FRANCE: THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE

The endowment of this institution before the war amounted to about fifty million francs. The institute consists of two parts: (1) a laboratory for research, and (2) a department for the preparation and sale of products, especially antitoxins, cultures, and so forth.

Before the war the research department was supported by means of the income from the endowment, while the receipts from the sale of antitoxins, cultures, and other products prepared by the institution were impounded in a reserve which, in 1914, amounted to ten million francs, and which was augmented year after year by the sale of these products. But despite this annual increase in the reserve, and notwithstanding the fact that the investment of the endowment fund was handled with extraordinary skill during the inflationary period, the total endowment after inflation and stabilization was less than 40 per cent of its pre-war amount. . . .

AUSTRIA: THE THERESIAN ACADEMY OF VIENNA

This institution corresponds, from the standpoint of its curriculum, to an American high school. It was founded in 1778 by the Empress Maria Theresa, although from time to time it has received additions to its endowment fund, which by 1914 amounted to approximately eight million crowns (about \$1,600,000).

Prior to the war the income from the endowment fund was sufficient to supply most of the needs of the institution; but inflation reduced this large fund so greatly that, at the

stabilized rate of 14,400 paper crowns to one gold crown, it had a value after stabilization of a little more than \$112 as compared to \$1,600,000 in 1914. . . .

GERMANY: THE UNIVERSITY OF FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN

For thirty-eight inviolable endowments owned by this university covering investments in 1922 of a face value of approximately 14 million marks, the inflation losses were so great, in spite of benefits received from government revalorization of securities, that the total value in 1928 was less than two million Reichsmarks.

The Rothschild-Goldschmidt Endowment of the University of Frankfurt was established in 1913 with a capital sum of 1,000,000 marks.

The fund was administered by the trustees, according to the principles of conservative trust management, the securities chosen for investment being Treasury Notes of the Reich.

By February 12, 1923, however, the 1,000,000 marks bequeathed in 1913 had been reduced in value to 187 (gold) marks. But by December 31, 1923, after inflation had reached its greatest magnitude, *the fund had been virtually obliterated*. . . .

Thus, in the statement of assets published in 1929, *the Rothschild-Goldschmidt Endowment was listed at 1.32 marks*. . . .

Inflation and Higher Education in the United States

Over one half of our higher education in the United States is being carried on by privately supported colleges. These educational endowments alone probably amount to at least a billion and a half dollars, and they are invested largely in securities yielding fixed incomes, chiefly in bonds and mortgages.

For example, the endowments of the six privately endowed universities listed in the following table amounted to 355 million dollars in 1936, the last year for which published figures are available. Of this total, approximately 311 million dollars, or nearly 90 per cent, was invested in various forms of securities

divided as follows between (1) Fixed Income Securities, consisting mostly of bonds and mortgages and a small amount of preferred stocks, which together constituted over two thirds of the total, and (2) Equities, consisting mostly of common stocks, which constituted less than one third.

will restore the endowments of these educational institutions if they are greatly depreciated or destroyed by inflation?

Excessively burdensome government debts are usually not paid by taxation. The political resistance to taxes adequate for the purpose becomes too strong. Such debt burdens are usually reduced to

SECURITIES HELD IN ENDOWMENTS OF SIX REPRESENTATIVE UNIVERSITIES			
University	Total Securities in Endowment Amount	Fixed Income Securities	
		Amount	Per Cent
Cornell University	\$ 26,521,000	\$ 16,985,000	64.0
Harvard University	111,587,000	80,599,000	72.2
Princeton University	27,370,000	22,186,000	81.1
Yale University	79,330,000	50,240,000	63.3
University of Chicago	44,303,000	29,596,000	66.7
University of Pennsylvania	21,969,000	13,500,000	61.5
Totals	311,080,000	213,106,000	68.5
University	Equities		
	Amount	Per Cent	
Cornell University	\$ 9,535,000	36.0	
Harvard University	30,988,000	27.8	
Princeton University	5,184,000	18.9	
Yale University	29,090,000	36.7	
University of Chicago	14,708,000	33.2	
University of Pennsylvania	8,469,000	38.5	
Totals	97,974,000	31.5	

In the face of our large and growing governmental control of business, in the face of increasing resort to highly progressive income, inheritance, and gift taxes on the part of both our national government and the states, taxes whose combined rates in the higher brackets are already the highest of any advanced country in the world, and in the face of the commonly neglected fact that inflation continually pushes all taxable incomes into higher and higher brackets although the real or purchasing power value of these incomes may be actually declining — in the face of such facts, who

politically workable proportions by inflation. The burden is thereby shifted largely from vigorously protesting taxpayers, who have votes by the millions, to bondholders and other 'economic royalist' creditors whose numerical protest at the ballot box is weak. In this class belong our privately endowed colleges, universities, scientific research institutions, and hospitals. In America the greatest and most irreparable damage that unsound monetary policies and government financing by inflation threaten is the undermining of these great public-welfare institutions.

THE ZOO

APE

His eyes are mournful, but the long lined palm
He thrusts between the bars expects the best.
His old man's face as innocent as calm,
The beggar puts compassion to the test
And fails. He grips the bars; his painted stare grows
To a brown study framed in dusty fur.
He has a cold. He sneezes, cleans his nose,
Then gravely licks a flexile forefinger.
A pause; the bald mauve hand from which men shrink,
The fingers, strong to clutch, quick to explore,
Again extended, are again refused.
The eyes, poor sorrow's jewels, seldom wink,
But to his grinning public, as before,
Show endless patience, endlessly abused.

RHINOCEROS

FORMED with the mountains in the Miocene,
Dull sire to the skittish unicorn
A virgin tames, how heavily serene
He stands, this noontime, tendering his horn
To the soiled keeper's boot-sole. Neither knows
That the rude object offered for caress
Was hunted, like the Grail or like the Rose,
And, crushed, once medicined His Holiness.
The monster moves his head, he does not move
His piggish eyes, his body in its plates
Of leathern armature, stuffed well with grass.
Night was made for wandering and for love,
The day for sleeping: but not here. The gates
Close. The keeper goes. Hours, like ages, pass.

YOUNG GAZELLE

STIFF as her Egyptian counterpart
She stays, on legs of matchstick ivory,
Rigid to hide the racing of her heart,
Though the black boss of her enormous eye
Flames inconsolable. Less like a deer
Than like a freckled girl, her skin's blanched gold
Drawn over little bones, her head held clear,
She listens, as if breathing were too bold.
A tremor, and she is still. Now sunny peace,
Light as the straw beneath her feet, persuades
Her pulses briefly, till the terror goes.
Whipped by a childish whimsy of release,
She caracoles: a quick bound that evades
The bars. Then drops into a thrilled repose.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

MARXISM AND LITERATURE

BY EDMUND WILSON

I

LET us begin with Marx and Engels. What was the rôle assigned to literature and art in the system of Dialectical Materialism? This rôle was much less cut-and-dried than is nowadays often supposed. Marx and Engels conceived the forms of human society in any given country and epoch as growing out of the methods of production which prevailed at that place and time; and out of the relations involved in the social forms arose a 'superstructure' of higher activities such as politics, law, religion, philosophy, literature, and art.

These activities were not, as is sometimes assumed, wholly explicable in terms of economics. They showed the mould, in ways direct or indirect, of the social configuration below them, but each was working to get away from its roots in the social classes and to constitute a professional group, with its own discipline and its own standards of value, which cut across class lines. These departments 'all react upon one another and upon the economic base. It is not the case that the economic situation is the sole active cause and everything else only a passive effect. But there is a reciprocal interaction within a fundamental economic necessity, which in the last instance always asserts itself' (Engels to Hans Starkenburg, January 25, 1894). So that the art of a great artistic period may reach a point of vitality and vision where it can influence the life of the period down to its very economic foundations. Simply, it must cease to

flourish with the social system which made it possible by providing the artist with training and leisure, even though the artist himself may have been working for the destruction of the system.

II

Marx and Engels, unlike some of their followers, never attempted to furnish social-economic formulas by which the validity of works of art might be tested. They had grown up in the sunset of Goethe before the great age of German literature was over, and they had both in their youth set out to be poets; and they responded to imaginative work, first of all, on its artistic merits. They could ridicule a trashy writer like Eugène Sue for what they regarded as his *petit bourgeois* remedies for the miseries of contemporary society (*The Holy Family*); they could become bitter about Ferdinand Freiligrath, who had deserted the Communist League and turned nationalist in 1870 (Marx to Engels, August 22, 1870). And Marx could even make similar jibes at Heine when he thought that the latter had stooped to truckling to the authorities or when he read the expressions of piety in his will (Marx to Engels, December 21, 1866 and May 8, 1856). But Marx's daughter tells us that her father loved Heine 'as much as his work and was very indulgent of his political shortcomings. He used to say that the poets were originals, who must be allowed to go their own way, and that

one should n't apply to them the same standards as to ordinary people.'

It was not characteristic of Marx and Engels to judge literature — that is, literature of distinction and power — in terms of its purely political tendencies. In fact, Engels always warned the socialist novelists against the dangers of *Tendenz-Literatur* (Engels to Minna Kautsky, November 26, 1885; to Margaret Harkness, April 1888). In writing to Minna Kautsky about one of her novels, he tells her that the personalities of her hero and heroine have been dissolved in the principles they represent. 'You evidently,' he says, 'felt the need of publicly taking sides in this book, of proclaiming your opinions to the world. . . . But I believe that the tendency should arise from the situation and the action themselves without being explicitly formulated, and that the poet is not under the obligation to furnish the reader with a ready-made historical solution for the future of the conflict which he describes.'

When Ferdinand Lassalle sent Marx and Engels his poetic tragedy, *Franz von Sickingen*, and invited them to criticize it, Marx replied that, 'setting aside any purely critical attitude toward the work,' it had on a first reading affected him powerfully — characteristically adding that upon persons of a more emotional nature it would doubtless produce an even stronger effect; and Engels wrote that he had read it twice and had been moved by it so profoundly that he had been obliged to lay it aside in order to arrive at any critical perspective. It was only after pulling themselves together and making some purely literary observations that they were able to proceed to discuss, from their special historical point of view, the period with which the drama dealt and to show how Lassalle's own political position led him to mistake the rôle of his hero.

Æschylus Marx loved for his grandeur and for the defiance by Prometheus of Zeus; Goethe they both immensely ad-

mired: Engels wrote of him as a 'colossal' and 'universal' genius whose career had been marred by an admixture in his character of the philistine and the courtier (*German Socialism in Verse and Prose*); Shakespeare Marx knew by heart and was extremely fond of quoting, but never — despite the long, learned, and ridiculous essays which have appeared in the Soviet magazine, *International Literature* — attempted to draw from his plays any general social moral.

So far, indeed, was Marx from having worked out a systematic explanation of the relation of art to social arrangements that he could assert, apropos of Greek art, in his *Introduction to the Critique of Political Economy*, that 'certain periods of highest development of art stand in no direct connection with the general development of society, nor with the material basis and the skeleton structure of its organization.'

III

With Marx and Engels there is not yet any tendency to specialize art as a 'weapon.' They were both too much under the influence of the ideal of the many-sided man of the Renaissance, of the 'complete' man, who, like Leonardo, had been painter, mathematician, and engineer, or, like Machiavelli, poet, historian, and strategist, before the division of labor had had the effect of splitting up human nature and limiting everyone to some single function (Engels's preface to his *Dialectic and Nature*). But with Lenin we come to a Marxist who is specialized himself as an organizer and fighter.

Like most Russians, Lenin was sensitive to music; but Gorky tells us that on one occasion, after listening to Beethoven's Appassionata Sonata and exclaiming that he 'would like to listen to it every day: it is marvelous superhuman music — I always think with pride . . . what marvelous things human beings

can do,' he screwed up his eyes and smiled sadly and added: 'But I can't listen to music too often. It affects your nerves, makes you want to say stupid, nice things, and stroke the heads of people who could create such beauty while living in this vile hell. And now you must n't stroke anyone's head — you might get your hand bitten off.' Yet he was fond of fiction, poetry, and the theatre, and by no means doctrinaire in his tastes. Krupskaya tells how, on a visit to a Youth Commune, he asked the young people, 'What do you read? Do you read Pushkin?' "Oh, no!" someone blurted out. "He was a bourgeois. Mayakovsky for us." Ilyitch smiled. "I think Pushkin is better."

Gorky says that one day he found Lenin with *War and Peace* lying on the table: 'Yes, Tolstoy. I wanted to read over the scene of the hunt, then remembered that I had to write a comrade. Absolutely no time for reading.' . . . 'Smiling and screwing up his eyes, he stretched himself deliciously in his armchair and, lowering his voice, added quickly, "What a colossus, eh? What a marvelously developed brain! Here's an artist for you, sir. And do you know something still more amazing? You could n't find a genuine muzhik in literature till this count came upon the scene."

In his very acute essays on Tolstoy, he deals with him much as Engels deals with Goethe — with tremendous admiration for Tolstoy's genius, but with an analysis of his nonresistance and mysticism, of which Lenin of course disapproved, in terms not, it is interesting to note, of the psychology of the landed nobility, but of the patriarchal peasantry with whom Tolstoy had identified himself. And Lenin's attitude toward Gorky was much like that of Marx toward Heine. He suggests in one of his letters that Gorky would be helpful as a journalist on the side of the Bolsheviks, but adds that he must n't be bothered if he is busy writing a book.

IV

Trotsky is much more a literary man than Lenin was, and he published in 1924 a most remarkable study called *Literature and Revolution*. In this book he tried to illuminate the problems which were arising for Russian writers with the new society of the Revolution. And he was obliged to come to grips with a question with which Marx and Engels had not been much concerned — the question of what Mr. James T. Farrell in *A Note on Literary Criticism*, one of the few sensible recent writings on this subject, calls 'the carry-over value' of literature.

Marx had assumed the value of Shakespeare and the Greeks and more or less left it at that. But what, the writers in Russia were now asking, was to be the value of the literature and art of the ages of barbarism and oppression in the dawn of socialist freedom? What in particular was to be the status of the culture of that bourgeois society from which socialism had just emerged and of which it still bore the unforgotten scars? Would there be a new proletarian literature, with new language, new style, new form, to give expression to the emotions and ideas of the new proletarian dictatorship? There had been in Russia a group called the Proletcult, which aimed at monopolizing the control of Soviet literature; but Lenin had discouraged and opposed it, insisting that proletarian culture was something which could not be produced synthetically and by official dictation of policy, but only by natural evolution as a 'development of those reserves of knowledge which society worked for under the oppression of capitalism, of the landlords, of the officials.'

Now, in *Literature and Revolution*, Trotsky asserted that 'such terms as "proletarian literature" and "proletarian culture" are dangerous, because they erroneously compress the culture of the future into the narrow limits of the present day.' In a position to observe from his Marxist point of view the effects

on a national literature of the dispossession of a dominant class, he was able to see the unexpected ways in which the presentments of life of the novelists, the feelings and images of the poets, the standards themselves of the critics, were turning out to be determined by their attitudes toward the social-economic crisis. But he did not believe in a proletarian culture which would displace the bourgeois one. The bourgeois literature of the French Revolution had ripened under the old régime; but the illiterate proletariat and peasantry of Russia had had no chance to produce a culture, nor would there be time for them to do so in the future, because the proletarian dictatorship was not to last: it was to be only a transition phase and to lead the way to 'a culture which is above classes and which will be the first truly human culture.' In the meantime, the new socialist literature would grow directly out of the literature which had been produced during the domination of the bourgeoisie. Communism had as yet no artistic culture; it had only a political culture.

V

All this seems reasonable enough to us. But, reasonable and cultured as Trotsky is, ready as he is to admit that 'one cannot always go by the principles of Marxism in deciding whether to accept or reject a work of art,' that such a work 'should be judged in the first place by its own law — that is, by the law of art,' there is none the less in the whole situation something which is alien to us. We are not accustomed, in our quarter of the world, either to having the government attempt to control literature and art or to having literary and artistic movements try to identify themselves with the government. Yet Russia, since the Revolution, has had a whole series of cultural groups which have attempted to dominate literature either with or without the authority of the government; and Trotsky himself, in his official posi-

tion, even in combating these tendencies, cannot avoid passing censure and pinning ribbons.

Sympathizers with the Soviet régime used to assume that this state of affairs was inseparable from the realization of socialism: that its evils would be easily outgrown and that in any case it was a fine thing to have the government take so lively an interest in culture. Yet I believe that this view was mistaken. Under the Tsar, imaginative literature in Russia played a rôle which was probably different from any rôle it had ever played in the life of any other nation. Political and social criticism, pursued and driven underground by the censorship, was forced to incorporate itself in the dramatic imagery of fiction. This was certainly one of the principal reasons for the greatness during the nineteenth century of the Russian theatre and novel, for the mastery by the Russian writers — from Pushkin's time to Tolstoy's — of the art of implication. In the fifties and sixties the stories of Turgenev, which seem mild enough to us to-day, were capable of exciting the most passionate controversies — and even, in the case of *A Sportsman's Sketches*, causing the dismissal of the censor who had passed it — because each was regarded as a political message.

Ever since the Revolution, literature and politics in Russia have remained inextricable. But after the Revolution the intelligentsia themselves were in power; and it became plain that in the altered situation the identification of literature with politics was liable to terrible abuses. Lenin and Trotsky, Lunacharsky and Gorky, worked sincerely to keep literature free; but they had at the same time, from the years of the Tsardom, a keen sense of the possibility of art as an instrument of propaganda. Lenin took a special interest in the moving pictures from the propaganda point of view; and the first Soviet films, by Eisenstein and Pudovkin, were masterpieces of implication, as the old novels

and plays had been. But Lenin died; Trotsky was exiled; Lunacharsky died. The administration of Stalin, unlitrary and uncultivated himself, slipped into depending more and more on making use of literature as a means of manipulating a population of whom, before the Revolution, 70 or 80 per cent had been illiterate and who could not be expected to be critical of what they read.

Gorky seems to have exerted what influence he could in the direction of liberalism: to him was due, no doubt, the liquidation of RAPP, the latest of the efforts at cultural monopolization, and the opening of the Soviet canon to the best contemporary foreign writing and the classics. But though this made possible more freedom of form and a wider range of reading, it could not, under the dictatorship of Stalin, either stimulate or release a living literature. Where no political opposition was possible, there was possible no political criticism; and in Russia political questions involve vitally the fate of society. What reality can there be for the Russians, the most socially-minded writers on earth, in a freedom purely 'aesthetic'? Even the fine melodramatic themes of the post-revolutionary cinema and theatre, with their real emotion and moral conviction, have been replaced by simple trash not very far removed from Hollywood, or by dramatized exemplifications of the latest 'directive' of Stalin.

The recent damning of the music of Shostakovich on the ground that the commissars were unable to hum it seems a withdrawal from the liberal position. And it is probable that the death of Gorky, as well as the imprisonment of Bukharin and Radek, has removed the last brakes from a precipitate descent, in the artistic as well as the political field, into a nightmare of informing and repression. The practice of deliberate falsification of social and political history which began at the time of the Stalin-Trotsky crisis and which has now attained proportions so fantastic that the

government does not seem to hesitate to pass the sponge every month or so over everything that the people have previously been told and to present them with a new and contradictory version of their history, their duty, and the characters and careers of their leaders — this practice cannot fail in the end to corrupt every department of intellectual life, till the serious, the humane, and the clear-sighted must simply, if they can, remain silent.

VI

Thus Marxism in Russia for the moment has run itself into a blind alley — or rather, it has been put down a well. The Soviets seem hardly at the present time to have retained even the Marxist political culture, even in its cruder forms — so that we are relieved from the authority of Russia as we are deprived of her inspiration. To what conclusions shall we come, then, at this time of day about Marxism and literature — basing our views not even necessarily upon texts from the Marxist Fathers, but upon ordinary common sense? Well, first of all, that we can go even further than Trotsky in one of the dicta I have quoted above and declare that Marxism by itself can tell us nothing whatever about the goodness or badness of a work of art. A man may be an excellent Marxist, but if he lacks imagination and taste he will be unable to make the choice between a good book and an inferior book, both of which are ideologically unexceptionable. What Marxism *can* do, however, is throw a great deal of light on the origins and social significance of works of art.

The study of literature in its relation to society is as old as Herder — and even Vico. Coleridge had flashes of insight into the connection between literature and society, as when he saw the Greek state in the Greek sentence and the individualism of the English in the short separate statements of Chaucer's Prologue. But the great bourgeois

master of this kind of criticism was Taine, with his *race* and *moment* and *milieu*; yet Taine, for all his scientific professions, responded artistically to literary art, and responded so vividly that his summings-up of writers and re-creations of periods sometimes rival or surpass their subjects. Marx and Engels further deepened this study of literature in relation to its social background by demonstrating inescapably for the first time the importance of economic systems. But if Marx and Engels, Lenin and Trotsky, are worth listening to on the subject of books, it is not merely because they created Marxism, but also because they were capable of literary appreciation.

VII

But the man who tries to apply Marxist principles without real understanding of literature is liable to go horribly wrong. For one thing, it is usually true in works of the highest order that the purport is not a simple message, but a complex vision of things, which itself is not explicit but implicit; and the reader who does not grasp them artistically, but is merely looking for simple social morals, is certain to be hopelessly confused. Especially will he be confused if the author *does* draw an explicit moral which is the opposite of or has nothing to do with his real meaning.

Friedrich Engels, in the letter to Margaret Harkness already referred to above, in warning her that the more the novelist allows his political ideas to 'remain hidden, the better it is for the work of art,' says that Balzac, with his reactionary opinions, is worth a thousand of Zola, with all his democratic ones. (Balzac was one of the great literary admirations of both Engels and Marx, the latter of whom had planned a book on him to follow *Das Kapital*.) He points out that Balzac himself was, or believed himself to be, a legitimist, who was deploring the decline of high society; but that actually 'his irony is never more bitter, his

satire never more trenchant, than when he is showing us these aristocrats . . . for whom he felt so profound a sympathy,' and that 'the only men of whom he speaks with undissimulated admiration are his most determined political adversaries, the republican heroes of the Cloître-Saint-Merri, the men who at that period (1830-1836) truly represented the popular masses.' Nor does it matter necessarily in a work of art whether the characters are shown engaged in a conflict which illustrates the larger conflicts of society or in one which from that point of view is trivial. In art — it is quite obvious in music, but it is also true in literature — a sort of law of moral interchangeability prevails: we may transpose the actions and the sentiments that move us into terms of whatever we do or are. Real genius of moral insight is a motor which will start any engine.

When Proust, in his wonderful chapter on the death of the novelist Bergotte, speaks of those moral obligations which impose themselves in spite of everything and which seem to come through to humanity from some source outside its wretched self (obligations 'invisible only to fools — and are they really to them?') he is describing a kind of duty which he felt only in connection with the literary work which he performed in his dark and fetid room; yet he speaks for every moral, æsthetic, or intellectual passion which holds the expediences of the world in contempt. And the hero of Thornton Wilder's *Heaven's My Destination*, the traveling salesman who tries to save souls in the smoking car and writes Bible texts on hotel blotters, is something more than a symptom of Thornton Wilder's religious tendencies: he is the type of all saints who begin absurdly; and Wilder's story would be as true of the socialist Upton Sinclair as of the Christian George Brush. Nor does it necessarily matter, for the moral effect of a work of literature, whether the forces of bravery or virtue with which we identify ourselves are victorious or van-

quished in the end. In Hemingway's story 'The Undeclared,' the old bull-fighter who figures as the hero is actually humiliated and killed, but his courage has itself been a victory. It is true, as I. Kashkin, the Soviet critic, has said, that Hemingway has written much about decadence, but in order to write tellingly about death you have to have the principle of life, and those that have it will make it felt in spite of everything.

VIII

The leftist critic with no literary competence is always trying to measure works of literature by tests which have no validity in that field. And one of his favorite occupations is concocting directions and working out diagrams for the construction of ideal Marxist books. Such formulas are, of course, perfectly futile. The rules observed in any given school of art become apparent, not before, but after the actual works of art have been produced. As we were reminded by Burton Rascoe at the time of the Humanist controversy, the æsthetic laws involved in Greek tragedy were not formulated by Aristotle until at least half a century after Euripides and Sophocles were dead. And the behavior of the Marxist critics has been precisely like that of the Humanists. The Humanists knew down to the last comma what they wanted a work of literature to be, but they never were able to find any contemporary work which fitted their specifications (with the possible exception, when pressed, of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, about which they had, however, some hesitation). The Marxists did just the same thing.

In an article called 'The Crisis in Criticism' in the *New Masses* of February 1933, Granville Hicks drew up a list of requirements which the ideal Marxist work of literature must meet. The primary function of such a work, he asserted, must be to 'lead the proletarian reader to recognize his rôle in the class

struggle' — and (1) it must therefore 'directly or indirectly show the effects of the class struggle'; (2) 'the author must be able to make the reader feel that he is participating in the lives described'; and, finally, (3) the author's point of view must 'be that of the vanguard of the proletariat; he should be, or should try to make himself, a member of the proletariat.' This formula, he says, 'gives us . . . a standard by which to recognize the perfect Marxian novel' — and adds, 'No novel as yet written perfectly conforms to our demands.' But the doctrine of 'socialist realism' promulgated at the Soviet Writers' Congress of August 1934 was only an attempt on a larger scale to legislate masterpieces into existence — a kind of attempt which always indicates sterility on the part of those who engage in it, and which always actually works, if it has any effect at all, to legislate existing good literature out of existence and to discourage the production of any more.

The prescribers for the literature of the future have usually some great figure of the past whom they regard as having fulfilled their conditions and whom they are always bringing forward to demonstrate the inferiority of the literature of the present. As there has never existed a great writer who really had anything in common with these critics' conception of literature, they are obliged to provide imaginary versions of what their ideal great writers are like. The Humanists had Sophocles and Shakespeare; the socialist realists had Tolstoy. Yet it is certain that if Tolstoy had had to live up to the objectives and prohibitions which the socialist realists proposed he could never have written a chapter; and that if Babbitt and More had been able to enforce against Shakespeare their moral and æsthetic injunctions he would never have written a line. And the misrepresentation of Sophocles, which has involved even a tampering with his text in the interests not merely of Humanism, but of academic classicism in gen-

eral, has been one of the scandalous absurdities of scholarship.

The Communist critical movement in America, which had for its chief spokesman Mr. Hicks, tended to identify its ideal with the work of John Dos Passos. In order to make this possible, it was necessary to invent an imaginary Dos Passos. This ideal Dos Passos was a Communist, who wrote stories about the proletariat, at a time when the real Dos Passos was engaged in bringing out a long novel about the effects of the capitalist system on the American middle class and had announced himself — in the *New Republic* in 1930 — politically a 'middle-class liberal.' The ideal Dos Passos was something like Gorky without the moustache — Gorky, in the meantime, having himself undergone some transmogrification at the hands of Soviet publicity — and the myth was maintained until the Communist critics were finally compelled to repudiate it, not because they had acquired new light on Dos Passos the novelist and dramatist, but because of his attitude toward events in Russia.

IX

The object of these formulas for the future, as may be seen from the above quotations from Mr. Hicks, is to make of art an effective instrument for the class struggle. And we must deal with the dogma that 'art is a weapon.' It is true that art may be a weapon; but in the case of some of the greatest works of art, some of those which have the longest carry-over value, it is difficult to see that any important part of this value is due to their direct functioning as weapons. *The Divine Comedy*, in its political aspect, is a weapon for Henry of Luxemburg, whom Dante — with his mediæval internationalism and his lack of sympathy with the nationalistic instincts which were impelling the Italians of his time to get away from their Austrian emperors — was so passionately eager to impose on his countrymen. To-day we

may say with Carducci that we would as soon see the crown of his 'good Frederick' rolling in Olona vale: 'Jove perishes; the poet's hymn remains.' And, though Shakespeare's *Henry IV* and *Henry V* are weapons for Elizabethan imperialism, their real centre is not Prince Hal but Falstaff; and Falstaff is the father of *Hamlet* and of all Shakespeare's tragic heroes, who, if they illustrate any social moral, — such as that Renaissance princes, supreme in their little worlds, may go to pieces in all kinds of terrible ways for lack of a larger social organism to restrain them, — do so evidently without Shakespeare's being aware of it.

If these works may be spoken of as weapons at all, they are weapons in the more general struggle of modern European man emerging from the Middle Ages and striving to understand his world and himself — a function for which 'weapon' is hardly the right word. The truth is that there is short-range and long-range literature. Long-range literature attempts to sum up wide areas and long periods of human experience, or to extract from them general laws; short-range literature preaches and pamphleteers with a view to an immediate effect. A good deal of the recent confusion of our writers in the leftist camp has been due to their not understanding, or being unable to make up their minds, whether they were aiming at long-range or short-range writing.

X

This brings us to the question of what sort of periods are most favorable for works of art. One finds an assumption on the Left that revolutionary or pre-revolutionary periods are apt to produce new and vital forms of literature. This, of course, is very far from the truth in the case of periods of revolution. The more highly developed forms of literature require leisure and a certain amount of stability; and the writer during a period of revolution is usually deprived

of both. The literature of the French Revolution consisted of the orations of Danton, the journalism of Camille Desmoulins, and the few political poems that André Chenier had a chance to write before they cut off his head. The literature of the Russian Revolution was the political writing of Lenin and Trotsky, and Alexander Blok's poem, 'The Twelve,' almost the last fruit of his genius before it was nipped by the wind of the storm.

As for prerevolutionary periods, in which the new forces are fermenting, they *may* be great periods for literature — as the eighteenth century was in France and the nineteenth century in Russia (though here there was a decadence after 1905). But the conditions which give rise to the great literature are apparently not the impending revolutions, but the phenomenon of highly developed literary technique in the hands of any writer who derives strength from a set of strongly established institutions. He may reflect an age of transition, but it will not necessarily be true that his face is turned squarely toward the future. The germs of the Renaissance are in Dante and the longing for a better world in Vergil, but neither Dante nor Vergil can in any real sense be described as a revolutionary writer: they sum up or write elegies for ages that are passing. The social organisms which give structure to their thought — the Roman Empire and the Catholic Church — are already showing signs of decay.

It is impossible, therefore, to identify the highest creative work in art with the most active moments of creative social change. The writer who is seriously intent on producing long-range works of literature should, from the point of view of his own special personal interests, thank his stars if there is no violent revolution going on in his own country in his time. He may disapprove of the society he is writing about, but if it were disrupted by an actual upheaval he would probably not be able to write.

XI

But what about 'proletarian literature' as an accompaniment of the social revolution? In the earlier days of the Communist régime in Russia, one used to hear about Russian authors who, in the effort to eliminate from their writings any vestige of the bourgeois point of view, had reduced their vocabulary and syntax to what they regarded as an A B C of essentials — with the result of becoming more unintelligible to the proletarian audience at whom they were aiming than if they had been symbolist poets. (Indeed, the futurist poet Mayakovsky has since that time become a part of the Soviet canon.) Later on, as I have said, Soviet culture followed the road Trotsky recommended: it began building again on the classics and on the bourgeois culture of other countries and on able revolutionary Russian writers who had learned their trade before the Revolution.

'Soviet publishers' — I quote from the Russian edition of *International Literature*, issue 2 of 1936 — 'are bringing out Hemingway and Proust not merely in order to demonstrate "bourgeois decay." Every genuine work of art — and such are the productions of Hemingway and Proust — enriches the writer's knowledge of life and heightens his aesthetic sensibility and his emotional culture — in a word, it figures, in the broad sense, as a factor of educational value. Liberated socialist humanity inherits all that is beautiful, elevating, and sustaining in the culture of previous ages.' The truth is that the talk in Soviet Russia about proletarian literature and art has resulted from the persistence of the same situation which had led Tolstoy under the old régime to wear the muzhik's blouse and to take up carpentry, cobbling, and ploughing: the difficulty experienced by an educated minority, who made up only about 20 per cent of the population, in getting in touch with the illiterate majority.

In America the situation is quite dif-

ferent. The percentage of illiterates in this country is only something like 4 per cent; and there is relatively little difficulty of communication between different social groups. Our development away from England, and from the Old World generally, in this respect — in the direction of the democratization of the language — is demonstrated clearly in H. L. Mencken's book on the *American Language*; and if it is a question of either the use for high literature of the language of the people or the expression of the dignity and importance of the ordinary man, the country which has produced *Leaves of Grass* and *Huckleberry Finn* has certainly nothing to learn from Russia. We had created during our pioneering period a literature of the common man's escape, not only from feudal Europe, but also from bourgeois society, many years before the Russian masses were beginning to write their names. There has been a section of our recent American literature of the last fifteen years or so — the period of the boom and the depression — which has dealt with our industrial and rural life from the point of view of the factory hand or the poor farmer under conditions which were forcing him to fight for his life, and this has been called proletarian literature; but it has been accompanied by books on the white-collar worker, the storekeeper, the well-to-do merchant, the scientist, and the millionaire in situations equally disastrous or degrading. And this whole movement of critical and imaginative writing — though with some stimulus, certainly, from Russia — had come quite naturally out of our literature of the past. It is curious to observe that one of the best of the recent strike novels, *The Land of Plenty* by Robert Cantwell, himself a Westerner and a former mill worker, owes a great deal to Henry James.

XII

Yet when all these things have been said, all the questions have not been

answered. All that has been said has been said of the past; and Marxism is something new in the world: it is a philosophical system which leads directly to programmes of action. Has there ever appeared before in literature such a phenomenon as M. André Malraux, who alternates between attempts, sometimes successful, to write long-range fiction on revolutionary themes, and exploits of aviation for the cause of revolution in Spain? Here creative political action and the more complex kind of imaginative writing have united at least to the extent that they have arisen from the same vision of history and have been included in the career of one man.

The Marxist vision of Lenin — Vincent Sheean has said it first — has in its completeness and its compelling force a good deal in common with the vision of Dante; but, partly realized by Lenin during his lifetime and still potent for some years after his death, it was a creation, not of literary art, but of actual social engineering. It is society itself, says Trotsky, which under Communism becomes the work of art. The first attempts at this art will be inexpert and they will have refractory material to work in; and the philosophy of the Marxist dialectic involves idealistic and mythological elements which have led too often to social religion rather than to social art. Yet the human imagination has already come to conceive the possibility of re-creating human society; and how can we doubt that, as it acquires the power, it must emerge from what will seem by comparison the revolutionary 'underground' of art as we have always known it up to now and deal with the materials of actual life in ways which we cannot now even foresee?

This is to speak in terms of centuries, of ages; but, in practising and prizing literature, we must not be unaware of the first efforts of the human spirit to transcend literature itself.

THE SPLIT IN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

BY J. FREDERICK ESSARY

I

IF the New Deal has done no other thing, — and it has done many other things, — it has driven a wedge into the organization of the Democratic Party. How deep that wedge has gone may be debatable. Whether it will force a party split of fateful — or, let us say, of suicidal — dimensions is more debatable still.

But failure to realize that there are now two irreconcilable elements — irreconcilable by any known rule of reason — within the Democratic Party at the moment would be fatuous. The elements exist. They are bitterly arrayed against each other. Each proclaims in passionate phrase its right to the Democratic label. Each claims title to the Jeffersonian heritage. Each parades its fidelity to the Democratic philosophy of government.

It would be equally fatuous, however, to assert or to assume that this elemental conflict is the result of a single issue — of judiciary reform, for example; or to imagine that the conflict dates no further back than the first session of the Seventy-fifth Congress, a session which ended in August. It was, in fact, quickened and broadened by the clashes of that period. But the schism is much older than that.

The truth is that the Democratic Party as it had existed since the Woodrow Wilson era became a prey to deadly factionalism in the 1932 convention at Chicago — the convention that first nominated Franklin D. Roosevelt for the Presidency. Then and there it was

that a powerful group of party leaders, profoundly distrusting both the personality and the performances of Mr. Roosevelt, made a desperate stand against him — and lost!

With these men, let it be added, it was a case of defeat, but not surrender. The members of that group have never for one minute relaxed in their opposition to Mr. Roosevelt. They were silenced during the crisis that followed his inauguration in 1933. They were ignored in the four years that ensued. They were shunted aside and virtually disfranchised in the Philadelphia Convention. And many of them took the long leap by bolting to the Republican nominee in the 1936 campaign.

It may be answered that the intransigence of these bolters in 1936 proved one thing: it proved them to be generals without an army — leaders without a following. So it did, in the light of net results. The President carried forty-six out of the forty-eight states in spite of them and in spite of all else that was thrown against him. It was an unbelievable victory — one might add, an historic victory. For every Democrat that the Smith-Davis-Raskob-Shouse group led out of the party, a score must have been recruited from the opposition.

Neither these conservatives, however, nor the greater group elsewhere in the party, — those who lacked the courage to quit the reservation, — have been won over. The Democratic anti-New Dealers of the upper-bracket class may

not have increased greatly in numbers since the last election, but they have increased in boldness. They are now outspoken in their opposition to the Roosevelt policies, as shown in the Supreme Court fight, and outright in their determination to regain control of the party.

To regain such control is a large order. The present breach must become both deeper and wider before that can be achieved. It must reach to the great body of the voters themselves. It is not enough that twenty or more Democratic United States Senators, plus a sizable company of House members, should organize a battalion of death against the Administration. It is not enough that a Court-reform bill should be obstructed and buried in a Senate Committee. It is not enough that a minority combination should put a wages-and-hours bill on ice. It is not enough that sections of the South should be alienated by an anti-lynching bill.

There is nothing decisive about these things. Even so, they have their significance. They are particularly significant in the case of a President whose 'mandate' at the last election was more sweeping than any given a party leader in the life of this generation. By such rules as exist in politics, Mr. Roosevelt should now be in undisputed command of his party. He should be able to suppress recalcitrancy. The extent of his popular backing should immunize him against insurgency.

Quite the contrary: insurgency against the New Deal has become both overt and rampant since the 1937 inauguration. It has presented a broad front, a surprising resourcefulness. For the first time in more than four years the President has suffered direct defeat upon a major measure — upon the Court bill. He suffered this, moreover, at the hands of his own party associates. For the first time a general programme for a Congressional session has been shattered.

Of the six primary proposals composing that programme, exactly one —

housing — cleared the legislative hurdles; and that was almost hopelessly emasculated. Of the five others, Court reorganization was abandoned; surplus-crop control was put over until the ensuing session; executive reorganization went by the board, the wages-and-hours bill was denied a vote in the House, and regional conservation was ignored.

This is a startling record of opposition success, negative though it be in its effect. But its intrinsic importance should not be overappraised in its bearing upon the future. It would be worse than shortsighted to assume that the President has been frustrated or disarmed; that his hands are up; that there is no fight left in him, and that triumphant 'Toryism' hereafter will have its way.

The inner-party battle will be renewed. It will be renewed with vigor, not to say ferocity. Full notice that it will was given by the President in his speech on Constitution Day. It will be renewed by a man whose relentlessness — yes, and ruthlessness — by now should be well understood by the American people, although I am not sure that it is. That relentlessness was shown clearly enough in his drive to impose Federal control upon both the issuance and the marketing of securities. It was shown in his deadly feud with the utilities holding companies. It has been shown in his assaults, one after another, upon the Supreme Court.

I venture the view that it will be shown again and again before the present Administration passes into history. He has been challenged, and challenged effectively, by the conservatives within his party. He will accept that challenge. In fact, he has accepted it already. He has taken his position further and more firmly to the Left, and from that position he will direct his forces.

He still believes himself to be the leader, the spokesman, the champion, maybe the political guardian even, of the great mass of the American people.

Perhaps he is. Such evidence as we have at the moment convinces me that he has lost little of his hold upon the millions who have followed him in three campaigns.

Certainly the New York City primary indicated that he had lost little if any substantial support. The same can be said of the two-to-one Democratic victory in the recent Massachusetts by-election to fill the Connery vacancy in the House. An intensive survey of nine Southern states by Louis J. O'Donnell, staff writer of the *Baltimore Sun*, made after the adjournment of Congress, showed all of them to be as pro-Roosevelt as ever. The even broader survey of both the South and the West by Walter Karig of the *Newark News* pointed in the same direction.

This brings me back to my earlier proposition that control of the Democratic Party cannot be wrested from Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal associates unless the party breach is both widened and deepened. It must extend far beyond a cabalistic Senate group leaning heavily for reinforcement upon the Republican minority. It must extend beyond a House bloc and beyond a press that has been consistently hostile from the day of Mr. Roosevelt's first nomination.

It must spread far. It must spread wide. It must encompass millions of everyday people whose confidence Mr. Roosevelt has played for and long ago won — and, it appears, still holds.

Also a greater, a more appealing issue must be raised against him than his effort to 'pack' the Supreme Court, or to undermine the Constitution, or to hamstring business, or even his appointment of Hugo L. Black to the Supreme Court with his Ku Klux Klan background. That appointment was by far the costliest blunder the President had yet made.

Another disastrous depression might create such an issue as I have envisaged — it has happened before; or a false step

in the matter of war or peace; or a decision by Mr. Roosevelt to seek a third term, provided the spectre of a dictatorship could be made sufficiently terrifying.

II

Of these possibilities, that of a third term is by all odds the most positive. The movement to nominate Mr. Roosevelt again is fairly under way. It cannot be lightly dismissed — first, because of its extent; next, because of the vast Administration machine that will promote it; and finally, because of the man himself about whom the agitation centres.

On the first count, no less than ten Democratic governors have publicly declared in favor of the third term — and that more than three years before another presidential election. Some of them may be dishonest about it, but surely not all of them. A few undoubtedly have ambitions of their own to serve and may be playing adroitly (or maladroitly) for the President's favor. But, whatever their motives, they are lending themselves to the Big Idea.

As soon as it may be safe or expedient, we shall find the New Deal machine — an organization that reaches into every state, into every Congressional district, into every county, and perhaps into every voting precinct — giving mighty support to the 'cause.' Nor is this support to be discounted. For American politics has known no more compact and effective machine than this. The fact that it is based in the main upon public bounty and undiluted self-interest makes no difference.

I pass now to the man himself. I must say candidly that I do not believe that in his heart the President wishes another term. I am willing to believe that the prospect is repellent to him for several reasons. Most of these reasons are personal. Most of them are implicit in the wear and tear upon the body, upon the mind and the soul, of

whoever may occupy the Presidency in time of stress. I think he would be immensely happy to find himself relieved of it all.

Against this are two important facts. They may prove in the end to be controlling facts. The first, and the less important from a public standpoint, is a manifest determination on the part of Franklin D. Roosevelt to become *the* Roosevelt of history. To doubt that determination is to be ignorant of the man and his background.

Through the whole of his public life, the President has been jeered at or sneered at by the Republican branch of his family, the branch that has glorified the career and the personality of Theodore Roosevelt. Not only have these kinsmen opposed him politically, which is their undeniable privilege, but Cousin Franklin has even been stigmatized as the 'maverick' of the clan, an imputation that could not fail to rankle.

It is true enough that the achievements of the present President have given abundant answer to the detractors of his unfriendly family relations. He has gained and wielded great power — by two victories at the polls unmatched by anything in the record of any other Roosevelt. He has re-created one historic political party, and has all but smothered another. He has gone far toward reordering the economy of a nation. He has done all that and more.

But who knows how strong the temptation will be, when the time comes, to end forever the argument in the Roosevelt family as to its preëminent member, by making himself the first twelve-year President in our history?

Of infinitely greater consequence, however, as bearing upon the third-term prospect, is the fate of the New Deal programme. It is easy to conceive of a set of conditions, involving that programme, under which Mr. Roosevelt would run again; under which he would feel that he was literally forced to run.

Let us assume that the conservative forces in the President's own party, by combining with conservative Republicans, develop sufficient strength and generate sufficient courage not only to obstruct but even to defeat the President's more cherished policies. That is not a violent assumption. These forces have done so once, and it is altogether possible that they will repeat the performance in other sessions of Congress.

In other words, let us imagine a conservative coalition that in effect paralyzes the Roosevelt leadership through the next two years. In such a case it is not only a possibility, but to my mind a strong probability, that the President will say something like this to his opposition: —

'Very well, gentlemen, you have won in the Congress. You have nullified my policies. Your victory is a gage of battle, which I accept.

'I have no personal desire to be President for twelve years. I should far prefer to retire to my pleasant place at Hyde Park and leave to another the responsibilities and the anxieties of the Presidency.

'But my programme is more important than my leisure. I believe as firmly now as ever that my policies are vital to the welfare of the country. You have questioned them and, by uniting with the traditional enemies of our party, you have stalled me.

'I will neither abandon these policies nor desert the millions who gave me their vote of confidence in 1936. The only course that is open to me is to go to the country again. We will let the people themselves, in their exercise of their sovereign right, determine whether you or I represent the majority.'

And, if he should take that course, I now do what is perilous for any political writer: I make a solemn prediction. I predict that if Mr. Roosevelt runs a third time, under the conditions which I have suggested, he will be renominated and reëlected.

My belief is that the third-term issue *per se* would count against the President only in the nominating convention. It would be used there and in the primaries earlier with all possible effect. It would take from him not only the delegates avowedly conservative, but many others who would be antagonistic for other reasons and would be desperately in need of an excuse for voting against him.

But with the party organization in his hands, with the far more effective New Deal machine at his command, plus the less partisan interests sincerely convinced that he should continue to carry on — with all this, it seems to me impossible that a majority of the 1940 delegates could be held against him.

And it is to be remembered that the old two-thirds rule — the deadlock producer of other days — has been abrogated. The next nomination in a Democratic convention will be made by a simple majority, unless the old rule is reinstated. And reinstatement can be prevented by a majority of one vote!

Once the nomination hurdle is passed, the third-term issue will become largely academic from the point of view of the great body of the voters. Only if it can be used to drive home the dictatorship idea, used to alarm the country to the depths of its consciousness, used as a horrifying warning of a Fascist black shirt or a Communistic red one in the White House — only if it can be thus capitalized will it make any considerable difference in the general campaign.

In the light of history, much of it in our own time, it is difficult to believe that the mass of the people care very deeply about the third term in itself. There is nothing in our experience as a nation to prove that they do care; and there is much to indicate how little the average man concerns himself about the matter.

General Grant was the only President openly to seek a twelve-year tenure in

office. He was stopped in the Republican convention of 1880, ostensibly on the third-term issue. Actually the delegates rejected his candidacy because it was gravely doubted whether he could be elected in the light of the scandals of his administration. It is fair to assume that if he had been nominated, notwithstanding, he would have run as well against Tilden as did Hayes. He could scarcely have done worse.

The next effort to nominate a third-term candidate was made in 1908. Every known means was applied by his worshipful friends to induce Theodore Roosevelt to run again. He flatly refused. Had he acquiesced, he would have been nominated. And, if nominated, the probabilities are that he would have defeated Bryan as decisively as did Taft.

Four years later Colonel Roosevelt changed his mind. He fought furiously for the Republican nomination in 1912. Failing to achieve it, he ran as the candidate of the hastily created Progressive Party. But if he had been given the Republican nomination that year it is better than an even bet that he would have won against Woodrow Wilson, third term or no third term.

Overwhelming pressure was laid upon Calvin Coolidge in 1928 to lead his party again in battle. He resisted that pressure. But who is there to say, looking back upon it, that he would not have been nominated at Kansas City if he had been willing? And who is there who will seriously contend that if he had been the party candidate that year he would not have beaten Al Smith as badly as did Herbert Hoover? It is idle to argue the contrary.

The foregoing, I think, disposes of the question: Can any man win the Presidency against the third-term tradition — that is, against the unwritten law that no President shall serve longer than eight years?

One will search in vain for a word in the Constitution bearing upon this

question. Reporters of the original Constitutional Convention, notably the *Federalist*, indicate very clearly that the Convention in no sense opposed a third or a fourth presidential term. Any limitation upon presidential tenure was purposely omitted from the organic law. Most of the delegates strongly favored a powerful central government. A few of them were frank monarchists.

It was General Washington himself who set the two-term precedent, and made it a rule for his successors. But he did not base his refusal to stand for a third term on any ground of imperative public policy. As has been observed by an editor of the *Nation*, 'the relevant passage in his "Farewell Address" is not so much a warning against a third term as an apology for not continuing in office.' As a matter of historical fact, he retired to private life because he wanted to rehabilitate his estate.

It actually fell to Thomas Jefferson, the Democrat, to speak with positiveness upon the question. He made it plain to the American people that he withdrew at the end of his eight years in office as a matter of principle. He told his countrymen that he firmly believed that rotation in office was necessary to overcome a tendency or a temptation toward bureaucracy and despotism.

Just the same, it is a fact of interest that even Jefferson conceived an exception to the rule by which he governed his own conduct. 'There is but one circumstance,' he said in 1805, 'which would engage my acquiescence in another election — to wit, such a division about a successor as might bring in a monarchist.'

There is no threat of monarchism in American life now, as in earlier days, and none can be foreseen. But there are a great many people who have shuddered as they contemplated the possibility of a Fascist régime supplanting democracy in this country.

It would be preposterous to say or to imply that Mr. Roosevelt, as a third-

term candidate, would lose no votes on that account. He would lose some, perhaps many. But I am convinced that if he should seek and win another nomination his loss on a mere abstract issue would be negligible compared to the more than 40,000,000 people eligible to vote — unless, let me add quickly, this issue could be dramatically translated in terms of the very type of dictatorship which Thomas Jefferson had in mind.

In any case, I believe we should find behind Mr. Roosevelt in a third-term campaign the same restless, uneasy forces that overwhelmed Alf M. Landon in 1936. We should find the same Progressives, the same liberals, the radicals, the laborites, most of the Socialists, and more of the Communists, whooping it up for the President again.

And what an appeal could be made to these forces with Senator Robert M. La Follette on the ticket as the vice-presidential candidate!

We should probably find most of the farmers going along once more, as they went along in 1932 and in 1936. Add to this multitude the millions who have lived off the government, directly or indirectly, and it is easy to understand how nearly impossible it would be to prevent Mr. Roosevelt's third election.

III

All of this, of course, means that I see no prospect of an organized labor party in the field in 1940. Certainly there will be none as long as there is a chance that the President will be a candidate to succeed himself. There have been warnings, to be sure, that John L. Lewis would be a candidate for the Presidency in the next campaign. Such storm signals have been flying in many quarters.

That threat, many of my Democratic friends have argued, is more ominous from a party standpoint than is the up-rising of the conservatives. The conservatives, it is insisted, can be taken

care of. They have no considerable popular following anyway. And in any event, so the reasoning goes, not many more of them will 'fly to evils they know not of' than went over to Landon in 1936. But with a labor ticket in the field, the outcome, from a Democratic standpoint, might be disastrous.

The 'nightmares' thus conjured up are morally certain to vanish if there is a third-term candidate. Mr. Lewis may not like Mr. Roosevelt. There are a good many reasons to believe that he does not. He dislikes the President chiefly because he has found, to his chagrin, that he cannot dominate the man he helped to elect in 1936. And there is reassurance for all of us in the fact that there is no such domination of the President of the United States.

Only one thing can possibly reconcile those of us who believe in practical democracy, who believe in government by the party system, and who know that system is unworkable without a powerful opposition — only one thing can reconcile us to the colossal majority given the President in 1936. That is the fact that his vote was so vast that no minority which gave him support can hold a whip over him. He is literally a free agent.

As far as anyone can foresee, Mr. Lewis will be forced to go along, whatever his personal attitude toward the President may be. There will be no other place for him to land. He could not support a conservative Republican candidate; and he dare not support a Socialist or a Communist. As has been suggested, he might be a candidate himself; but I believe him too intelligent for that.

The most such a candidacy could accomplish would be the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt and the delivery of the government into the hands of the conservative enemies of labor. His followers would know that; and it is conceivable that they would not only desert Mr.

Lewis at the polls, but might even smash his leadership of labor itself.

Much that has been put down here is based on a third-term candidacy. And there may be no such candidacy. Mr. Roosevelt may 'choose' to stand aside. For it is to be borne in mind that the only remotely reasonable pretext he may have for running again would be a series of defeats at the hands of the conservatives in Congress.

That may come, but there is no certainty of it. The Senate coalition may crack up. The House opposition bloc has never been able to do more than amend or delay an Administration measure. The programme, broadly speaking, may be pushed to consummation in the next two or three years.

Whether that happens depends chiefly upon the Senate. That there exists an inclination on the part of a slender majority of that body (if there be a majority) to defy the New Deal I have no doubt. But I am not so sure about the courage. It takes more of that quality for a party man to make war upon his party's President — one enjoying undeniable political popularity — than it did to flout Mr. Hoover during the period when the latter declined in popular favor.

That Mr. Roosevelt will marshal his forces in this and the next Congress in an effort to vote down the conservatives, to render them powerless, may be taken for granted. He may fail, but he will not quit. There is nothing more certain, in my judgment, than that he will not quit.

If the conservatives, in any case, wish to leave the party, that is their privilege, Mr. Roosevelt will say to them. But he will not invite them to leave. He is far too shrewd and calculating for that. And I am convinced that he will practise no 'reprisals' against the party men who oppose him.

He had an opportunity on his recent transcontinental tour to pillory the men who stand in his way, to impeach

their party loyalty, to denounce many of them before their own people, to scourge and, maybe, crucify them. He did nothing of the sort. He will leave them to the mercies of the voters of their own states. That is the Roosevelt way.

Let us assume that Mr. Roosevelt will remove himself as a candidate in 1940. He will, nevertheless, claim the right to dictate his successor as party leader. Not to believe that is to have slight acquaintance with the man — no acquaintance at all, in fact.

Such dictation will be resented and resisted by every anti-New Deal individual and element in the party. Not only will the conservatives turn more savagely upon him, but every candidate upon whom his benediction fails to fall will be in league against him — all of which would make for a highly flavored, old-time Democratic convention 'riot.'

It is an anomalous circumstance — almost a phenomenon — that there is

nobody in the whole New Deal régime who can now be regarded as the President's heir apparent. The figure of such a person is nowhere on the political horizon. No one near Mr. Roosevelt, or removed from him, has appeared who might naturally step into his shoes and carry his programme forward.

For the truth is that we have in the present Administration a vast system of government set up and ruled almost wholly by the mind and the policies of a single individual — an individual without an understudy who could take over either in an emergency or in the natural course of events.

A Roosevelt legatee may emerge from the background, of course, during the next two or three years — that is to say, if one is needed. But the more I scrutinize the situation as it exists in Washington and as it exists outside, the more I become convinced that, if Mr. Roosevelt lives, no legatee will be needed until after 1940.

BAD MANNERS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR

BY 'DIPLOMACY'

FOR years most of us have been expecting the outbreak of war at almost any moment. Goodness knows there have been enough incidents, outrages, and provocations for any number of conflicts. At last it is dawning on some of us that, although all the ingredients are there for a first-class war, they don't seem to produce the old-fashioned results. What is the matter?

Is it not that we owe the precarious peace we have enjoyed to the progressive deterioration of public manners? That may sound ridiculous on the face of it, but let us sit down together and look at the facts.

Some twenty-odd years ago, in the old days of good-mannered diplomacy, the amenities were observed — but at what a cost when they were not! An unmannerly speech by a responsible Minister, an unpleasant insinuation regarding the motives of another Government, might readily precipitate a situation where national honor would be satisfied in one way only: by shedding blood, stealing livestock, burning houses and barns, and bringing about general ruin with a view to proving the offender wrong — unless, of course, the offender got there first and the blood, stock, houses, barns, and ruin were yours. In this case you continued to feel as you did before, and stored up your wrath to make you feel even more cantankerous the next time.

But the Great War to End Wars

changed all that. It evolved for us a new instinct for avoiding trouble.

For four solid years we built up the habit of blackguarding other countries. That is to say, we acquired the habit of cursing enemy countries, peoples, governments, and statesmen in a free-and-easy way. It was part of winning the war. Good patriots vied with one another in vilification and we developed a new technique of insult.

After the war we continued to insult enemy countries for many reasons and for none. But then there came a change.

During the war years the world was black and white: we and our Allies were as snow; the enemy and all his confederates were ebony. As the common danger waned and ceased to exert its cohesive force, our critical faculty continued wide-awake and began to discern blemishes and flaws even in our cherished Allies.

This was something of a shock. At first we spoke to and of them with restraint. We intimated with reluctance that they disappointed us and were being tiresome. But as they did not mend their ways we were obliged to be more specific and make it clear that they were unreasonable, selfish, grasping, pigheaded, and altogether intolerable. They were, no question of it. But were they grateful to us for calling these shortcomings to their attention? They were not. They did not even try to reform, and as time went on they became so intoxicated

with their own egotism that they began to criticize US!

That, of course, was more than we could be expected to bear, and it was not long before the infamies of the enemy began to recede into a charitable shade, while the shortcomings of our misguided Allies loomed larger and larger.

We were already keyed up to the use of high-explosive language, language that would stand the strain of emotion, and we proceeded to use on our errant friends the same sort of abuse with which we had scorched the enemy of yesterday.

Not only did we employ conversational abuse. We had raised insult to the dignity of a profession and even of an art. Parliaments and the press, radio, the stage, and all other forms of publicity contributed their bit to the building up of bad feeling in defense of democracy.

So when our Allies provoked us beyond endurance by wanting to have their way as much as we wanted to have ours, we blasted them with all the enthusiasm and skill we had developed through practice on the enemy.

The press in all countries, conscious of its high mission, took the lead. The men who yesterday were heroes, patriots, and leaders of the human race, became overnight scoundrels, liars, and renegades — along with various other things indicative of a drastic change in their character and habits.

The politicians followed. A hot pace was set for them by the press and by the private patriot. The politician, however, realized what he was up against and rose to the occasion by developing an unprecedented ferocity in ticking off the miserable foreigners.

And thus began the vicious circle, the speeches of the politicians serving as welcome material for the press, and the reprinting in each country of the blasts originating elsewhere.

And so it went on for years with a virulence unknown before, went on until this became the normal technique

of international discussion. Here is how it works.

Does A owe B money?

The old-fashioned procedure would be for A to pay up or, failing that, to approach B in a conciliatory spirit and seek to come to a favorable agreement.

Nowadays there is a different approach. The first step is to hold B up to public contempt as a Shylock, blood-sucker, swindler of women and children, who is so lost to all human decency as to want his money back — or at least some of it, sometime — and on the preposterous and purely technical ground that it had been so agreed.

Then B has to defend himself and he does it bravely. He denounces A as a contemptible crook seeking to avoid the payment of his honest debts by methods which reveal him as the detestable blighter we always considered him.

Do C and D disagree about disarmament?

D fills the air and the press with charges that C is an infamous foe of disarmament and peace who came to the conference merely in order to wreck it. Every proposal he makes is obviously to this end. C is the chief if not the only obstacle to international good understanding.

C replies that the disarmament proposals of D are proof of the crassest hypocrisy; that D intends to do no disarming himself and that his proposals are aimed solely at weakening others; and so on and so on.

This has become a sort of game played on the international field. Politicians defend their countries and defy their enemies with a wealth of invective that goes over big with the press and the people.

At first we regarded this sort of thing with apprehension, lest one word too much precipitate a conflict. We deplored such exhibitions of bad manners and sought to find a way to get back to the more courteous style of other days; but all in vain.

Before the war one such speech would have caused Europe to quiver and the stock exchange to run a temperature. But times and manners have changed. When the Prime Minister of Pumpernickel assails the great Sister Republic of Ballyhoo, is the Ballyhoovian Army mobilized? Not at all. We do better than that nowadays. The Prime Minister of Pumpernickel, having delivered his speech, sits back on his haunches as who should say: 'That will hold him for a while.' What he really means is that it has been a good day's work, because the Chambers will not dare throw him out while the echoes of his patriotic frenzy are still reverberating.

Does the Prime Minister of Ballyhoo call the nation to arms? No indeed. Does he summon the Council of Ministers? Not so that you would notice it. He summons the press and says to them in effect: 'You may say that the people of Ballyhoo can count on me to defend their honor and refute the dastardly slanders of the craven Government of Pumpernickel. To-morrow in the Chamber at five o'clock.'

So he in his turn looses his verbal artillery and the press of Ballyhoo asserts that he has completely demolished the second-rate statesman of Pumpernickel — and everybody feels all warm and patriotic and no bones are broken.

Things can go on like this, waxing ever fiercer and fiercer — and less and less fraught with danger. There are many advantages in this. There was one thing about the arbitrament of war that was most unfair: God was notoriously on the side of the big battalions; a small country hardly had a chance.

Now all that is changed. Equality and Democracy have come to dwell among us. The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg can safely defy Soviet Russia, and the verdict, if any, goes to the country with the best Radio Voice.

And suppose Russia loses. Under the new Dispensation she merely turns her attention elsewhere while her scouts seek a more effective speaker. If so, they win the next round in the ether — unless, of course, Luxemburg has in the meantime hired Rudy Vallee as Prime Minister.

We are gradually coming to feel a sense of security under the wings of our long-distance Insulters that we never were able to feel under the protection of our guns and battleships. We know that the ever fiercer wrangling of the press and our politicians permits us to sleep in our beds without thought of invasion. And we may even hope that universal peace may come to prevail under the ægis of universal hate.

So blessed be Bad Manners.

CHRISTMAS GIVING

BY MARGARET DANA

THERE is a phrase often heard in the wholesale market during those annual merchandise shows at which much of the coming winter's stock is bought by retailers. The words give a clue to the existence of a somewhat important pit-fall lying in wait for unwary Christmas shoppers. The phrase is 'Especially for the Christmas trade.' Sometimes it indicates perfectly good merchandise, attractively wrapped for the holiday season; sometimes it indicates completely worthless merchandise, even more attractively wrapped for the holiday season.

An amazing number of items are placed on the market for consumers each year, and since many of them are definitely worth buying, it seems a pity that there should also be so much with only glitter to recommend it. The basis for the existence and promotion of such stuff is unfortunately factual—that there will be many Christmas shoppers who will buy hastily and carelessly, often more concerned with getting something that appears to have cost more than it did than in purchasing something which will mean real pleasure to the recipient. After watching crowds of Christmas shoppers for a number of seasons, I am convinced that everyone from manufacturer to receiver of a gift would be splendidly benefited if the general public adopted a resolution to drop from their Christmas lists names of people to whom the proposed gifts would be merely a gesture. A card would more appropriately make the gesture, and

would decrease the temptation of certain manufacturers and retailers to assemble and present in handsome wrappings oddities that are utterly worthless.

Aside, however, from the curious mental cases who are afflicted with what I can only call the 'gilded stove-lifter' theory of gift selection, there are many well-meaning buyers who begin in November saying they *must* start their shopping early; who plan each day from November the first to December the twentieth to *do* something about it, and who then in appalled haste, which ascends to veritable madness, perform a kind of leaping Marathon from counter to counter. With grim determination they attack the crowds between themselves and distant tables, snatching at a gadget for Cousin Mary which, if it will not please Cousin Mary, will at least not rouse her active antagonism. Crossing her name off the list, the harried shopper seems almost to soar over the terrain, stopping at this or that counter to pluck items which have no more to recommend them than that the shopper cannot remember having seen or given them last year. And so it goes through nightmare days for shoppers and salespeople and nightmare nights for delivery men and wrappers. It ends sooner or later, after Christmas, in that deluge of costly returns which adds appreciably to the expense of retailing.

The Christmas shoppers who really get all the fun and thrill out of the Christmas season are those who make it a time of filling heart's desires, little or

big. Curiously enough, heart's desires are often not expensive at all, requiring less cash than thought and imagination. Anyone who has ever played this game of being in a small way the magician who fills the secret wish — of giving not just negatively conventional gifts or 'it will do' presents, but things fitting warmly into a cherished desire — knows that haste and glitter are inimical to this sort of buying. Time, courage, and inspiration are all needed — along with, perhaps, an armchair preview of the market. But it *is* worth the trouble.

To find things which are, first, what the recipient will honestly welcome, which will not later betray both giver and receiver by unreliability, and which are either definitely new and unique or have about them a new twist which lifts them from the commonplace and staple — these are the aims which make Christmas shopping merry and joyous.

Without attempting to cover more than a fraction of the story of what is worth giving this year, the following suggestions emphasize some things which readers may buy with the assurance that they fill the last two requirements — worth and novelty.

Take gloves, for instance. This year you will find suède gloves with matching handbags in clear brilliant colors — bittersweet, horizon-blue, jade, coral, gold. They are enchanting and feminine; but never give them to a woman who has not an unlimited clothes budget, presupposing a number of ensembles into which the color you choose will fit. Black suède, when very fine, soft, and silky, and dyed the deepest of velvety blacks, is perennially welcome. But watch both the glove size and the quality. If you ask for Cordoba suède, you will get a universally good grade of suède. If you would like to give a glove that is not only dressy but practical and very new, look for a pair that is 'two-faced.' It is of Cabretta kid on the palm side — for wearability and smartness — and Cabretta suède on the back, with a

little slash at the back of the wrist laced up with kid cord. This glove, like others from this manufacturer, carries an identifying consumer information label, either on the glove or on its box.

Ski or snow gloves are always good gifts for children and those who go in for winter sports. Two things for wearability might be remembered: first, that the mitten or glove is best made of woolen *worsted* because of the longer, tougher fibre; second, that if there is contrasting embroidery or knitting the design should be closely worked, leaving no long loose threads on the surface. For newness, this year's best-liked snow gloves are of dark backgrounds with multicolor Norwegian picture designs or Swedish weaving. White, on the other hand, is popular with adults, and one of the prettiest gloves in the market is pure white, with a longish cuff, and three bright Tyrolian roses embroidered down the back. These gloves cost about a dollar; you can pay more, but it will be for originality or handwork, probably, not wearability.

Housewares and home accessories make pleasant gifts if they are not the 'bread and butter' type, but rather the aristocrats of the kitchen. For instance, I have just come from looking at some oven and top-stove glassware which is nearly as thin as a table goblet. Some of it — notably a casserole and custard cups — is charmingly etched, and all of it is delightful to use and yet definitely practical. Its maker believes it to be as tough and sturdy as its elder brother, the familiar type of heavy glassware. Or perhaps some of the new designs in stainless steel would fit into some home with a proud housekeeper; or the luxury brands of aluminum often looked at longingly by many a woman on a limited kitchen budget. And I find that all feminine gardeners who also like to cook fall in love with the enamelware trimmed with true delphinium blue.

Decorative items, if they have real beauty and grace and not novelty alone,

make perfect gifts for those with an eye for home decoration. I discovered recently a unique sort of thing which should have a wide appeal. A chemist has invented a way of treating fresh flowers so that, although they are pressed flat in mounting, they retain all their original color and texture indefinitely. When framed they resemble Victorian flower prints in form, but with all the loveliness of the fresh flower intact. Delphinium, looking so real it is unbelievable, cornflowers, coreopsis, Nicotiana, even orchids are exquisitely mounted; used as decorative prints, they carry an atmosphere of charm hard to describe. They are somewhat costly, but well worth their price. The supply is limited, of course.

Furs and jewels are traditional Christmas gifts, and if you can give someone a silver fox cape, a mink or ermine evening wrap, no problem confronts you. But if you prefer to spend less money and still give fur, wanting it to be both smart and practical, consider the short cape or jacket, needing little fitting, of skunk dyed black. And even less expensive, and adored by college and high-school girls, are coats, chunky and bulky, of sheepskin specially treated. The fur is very soft and fluffy and warm, comes in brown or chamois, and should wear extremely well. But buy any fur where the store stands behind its wearability — don't hunt bargains.

Jewels, according to one of the country's great jewelers, should at Christmas time be less investments for the future than gifts with sentiment and atmosphere. Diamonds, he says, are best given on New Year's Day, to start the year off well; but for Christmas give carved jade or rose quartz, delicate old coral or aquamarines, garnets in antique settings, or, best of all, the star sapphire, which many Syrians believe reflects the Star of Bethlehem. Broad gold bracelets, necklaces, and clips, often using several shades of gold in one piece, make attractive costume-jewelry pieces, and

Oriental filigree is so feminine that nearly all women like it.

In looking for things a man would like, try to find other than the conventional gifts alone. But when you do give the conventional item make sure it will have no unhappy aftermath to haunt your friendship. Buy him ties, if you like, but remember that ties are going to be *tied*; so get them made either of pure silk or of pure wool, both of which fibres have great elasticity and resilience. Wrinkles in such ties will not stay long. If you buy socks, get ones whose label you know and trust — beware of socks for 'the Christmas trade'! And further, remember that many socks have rayon in them, and that under laundering, unless carefully handled, rayon may become a reproach to the giver. Shirts need a little caution, too. Look out for that 'pre-shrunk' label. If you want to be remembered for your discrimination all the year to come, get shirts that are Sanforized-shrunk and will shrink no more.

The current madness for 'candid-camera shots' makes the idea of giving man, woman, or child a miniature camera for candid-picture taking a useful suggestion, but do not be tempted by cheap or nameless ones. A good lens and mechanical perfection cost money always. Waterproof watches, and watches designed to be compass, stop watch, and everything else from barometer to radio, seem to be popular with masculine recipients, along with special books on hobbies.

Before going on to suggestions for children's gifts, let me briefly mention two quite different items which are open to application in many Christmas problems. One is food — epicurean food. For instance, the smoked turkey made by a neighbor of mine and famous all over the country. A smoked turkey, a fine wine, a rare bunch of black grapes packed in cotton — perhaps this is the perfect gift for someone on your list. And the other suggestion, at the other end of the

cost scale, is to give a trip. So many heart's desires seem built around far places! To have the most fun out of this, send a check and travel literature about a variety of places to which the cost of traveling would be covered by the amount you include. Such a gift, with its hours of planning and anticipation, has a long life. I've known it to last three years!

And now for the things to give children, the most fun of all Christmas giving. Of course the best things to give are the things to *do*. You may not find them in gift or toy departments at all, for some of the cleverest have not been designed officially for 'the Christmas trade.' I know of one little girl who wanted a set of carpenter tools; and a workmanlike saw, hammer, plane, and nails, with bundles of wood cut in usable lengths for simple construction, were given her last Christmas. Nothing else has ever given her so much or such lasting pleasure.

Another 'do it' set is for wood inlay. It includes two wall plaques of artistic design, a cutting tool, proper glue, and various woods for inlay — mahogany, purpleheart, lemonwood, and so on. A small loom for weaving real fabrics is another good idea, and the only caution here is to give the real thing, never a toy. Never give make-believe typewriters, tools, or work apparatus of any kind. Any child deserves the real thing, even if on a small scale.

The ant palaces, with several new versions this year, are invariably entertaining to children and adults. Watching a tribe of these busy little fellows make their homes, rear their young, go about their strange ways, is enormous fun. Most children like music, and an individual radio for a boy's room, perhaps, or a small phonograph for a girl is a happy thought. A real phonograph, probably costing not much less than

ten dollars, is a good purchase, and sets of records, such as fairy tales, folk songs, or brass-band music, will provide long hours of pleasure. Music boxes are loved by everybody, old and young. There is a tiny new one for a very small person, playing only one little familiar tune. If it plays 'Mary Had a Little Lamb,' for instance, across a bit of a window in the front of the box small lambs go frisking past in time with the music.

A gift that I notice even grown-ups can scarcely leave alone is a miniature hurdy gurdy — stuffed monkey, hurdy-gurdy man's suit, and all. It plays giddy gay tunes as it trundles along, and is especially fun to own now that even in New York the hurdy-gurdy man is disappearing. Dolls, of course, will be given. Little Princess Elizabeth and her sister Margaret Rose in their coronation robes and coronets are sure to be popular, and prophets say the Anne Shirley doll, with hair you can brush and comb, is also going to be in great demand. A small gift I found which a little mother might enjoy is an 'Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.' A boot perhaps eight inches long holds a nice old party with her many children around her, to be lifted out, replaced, rearranged endlessly. And for brand-new 'eaters at table' the Food Master set of silver plate, designed for easy eating when food seems so hard to manage, will be acceptable both for young persons and for their mothers.

Last of all is a gift suggestion which, while intended for children, will be loved and enjoyed by the whole family. This is Charlie McCarthy himself, exactly as he looks with Edgar Bergen, plus a book on ventriloquism. Charlie costs around ten dollars and would be fun on Christmas Day and many days thereafter. How well Charlie's wooden smile will wear, how long his clothes will last, I could n't say. But I can highly recommend his disposition!

(Correspondence provoked by Margaret Dana's 'Open Your Purse and Shut Your Eyes,' in the October number, will be found in the Contributors' Column of this issue.)

UNFLATTERED SWEDEN

BY H. B. ELLISTON

I

IT has become a fashion in social and economic writing to pave the road to Utopia with Swedish panaceas. The habit started with the liquor problem. Then, when the economic depression began to spread over the entire world, and reformers were looking afield for methods first of conquering the monster and then of clipping his claws, it was Sweden that they invoked. Sweden was 'managing' her recovery. She was likewise laying the foundation for the 'management' of her economy against a recurrence of chaos. So, the habit of regarding Sweden as a trail blazer having been learned, the 'Swedish experiments' in reflation, housing, coöperatives, and money policy (to mention only the more renowned of these experiments) were put in writing, and now fill a fair-sized library.

Now such adulation, coupled with the sincerest form of it, should surely have turned the blond head of the Norsemen. On the contrary: in a visit that I paid to Sweden this summer, I found the Swedes somewhat irritated, if anything, by the praise that has been bestowed upon them.

My interest lay particularly in the 'answers' that Sweden had provided to the problem of monetary management. Upon this subject alone volumes have been put out by American and British writers. In 1934, for instance, Professor Irving Fisher wrote: 'Whatever the future holds in store, this achievement of Sweden will always be the most impor-

tant landmark up to its time in the history of stabilization.' He referred to the 1931 announcement following Sweden's abandonment of the gold standard — namely, that henceforth the country's monetary policy should aim at the maintenance of the internal purchasing power of the krona.

However, the Swedes in the 'managing' positions with whom I talked refused to accept any such accolade. I nearly had my head bitten off for using the word 'experiment'! It was not modesty on their part; only the natural riposte of people who, when seen at home, have long ago abandoned the 1931 declaration, and are wrestling with the same monetary problems that afflict less fortunate democracies. In such circumstances they simply don't like being put in a glass bowl by the world's reformers.

Obviously Swedish 'management' of recovery is praised on the basis of results. These are, indeed, handsome. In the last quarter of 1932, the ratio of trade-unionists registered as unemployed reached the high average of 25 per cent. Joblessness in the country as a whole must therefore have been fully equal to the American record of one in three of the potential working population. Nowadays, however, Sweden is probably the only industrial country that may be described as fully employed. I was told that Professor Bertil Ohlin estimates the out-of-work at 70,000. But personal observation convinces me that the per-

son who cannot get a job in present-day Sweden must be in hiding. So short of workers are the industries that, while I was in Sweden, factories were running buses into the farm regions trying to entice the farm hands to take factory jobs. The buses used to come back almost empty. For the farmers themselves are fully and remuneratively employed.

The same thing is true in that category of work known as 'services,' covering office workers and shop assistants. Entering Stockholm by water, I fell into conversation with a business man from Gothenburg, and he almost distracted my attention from the capital's beautiful approach by lamenting his inability to get office help. His tale was quickly borne out in Stockholm. There I had dinner with a leading citizen whose daughter, the assistant to a personnel director for a chain of restaurants, excused herself after the meal on the ground that she had to spend her evenings trying to connect existing jobs with nonexistent workers. Happy land! Little wonder that the British Hugh Dalton, one of the pillars of the Labor Party, calls the situation 'an economic miracle.'

II

Naturally, if a recovery comes after a programme of recovery, the public will give the credit to the managers. Mr. Landon could testify to this elementary political truth. In Sweden, as in the United States, there was such a programme. And, since it was born with a flourish of trumpets, most of 'the Swedish experiments' are hailed as the achievements of the recovery administration. This happens to be a Socialist administration. At the nadir of the Swedish depression, in September 1932, a Labor (Social Democratic) government came in, headed by Mr. Per Albin Hansson. Not so much is heard of Premier Hansson as of some of his Cabinet, notably Foreign Minister Richard

Sandler and Finance Minister Ernest Wigforss. It is the latter, I should imagine, who most properly could be described as President Roosevelt's opposite number. For it is Mr. Wigforss's pronouncements that embellish the latter-day history of Sweden. Much more quickly than Mr. Roosevelt, he came out boldly for expansion, the weapons of recovery being that trio of panaceas which were subsequently transplanted in America—namely, public relief financed by loans, low interest rates protected by official policy, and subsidized agriculture.

Should we therefore attribute Sweden's success to the Socialist government? No doubt Mr. Wigforss, if he were making a political speech, would advance the same claims that Mr. Roosevelt himself advanced in 1936. Listen to him, however, during the Parliamentary recess, in a speech delivered to the students at Upsala University, as reported by the *Nya Tidning*, of Upsala, August 12, 1937:—

The party politician had been left at home in the Ministry of Finance and Dr. Wigforss in the rostrum of the university was extremely anxious to correct what he called the 'mistaken and exaggerated statements regarding our country which have been disseminated all over the world.' Mr. Wigforss started by saying that Sweden is among those countries which have come most rapidly out of the world depression. But (he continued) that did not happen with such epoch-making methods as had been stated. The economic policy introduced after the change of government in 1932 was not a break with the previous development. It was a continuation of it. For, if they called the economic policy the measures undertaken to provide reemployment and to increase prices for primary goods, then that dated back to 1930. The aid to agriculture which was started in 1930 was merely one illustration. In regard to the effects of the Swedish depression policy, how was it possible, he asked, to tell how much this or that factor influenced the result? *'The way of Sweden out of depression is the consequence of many coöperating circumstances.'*

The italics are mine. Diogenes in his mythological search for an honest man would certainly have recognized Mr. Wigforss.

Among these 'many coöperating circumstances' Mr. Wigforss himself pays handsome tribute to the works of his predecessors. When the depression hit Sweden, a Conservative administration was in office. It was succeeded in 1930 by a Liberal administration formed by the People's Party. Both of them refused to let nature take its course. What was lacking in both administrations was any schematic approach to the problem of conquering depression. Like Mussolini in his march on Rome, the Conservatives and Liberals acted first and rationalized afterwards. Moreover, it was a year before the advent of the Socialists, back in 1931, that Sweden fell off the gold standard, and thus allowed the primary conditions of recovery to develop.

This rationalization of old acts is belatedly making its appearance in Scandinavian publications. One of them only can I quote. In the May issue of the review *Baltic and Scandinavian Countries*, published by the Baltic Institute, at Gdynia, a Swedish economist, Professor Arthur Montgomery, offers an objective view of the pre-1932 steps. His analysis supports Mr. Wigforss's avowal. It goes further, and shows that it was the predominant system in vogue for many months after its sponsors had left office. 'The system existing prior to the Socialist programme,' Professor Montgomery says, 'was not definitely superseded till the end of 1933,' or a year after the Socialists came to power. This was mainly due to a building strike lasting from March 1933 to February 1934, which inhibited expansion. By that time, moreover, recovery in Sweden was well under way.

Lest I may seem to be going to the other extreme, and giving too much credit to pre-Socialist administrations, let me say that the very manner of the

Socialists' pledges helped Sweden even more than their performances. At least they filled in the breach till government expansion could be realized.

For psychology is the twin sister of economics. Wicksell, Sweden's most distinguished economic thinker, once combated the mechanistic approach to economic phenomena in these words: 'The real cause [of boom and slump] lies in the irregularity of technical progress and the influence of *psychological elements*.' The italics again are mine.

Such an influence helped President Roosevelt in the spring of 1933, when he announced his intention of putting up prices, and again in the winter of 1934, when he declared that he would use the budget to that end. On both occasions he assumed the mantle of Moses, in calling upon a dispirited country to follow him to the promised land. The same kind of leadership was used as a recovery weapon in Sweden. The Swedish Socialists in 1932 and 1933 came out for both the Roosevelt end and the Roosevelt means with Rooseveltian resonance. That is to say, they abandoned the price-stabilization policy, which later was to elicit Professor Irving Fisher's praise. Socialist policy sought to raise prices (and therefore profits) as an engine for restoring financial investment and business enterprise. Naturally such a programme, laid down with all the fanfare and emphasis necessary to impress the public, provided an initial stimulus to activity, especially when conditions in the building industry allowed the Socialists to live up to their expansionist promises.

But other 'coöperating circumstances' were already playing their part — circumstances having little to do with 'management.' They came from the outside world. Recovery in Sweden got its *real* impetus from the rise in Swedish exports due to a fortuitous conjuncture in world demand.

Sweden is heavily dependent upon the

industries connected with her immense forests. Half of Sweden is clothed in forest; and lumber products, in a more or less finished state of manufacture, — such as sawn and planed timber, wood pulp, and paper, — make up about half of Sweden's exports. It so happened that when Great Britain released her economy from the thrall of the gold standard, in 1931, a great building boom was generated, and the benefits inured to Swedish exporters no less than to British householders.

The remainder of Swedish exports consist mainly of iron and steel. The recovery in which the world finds itself to-day is half compounded of rearmament activity. And it is in Sweden that the rearmers are obtaining both the raw material for their guns and the guns themselves. A great anti-aircraft gun factory in Värmland is selling its entire output to Britain; Germany has money only for the raw material, and one may see the iron ore of northern Sweden in constant shipment to Germany, along both the North Sea and the Baltic.

The profits from these aggregate sales provide Sweden with a good quarter of her national income. Far from helping Sweden 'a little,' as Dr. Dalton once put it, they have *generated* internal prosperity in Sweden, in the opinion of Swedish authorities on the spot.

III

Fortunate, as well as happy, Sweden! Has she, however, been altogether fortunate?

As I heard this story of prosperity unfold, I seemed to recall at least one unfortunate episode in recent Swedish history — namely, the Kreuger boom and collapse. I mentioned it in conversation with a well-known economist. In reply the economist gave me a syllogistic accounting of the *benefits* that the life and death of the Swedish match king had rendered to the land of his birth. Later I discovered that the account-

ing is a stock joke among the Swedish literati.

First, said the economist, Kreuger *tempered* the pre-depression boom in Sweden by exporting Swedish capital. This could not be gainsaid. Before I went to Sweden I had looked into the *Swedish Year Book*. This invaluable publication puts the matter as follows: 'The internal soundness of Swedish industry and finance may certainly be considered as one of the reasons why Sweden was struck by the depression at a comparatively late date and recovered more quickly than most other countries.' Then, the economist said, Sweden was able to stay on the gold standard as long as Britain because of the foreign payments remitted to Sweden out of the antecedent export of capital. From this, too, there could be no dissent. 'Now, lastly,' he wound up, with a wry smile, 'Kreuger's suicide, in March 1932, depreciated the krona in sterling, and so enabled Sweden to minimize the fall in prices, and further promote the conditions necessary to recovery!' In addition to good fortune, then, Lady Luck has smiled upon Sweden.

The 'managers' of Sweden's prosperity, as I have said, are the first to remind you of these 'coöperating circumstances' in accounting for Sweden's recovery. 'God,' as one of them put it to me, 'was on our side. The greatest demands of the world were precisely for those commodities which we supply in finished and unfinished form without any coöperation from other countries' — meaning any prior import of the raw material.

Even the Swedish monetary policy does not look much of an 'experiment' in Sweden itself. Here again John Bull has played the significant rôle. Great Britain's contribution to Swedish prosperity does not end with the fillip which British building gave to Swedish exports. Sweden is a member of that loose monetary bloc known as Sterlingaria. That is to say, the Swedish

krona is pegged to the pound. To read some articles on Swedish experimentation, one would get the impression that the krona moves in a monetary world of its own, with sole regard for Swedish internal conditions. The krona, however, has been pegged to the pound since mid-1933.

It could scarcely be otherwise in a country in Sweden's position. Not only is her economy bound up with Britain's, but her exports are of such a character that stability of exchange is of singular importance. It was not till I talked to Swedish business men that I realized that the forward contracts with some of their customers extend for eighteen months. Those buyers conceivably might turn elsewhere if the krona were a fluctuating currency. Understandably, therefore, a theorist who had much to do with the elaboration of the Socialist monetary policy could say: 'I am grateful that our central bank has

clung to Montagu Norman's coat, instead of swimming around on its own' — in other words, instead of experimenting.

What is happening in Sweden is, of course, of great interest to other countries engaged in making democracies function progressively in a complex economic world. It can furnish more lessons than the Swedes in their present state of mind are prepared to admit. Also, I came away from Sweden with a great deal of respect for the Swedish managers, especially for the way they have followed their own expansionist logic of bringing the budget back into balance with the return of prosperity; Sweden's budget, tell it not in Gath, is now *overbalanced*.

In due course I hope to look into these lessons. For the present this self-debunking by the Swedes may be set against the dithyrambs of 'our foreign friends.'

SNIPE HUNTING

BY HUGO JOHANSON

I

IT was four o'clock in the morning and pitch-dark when I awoke. I had dreamt that I slept — for once undressed — in an enormous bed stocked to capacity with comforters, eider-down pillows, satin sheets, and such fairyland trappings. In reality I was quivering from cold and I had lost all sense of feeling in the back part of my head (I had used my shoes as a pillow); but I still managed to hold on for a few unbelievably precious moments to the slender threads, spun by a poor man's Morpheus, that had kept my hapless body suspended above the icy rubber sheet which covered the rusty springs of the bunk.

The general spirit and atmosphere pervading a flophouse just before day-break always make short work of twilight extravagancies. I began dressing — a rite which included taking off coat and vest; searching for and finally discovering, in a maze of pull-overs, undershirts, and scarves, the network of strings that were wound around my chest; untying, with torpid fingers, colonies of non-descript knots; shedding two *San Francisco Examiners* (Hearst on my belly and Brisbane on the small of my back) which had done futile duty as hot-water bottles; putting on coat and vest again; removing a paper bag from each foot and putting on shoes over my stockingless feet; and, as a fitting conclusion, unconsciously reaching for my hat, which, after some speculation, I remembered having traded two days previously to a colored man for six inches of salami and

a piece of blueberry tart. The chambermaiding took less time. I simply left the bedclothes (the rubber sheet) on the bunk, to be used anew in the evening.

I occupied a 'penthouse' (an upper bunk) and consequently had to descend carefully. Sometimes when the freights reached South San Francisco late in the afternoon, Eastern side-door tourists, after having hiked nine miles in to the City proper vainly looking for 'palm trees teased with velvety rays of a semitropical moon' underneath which they had expected to spend the rest of their days dodging coconuts, besieged the flophouse. They were blue in the face from the contact with 'soft trade winds lazily caressing poppy-clad slopes from where Padres and Conquistadores had gazed, their fiery Castilian eyes dimmed with wonder and awe.' After much red tape instead of the sweeping gestures of true Western hospitality, they were permitted to park themselves on the floor between the bunks. Gory accidents had happened when men had taken off in the dark from the penthouses and had landed, without benefit of parachutes, on what until that moment had been somebody's intact face.

Jenkins, my mate in the lower bunk, snored peacefully. He was an old man, well along in the seventies; a know-it-all of the inventive type, and known chiefly as the only inmate of the shelter who slept undressed. To be able to do so without catching pneumonia, he had

constructed a sleeping bag of slats covered with condemned army pup tents, with a piece of chicken wire inserted for periscopic and ventilation purposes. It was folded and carried like a rucksack when not in use. It could be entered only from the back porch, so to speak.

The sight of Jenkins going to bed, — he slept in the raw, — crawling on hands and knees, always drew a gaping capacity crowd. First-nighters might snicker uneasily, but were instantly hushed by the fans, to whom the spectacle was something more than a somewhat ghastly acrobatic feat — it was their bedtime story, evening prayer, and nightcap rolled into one. Inside the lair, Jenkins had let his inventive genius run amuck. He had, of course, installed electric light (an extension cord, baited with colored light bulbs rescued from an abandoned Christmas tree, took care of this primary detail); he had also a shelf for his library consisting of *Sell Yourself and Your Line Will Sell Itself*, *Short Cuts to Success*, *Warts and Moles*, and *Mitchell's Guide to the Game of Chess*; an air-conditioning system made of a tobacco humidor, rubber tubes, and litmus papers; and a runway and Ferris wheel for Gene, a trained albino rat that chewed tobacco.

Jenkins and I used to meet in a vacant lot during the daytime and play chess behind a billboard among thistles, rusty tin cans, and stray cats — the cats keeping ferocious weather eyes on Gene and visibly suffering all the pangs of a feline Gehenna. Their greediness, whetted by the undeniable fact that Gene was a rodent, clashed violently with their native daintiness, which recoiled from the sight of Gene's bulging, lopsided jowls smeared with tobacco juice.

Jenkins played a dashing game of chess and even had worked out a gambit of his own which, although daring and theoretically unsound, proved too much for a player of my calibre. It was named 'Prosperity Opening Declined.' As Jenkins modestly put it, it was 'a tactful

hint to future generations of the often forgotten fact that difficult times and environments are more stimulating than retarding to creative minds.' It kept me in bondage for months at a time, for the loser had to keep the winner in tobacco. It was also the reason for my early rising. 'The early bum shoots the biggest snipes' may be but an inferior travesty to some people. In 1932 it was a cruel, ironclad fact so far as I was concerned. I could starve, — and starve I often did, — but I could n't starve without tobacco in my pipe.

II

Stumbling over bundles and suitcases, over outstretched, dangling, lifeless arms and legs, I made my way through what seemed like acres of double-decked bunks to the row of sinks which took the place of washbasins. On the wet cement floor, among toilet bowls, sinks, and leaking drainpipes, the usual coterie of night owls, early risers, rheumy old-timers, and miniature racketeers held convention. A layman might see only an ill-favored, scratching mob and hear only coughing, cursing, and scheming; whereas I, an able old hand at poverty, knew that every social stratum was represented there (remnants and sediments, of course); that a patient listener might rescue snatches from Vaihinger's 'Philosophy of As If' out of the blare of cracks from the current *Smoke House Monthly* and horrors from yesterday's tabloids; that almost every vice and disease could be found there, clinging stubbornly to men drawn from almost every race, speaking among them almost every dialect, from Tennessee hillbilly to Urdu; and that this down-at-the-heel crosscut of America had as many social restrictions and as many topnotchers and pariahs as the block from which it was hewed.

The 'bullionaires' (tin-foil collectors) and the 'lactus weeds' (milk-bottle snatchers) were the only ones listed in the Social Register and they had estab-

lished a Waldorf-Astoria in a secluded corner; the 'kennel cheaters' (beggars of dog or cat meat to be used in mulligan stews and peddled to less up-and-coming fellows) and the 'coffee an' apostles' (professional chest-beaters and testifiers at religious assemblies for a handout) were busy in Zenith; 'lobbies' (plain 'moochers') squabbled in Washington, D. C.; and the detested 'single-jacks' (one-legged, one-armed, or one-eyed men who tried to provoke sympathy by stressing their infirmities) and the 'gas hounds' (canned-heat distillers and sole customers of their own output) were relegated to a Bowery within a Bowery. The ordinary unemployed was totally ignored unless he had some perverse talent or attraction. Yesterday was taboo; to-day had to be lived through somehow; but to-morrow we would make an obstinate world sit up on its hind legs and take notice.

After having doused my head under a faucet, I wiped myself on the lining of my coat (the roller towel had the appearance of an escalator on a muddy day) and quickly made my way out into the alley. The fresh night air tasted like nectar and ambrosia. I leaned against a lamp post and filled my lungs. According to the omissions in my meal schedule, I ought to have been very hungry by then; yet I did n't feel any particular longing for food. My body seemed light and as swaying as a feather floating a few inches above the ground; when I inhaled I could n't feel the muscles contracting in my stomach. Suddenly something hit me square in the guts; grabbing hold of the lamp post instinctively, I folded up. It could have been appendicitis or stomach ulcers teaming up with a sailmaker's awl boring deeper and deeper in a relentless manner; but it was n't. I had it coming and I knew the diagnosis, prescription, and treatment by rote.

It was the Great Hunger, better known in the circles I frequented as the 'early-morning cramps.' The obvious

remedy, food, was out of the question. That famous palliative, nicotine and water, depression's signal contribution to medicine, could be depended upon to pinch-hit.

Luckily I had enough tobacco left to fill my pipe. I crawled to a near-by water spigot and drank to repletion; lighted the pipe, and inhaled the yellow, acrid smoke. The water kept its place like a little man, the intestines growled fearfully, the nicotine dulled and soothed, my doubled frame straightened out jerkily, and in less than five minutes I was wound up for three hours or better.

III

A heavy fog was moving in across the bay. The ferryboats had been bleating anxiously for the last quarter of an hour, and the Alcatraz bassoon was warming up. Morning fog meant wet tobacco, which would have to be treated and dried out before it could be used. The fog lessened the competition, however, and, everything considered, was not a serious drawback. The elation, expectation, and nervous tension which possess every marauder, gambler, or prospector who sets out in quest of booty dear to his heart began to jack up my spirit. Anything could happen! I might find a whole package of cigarettes! Last week I had picked up a chocolate bar in a virgin wrapper; and, once or twice, an unsullied cigar for Jenkins.

Suddenly I decided to change tactics and to concentrate on bigger and better things: on cash money — any amount. Make the sky the limit — four bits, six bits, a dollar! Of course, I would n't neglect the snipes; but I would borrow a couple of Jenkins's maxims and make them fit the occasion: 'Don't play for a draw, play for a win,' or, 'Believe in your skill and make up to Lady Luck, but depend on your opponent's mistakes.' I would believe in my good eyesight and would turn my vest inside out, but I would depend upon

somebody having holes in his trousers pockets.

I walked up Tenth Street without bothering about snipes as yet. The South of Market district was no good — a 'roll your own and snuff neighborhood.' As soon as I had reached Van Ness Avenue, which had a fair rating, I began stooping over frequently, using the deft, furtive, jackknife movement characteristic of all good snipers. The Avenue was deserted except for a few cruising taxicabs and now and then a sleepy cop who was wise enough to tend to his own knitting, which amounted roughly to dozing in a sheltered doorway. Nobody around to step on a fellow's fingers — that was the beauty of the early-morning kill. 'Two packages for a quarter' brands of cigarettes and horribly mutilated nickel stogies were common, but suspiciously short. The territory had been gone over once. Before long I spotted a dim figure bobbing up and down in a ridiculous, amateurish manner. At McAllister Street, I turned to the right and raced around the block as fast as I could go. I was n't very strong and I did n't feel well, but I had to do it or else be satisfied with the left-overs. I did n't worry about having a breakdown; my heart, my arches, my pride, and my suspender buttons — all had been broken years ago.

The fog had thickened into pea soup, and, as I reached Van Ness Avenue a few yards ahead of him, the chiseler did n't seem to be aware of having been tricked. It was clear sailing from then on. Anything less than one inch in cigarettes and two inches in cigars I left for the fellow behind.

I prided myself on strictly upholding the ethics of my profession and conforming to all the laws of the road. Like all professional ethics, mine also had become rubberized and could be stretched far enough to include the somewhat shady around-the-corner trick I had just perpetrated under the vague but all-embracing heading, 'Committed

in time of great stress and for the good of the profession.'

At Post Street, I turned towards the apartment house and club district, where the big game abounded. Soon my inside coat pocket was bulging with Jenkins's share of the loot, and the paper bag containing the cigarette butts weighed over a pound; still, so far, the morning had been a failure. Snipes, and snipes only, spelled defeat. I had to keep on, to aim higher (I meant lower), for something worth while *must* turn up.

The fog was as thick as ever; it was not yet daylight, but as it was close to six o'clock the dawn could n't be far off. The English sparrows and the pigeons were noisy and flirtatious; morning papers, milk bottles, and cats rotated freely; and a Levantine coffee-shop proprietor could be seen through steamy windows, rubbing his hairy chest with one hand while he rejuvenated yesterday's rice pudding with the other. Within a short time the hunting grounds would be defiled; and the modern Juggernaut, in the form of countless heels, would threaten even a champion's nimble fingers. I pictured myself being forced to knock off; I pictured the long, inglorious retreat to the Skidroad and the thousand or more men who would be ahead of me in the bread line; I imagined that I felt the taste in my mouth of the cold, glutinous mush. . . .

I was n't potted of clay that cracks easily, but the mere thought of food — even bread-line mush — took the little starch that I had stored up for emergencies completely out of my system. I gladly would have exchanged one of my wilting legs for a dish of that rice pudding which was being prodded so contemptuously next door. Then the absurdity of bartering a leg for a meal entered my mind, as I found myself sitting on the sidewalk facing the street. 'There are too many legs and too little rice pudding in this world,' I

reflected. 'Legs are continually coming and going but . . .'

Right there I lost all interest in the enduring power of rice pudding: I had spotted something! — something too large to be a glistening bottle cap, too even and round to be a piece of tinfoil, and too thick to be a token or an identification tag. It was lying well out, almost in the middle of the street, but I could see it quite plainly. It was a silver dollar beyond any doubt — one of those stately old-timers minted in Denver or San Francisco in the eighteen-eighties that had been jingling sonorously in Western jeans ever since.

Miraculously, my strength had returned; but nevertheless I did n't rush out immediately into the street to grab the coin as any other hungry man would have done. The sybaritic streak in my make-up, lately rarely exercised, made me remain sitting on the sidewalk, feasting my eyes on the lovely still-life. The few ounces of stamped metal which, if they had been in my possession a moment ago, I would n't have hesitated to swap for pounds and pounds of rice pudding had lost their vulgar, intrinsic value — had turned, in fact, into a symbol of faith, an answer to my innermost dreams, a confirmation of the soundness of Jenkins's reasoning, a powerful hint (if not a downright proof) that from then on my fortune was made. The possibilities of cashing in seemed unlimited.

At last, charged to the saturation point with rosy prospects, I left the sidewalk to gather the windfall. When I reached for the dollar, a violent draft ruffled my hair; something screamed close to my left ear.

IV

The interne had just finished stitching my brow when I regained consciousness. 'You are O.K., Slim. The windshield nicked you a bit. Duck next time or the coroner will get you. Say, Mac,' said he, turning to a policeman, 'you are out of

luck this morning.' They both left the room. The cop had glared angrily at me, his face a bloated picture of dismay, when my resurrection was an established fact and he realized that his chance of relieving the Sunday morning monotony by calling the dead wagon for a nice ride downtown to the morgue with the stiff and a chat with the newspaper boys had blown up. The nurse, a talkative, middle-aged woman, kept my sore head buzzing with depressing details of the accident while she put a white patch on top of the stitches.

'The ambulance driver who brought you here said it was a clear case of hit-running. The fellow who hit you probably did n't even slow down; and, anyway, there was nobody around to take his license number. Too bad, ain't it? No chance for collecting compensation, I suppose. Guess you could use some,' said she, looking at my much-slept-in clothes and turned vest. 'But whatever have you got in that awful paper bag,' she prattled on, 'and in your coat pocket, too? It smells to high heaven. I tried to pry your hands open, but you would n't let go.'

The dreadful past came slowly back to me. I had lost the silver dollar, but I had saved the snipes and — what seemed like very small potatoes — my life. My left hand was still clutching the paper bag with an iron hold; my right hand held on convulsively to the coat pocket in which were hoarded Jenkins's 'weeds.' My knuckles were white and my fingers were almost paralyzed from the pressure and exertion. With some effort, I managed to relax; the paper bag fell to the spotless floor of the dressing room with a dull thud. The inquisitive nurse could control her curiosity no longer. She pounced eagerly on the bag and peered expectantly into its damp, multicolored (ivory, cork, gold, and lipstick), strong-smelling (domestic, Turkish, and blended) contents; and then she dropped it like a hot penny.

'What is it?' she exclaimed.

'Snipes, lady; snipes,' said I.

'Snipes! But snipes are birds, are n't they?' said she.

'Yes,' said I, 'they used to be until hard times made 'em take to paper panties and nicotine. I met 'em in the gutter.'

She turned her head away in an offended manner and did n't answer. She probably had my number by that time and was thinking: 'One of those smart bums, wise-cracking one sixteenth of an inch the safe side of potter's field.'

I did n't care. After having let a shining silver dollar slip through my fingers, the loss of a woman's good opinion was of no importance. The nurse finished the dressing of my head in silence, helped me off the table, and handed me a ledger in which to sign my name, address, and occupation. When I put down 1261 Howard Street (a notorious flophouse in 1932) as my address and 'unemployed' for occupation, she nodded sagely.

I was faint and dizzy, my body felt as if it had been broken on the rack, but I could walk. I thanked the nurse for her trouble and reached for the bag of snipes, ready to leave.

'No, you don't!' she cried. And before I could intervene she had picked up the bag, thrown it into a refuse can, and slammed the lid shut.

'Now you stay here a moment,' said she, as she left the room.

Suspecting she had gone after help to relieve me of Jenkins's cut-down Havanas which still rested safely in my inner pocket, I made for the corridor and freedom. The nurse came out from behind a door just as I reached the exit.

Everything seemed to go wrong and my manners followed suit. 'What is it this time?' I snarled.

'Listen,' said she; 'don't be that way. You don't know how I hated to take those "birdies," or whatever you call them, away from you. Come back after a week or so and we'll remove the

stitches. Here is an appointment slip. So long.' She put an envelope in my hand, opened the door, and pushed me (not unkindly) out on to the sidewalk.

It was full daylight then. A gentle wind from the Mount Tamalpais direction had torn the fog into woolly patches, through which the slanting winter sun was trying to break. The grounds outside the neat, well-kept Emergency Hospital had been washed down recently; they exuded a spick-and-span odor that heightened unmercifully the contrast between the wholesome, orderly surroundings and the scarecrow in the rumpled suit and bloodstained shirt. That virginal Sunday morning and I refused to mix. I felt as out of place as a homesick *Bacillus leprae*, just in from Molokai, might be expected to feel in a land of perpetual cleanliness and health.

My exhausted condition, the morning's catastrophe, and the extreme ups and downs I had gone through in the past three hours added to my discomfort and broke my never overly strong mental backbone. I began floating slowly like the patches of fog above my head; only I was n't so clean and fluffy. I put my hand on my midriff and found it gone.

This was the first call of the second division of the early-morning cramps. 'All right,' I mumbled, 'let 'em come. Let 'em tear me apart. That cop shall have his ride downtown.' I gritted my teeth and clenched my fists nervously while I waited for the great leveler. I felt something hard in the envelope that I was still clutching; I opened it listlessly. There, folded neatly in the appointment slip, lay three quarters. 'Good God!' I cried. 'I can't die of starvation with six bits in my hand!' Realizing the immense potentialities ahead of me and the stunning fact that I had been sitting pretty on the economic shelves of my time for the past five minutes, I headed, stumbling perilously, towards the Skidroad and its cheap eating joints.

V

In the afternoon of the same day Jenkins and I met as usual in the vacant lot for a game of chess. I was dead-broke again, but no regrets were gnawing at my conscience; I had spent the kind-hearted nurse's donation wisely. Thirty cents had purchased three orders of flapjacks and coffee (twelve flapjacks, six cups of coffee, one pint of near syrup, and six squares of margarine); a nickel had paid for a bag of cigar clippings for my pipe; Jenkins had a ten-cent Corona-Corona in his mouth; and Gene held a nickel's worth of Horse Shoe Cut Plug in his excited, trembling front paws. The remaining twenty-five cents were deposited in the New Harbor House, where I was going to spend the night between clean — well, practically clean — sheets. The novel sensation of having the gastric juices working full shift had bucked me up to such a degree that a hastily contrived 'Prosperity Opening Accepted' had slashed Jenkins's game to pieces.

It was cozy behind the billboard. The balmy air, spiced by the aroma from the

cigar clippings, tended to put me in a mellow philosophical mood.

'There must be something in that concentration business, after all,' I remarked.

'If you go about it in the right way, there is,' answered Jenkins.

'I did n't fail altogether,' I continued.

'If your conception of non-failure is six stitches in the head and seventy-five cents, minus a pound of snipes, in place of a silver dollar, you did n't,' said Jenkins. 'However, a fellow who turns his vest inside out instead of simply buttoning it in the back can't expect much more. I hate to think of what'll happen if you find a ten-dollar bill next time. Then, I suppose, in order to get the lousy six bits on the dollar of what rightfully belongs to you, you will have to rub your low brow against an automobile going at full speed as a down payment for sixty stitches, and later toss in ten pounds of snipes into the bargain. That's more than the traffic will bear,' concluded Jenkins, looking doubtfully at my head, 'especially considering the tool you are working with.'

THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

BY M. E. HERRIOTT

I

SCHOOLTEACHING is not unlike gold mining. The product of each is of unusual value, but the difficulties of getting it often seem insurmountable. Their methods also have many similarities, with comparable courses of development.

The forty-niners used notoriously crude equipment for mining gold. The rocker or cradle followed the miner's pan, to be succeeded by the long tom, then by the sluice or riffle box, and later by ground sluicing or hydraulic mining. Large, successful mines to-day employ modern methods and equipment so efficient that it frequently pays to work the tailings of mines that were abandoned years ago when cruder methods were in vogue. But a visit to 'the diggings' in many parts of California to-day will often reveal the simple methods of the miner's pan and the riffle box. All these devices relied upon two fundamental principles: the great specific gravity of gold and its affinity for mercury, implemented by a generous supply of clear water.

So it is with education. Side by side may be found, at the present time, the most refined methods and procedures known to educational experts and the cruder methods and devices of an earlier day. Both may exemplify in greater or less degree fundamental principles of teaching and learning. But the cruder methods discover only the nuggets and grosser particles of free gold, while the better procedures separate the finest gold particles from the slickens and the gravel, and even from the quartz.

In gold mining, the comparative ignorance of the farmers, storekeepers, blacksmiths, and diggers from a great miscellany of vocations made them easy marks for a plethora of fakes and useless devices which had inevitably to be abandoned for pick, shovel, and pan.

Likewise, fake and useless educational devices appear perennially, developed by those who are ignorant of the fundamental principles of teaching and learning, or by those who would delude their more credulous fellows. But progress is being made toward educational methods that are comparable in effectiveness to the methods of modern gold mining. Some schools are even working the 'tailings' that are all too frequently cast off by cruder procedures.

II

In many school systems, pupils are accepted into the secondary schools (grades seven to twelve) without question once they have reached the age of fourteen or such social and physiological maturity that they may benefit more by attending a junior high school than by remaining in the elementary school (grades one to six). Likewise, pupils are normally promoted from junior high school (grades seven to nine) to the senior high school (grades ten to twelve) because of their social and physiological maturity rather than because they have mastered prescribed subject matter.

Thus the high schools (junior and

senior) have come to be filled by pupils in all stages of development who are of secondary-school age. Even the crippled and the blind and those whose eyesight is impaired have had special classes formed for them. Only those children are excluded whose mental development is so poor that they are incapable of profiting from the usual contacts of the school.

In many states, compulsory education to the age of eighteen precludes any noticeable drop-out before the tenth grade, and lack of opportunities for employment tempers the losses that might otherwise occur later. It is not uncommon, however, to permit those who can secure regular employment after the age of sixteen to attend school only a few hours each week.

As a result, the junior high schools contain virtually all the children of this school age, most of whom continue on into the senior high schools.

These and other factors, such as widespread insistence by employers on high-school graduation, have kept the secondary schools persistently and continually crowded. For example, all but one of the more than sixty high schools in Los Angeles have an enrollment greater than their normal capacity. Four new junior and three junior-senior high schools were opened this autumn without appreciably relieving the crowded condition of the other schools. During the past six years, the high-school population of Los Angeles has increased by more than nineteen thousand pupils, more pupils than are enrolled in the entire school system of many cities. This growth in secondary-school population is not peculiar to Los Angeles; it is merely illustrative of the growth that has occurred in public secondary schools throughout the nation.

In its early stages, the great democratic growth of public secondary-school population left the high-school faculties quite breathless, nonplussed, and a bit resentful. But once the inevitability of

the situation was admitted, the innate humanity of teachers asserted itself. A search was begun for ways to alleviate the obvious suffering caused by imposing previously accepted academic standards upon untold numbers of pupils wholly unsuited to academic pursuits.

This charitable impulse was augmented by the findings of the newborn science of education and the convictions of ardent progressives. Without adequate preparation for thoughtful experimentation, educators were swept into a maelstrom of isms. For the nonce, the flood seems to have subsided a bit. Educators have been left somewhat out of breath, but sans much excess baggage, and willing to be piloted if a pilot can be found who knows the rocks and reefs and can steer for clear water.

III

With better vision, it becomes evident that some practices have apparently come to stay. Others are only the beginnings from which greater advances will have to follow.

In pupil-school relationships, tendencies may be seen to accept the pupil as a responsible partner in the teaching-learning process; to emphasize learning for the joy of learning or for the recognized usefulness of the knowledge taught; to make the school a place for wholesome adolescent living rather than a place where one is inoculated against the ills of adulthood; to focus the contributions of many fields of knowledge upon children's obvious needs and endeavors rather than to teach factual material in isolation; and to make school control a purposeful and joint undertaking between student and faculty rather than merely a matter of suppression.

In school-home relationships, trends may be observed to accept the home into the triumvirate of child-home-school; to recognize the child as a citizen of his community, particularly his school community, and, conversely, to

recognize teachers as people, not merely as pedagogues or persons set apart; and to develop simplified marking systems tending toward less frequent but more thoughtful and meaningful reports to parents.

In school-community relationships, the apparent inclination is to make the school the 'town house,' the meeting place, of the community; and to postpone actual vocational education to the last two years before students may reasonably be expected to enter upon occupational life.

As a foundation for sound educational practice, intensive studies are being made of the needs of adolescents. The principal needs thus far identified are unquestionably accentuated during adolescence, although not wholly peculiar to this age.

Boys and girls need to grow in two important ways: their individual personality patterns should be permitted to develop naturally, and they should learn to adjust themselves to others and to fulfill their social obligations.

They need adult recognition of their differing growth patterns and differing ways of attaining biological and social maturity. Young people attain maturity at decidedly varying age levels, a fact that fairly clamors for attention. Great differences may be observed between individuals of the same sex, but the most marked differences occur between the sexes. Junior-high-school girls are from one semester to a year ahead of boys in personality growth. They have two dominant interests — to grow into women and to make a satisfactory social adjustment to boys of their own level of maturity. On the other hand, junior-high-school boys are distinguished by only one strong interest — to grow into men.

During the age of adolescence, pupils are making rapid progress in the simultaneous development of mental abilities and emergence of physical characteristics. The need for a rhythmic alternation of rest and activity throughout

the day is apparent. Prominent also, and in a sense touching all of the needs enumerated, is the urge to develop a worthy sense of selfhood — an integrated ego with unified, consistent behavior.

IV

It has often been said that one of the common practices which interfere most with the satisfaction of genuine child needs is the setting up of artificial standards as exemplified by school marks. The old, apparently very precise, percentage scale not infrequently set up an arbitrary passing mark of 70, and pupils were not infrequently failed who received marks of 69, or even $69\frac{1}{2}$. More than twenty years ago, the writer studied physics in high school. The teacher announced at the end of the course that the term mark would be the final examination mark, plus ten points for those students who had turned in all of their problems. The writer was given an examination mark of 91, and he had turned in all of the problems. Obviously, the bonus of ten points would give an impossible mark of 101 under a system in which 100 represented perfection; and a compromise term mark of 97 was finally given. Thus an apparently exact system is now recognized as being most inexact, misleading, and arbitrary.

Nevertheless, pupils and parents expect, and have a right to expect, some accounting by the school. Los Angeles junior high schools have adopted a basic two-mark plan: 'S,' meaning 'satisfactory achievement within the child's native endowment and present development'; and 'N,' meaning 'needs to improve, not achieving a reasonable expectancy for that child.' Under this plan, a child of superior endowment may be loafing, but still do much better work than his fellows of lesser ability. But the children who are using to the full the one talent given them by their inheritance will receive 'S' and the lazy child 'N.' The 'N' mark is not, however, a

substitute for former failure marks; the teacher may recommend that the pupil be promoted or that he repeat the course.

To these basic marks has been added a third mark, 'R,' meaning outstanding work. This mark is given, not with reference to the child's endowment, but with respect to his success as judged by the standards teachers have established through their years of experience.

To these three marks the senior high schools have added a fourth, 'C,' which qualifies for the Certificate of Completion, but not for the Diploma of Graduation. This distinction is mute testimony that many senior high schools do not yet recognize the fact that large numbers of pupils continue school because they must. They should be given opportunities within their powers, not subjected to an academic programme absurdly foreign to their capacities. Such being the case, the school has no right to stigmatize youngsters because they fail at something the good Lord never intended them to attempt.

The 'R' mark is derived from its senior-high-school definition, 'College Recommendation.' But junior high schools have been free these several years from the necessity of keeping a weather eye on the colleges — and even the senior high schools have been freed in large measure.

One result has been a tendency to shift strictly college-preparatory subject matter — notably algebra — into the senior high school. No doubt a three-year mathematics sequence will soon develop in place of the present four-year — part junior, part senior high school — offering. A similar upward movement of the foreign languages in the near future is freely predicted.

Another result of the new freedom from college requirements has been a growing feeling that the junior high schools should make school a joyous place, purposeful for young adolescents and conducive to wholesome personality development. This goal has not, of

course, been fully achieved, but fundamentals are emerging and interesting practices are developing.

V

To discern fundamentals is but one phase of successful pioneering. To translate them into successful practice is another.

At present, teachers are certain that the best learning comes from living rather than being taught about living; that the school must become a typical, albeit embryonic, community.

Some of the best teaching of to-day takes place in typical life activities of the school: publishing the school paper, preparing the programme for the closing exercises, beautifying the school, making a book for others to read, learning about the school itself, conducting student-body affairs, and a host of others.

But not all learning takes place in group activities. Individually, children like to draw pictures, model vases, make block prints, carve figures from wood, repair automobiles, build tables, bake cakes, sew dresses, read books, write and tell stories, and many similar things.

A balance of group and individual activities that are life-enriching and purposeful for young adolescents makes of the modern school a vastly different place from the school of twenty years ago. A change that illustrates the transition from the school of subject-matter-to-be-learned to the school that is a real-life community in miniature is the transformation of the two subjects of English and Social Studies into a new subject called Social Living.

English was once several subjects: grammar, literature, spelling, and penmanship. Other separate subjects were geography, civics, and history (of several varieties, especially American, English, mediæval, and modern). To these were added social and economic content, and the mixture was named Social Studies. More recently, in schools familiar to

me, the English and Social Studies have been merged. The time (approximately one third of the school day) previously allotted to the two has been given to the new hybrid. It is now taught by one teacher instead of the former two. The chief practical arguments for the change were the need for teaching the pupil as a whole child rather than as a collection of compartments, the desirability of reducing the number of different teachers to whom a pupil must adjust under the departmental plan of teaching, and the good that would come from reducing the number of different pupil contacts for teachers, who would thus be able to know their pupils more intimately.

This new arrangement has given a new perspective. It has afforded the school an opportunity to be organized more nearly as a community. The Social Living class is the centre of the pupil's school day; it is his home in which he learns as he lives, and from which he goes out into the school to take up the study of specializations: art, mathematics, shop work, homemaking, music, typewriting, and the like.

On entering junior high school, the pupils first learn about their new school in the Social Living group. They learn who is who, how the school is organized, and what opportunities there are for them — as members of their community and as students. The Social Living group may edit the school paper, or be the official dramatics group, or undertake other large-group activities. At the same time, the teacher of Social Living feels a responsibility for the pupils' ability to read, to write, and to spell — in other words, to use the English language as a tool. He is also responsible for their acquaintance with history, geography, and other social-economic knowledge.

In a large junior high school, there are eight or ten such groups in each half grade. Some groups are capable of complex activities, such as those already mentioned. Other groups must be content with simpler undertakings and may,

in fact, spend most of their time perfecting the tools of learning — especially reading — which they have not acquired in the grades. It is not at all uncommon to receive pupils into the seventh grade who have only fourth-, third-, or even second-grade reading ability. Teachers in the junior high school cannot complain, for it is better that these pupils progress with their natural social group than that they be retarded as in former days and acquire the inhibitions and quirks of character that go with frustration.

From the Social Living group, pupils go to a variety of more or less specialized activities: a period of physical recreation, shop (wood, electricity, auto, metal, drafting, or printing, sometimes agriculture), homemaking (foods or clothing), art, choral music, orchestra (classical or popular), mathematics, foreign language, science, and typewriting. At times some of these subjects are required of all pupils. In other grades, choices are permitted.

VI

Subject matter and its organization, as represented by Social Living and other subjects, offer one means of making the school a natural and joyous place for adolescents. Teaching methods present another means.

For years teachers were enamored of the idea of the socialized recitation. But its indiscriminate application has handicapped many a child. Child interest and child participation are important. Nevertheless, the contributions of psychology and the scientific study of best learning practices do not warrant universal use of the socialized recitation. Informal, large-group activities, such as those of the Social Living class, require group organization and relatively long periods of time for living together. A socialized procedure is appropriate. Subjects of a more or less drill character, such as typewriting, mathematics, and music, call for close organization and in-

tensive application for comparatively short periods of time. To attempt to socialize such subjects is to mistake the purpose of socialization.

Assuming proper enlistment of the child in the learning process as a participant and responsible member, it appears unwise to allot the same length of period to the several school subjects without consideration of the character of the learning that should take place in each. Such considerations have led some schools to attempt to provide short periods of class work for some subjects and relatively long periods for the more informal large-group activities. Economy of time and efficiency of learning are gained thereby.

As was mentioned earlier, the child is considered a responsible member of the community, and discipline is not something that is imposed from without. For many pupils, this point of view is very difficult to understand, because they come from homes which are governed by adult-imposed control. A case in point is that of a mother and father who called upon the writer as principal of the school. The mother asked that her daughter, aged fourteen, be called in and frightened to the point of losing interest in boys. Why? Because mother had discovered the following letter in daughter's purse and thought that daughter had done something terrible.

DEAR JOAN: —

I want to tell you why I have not been seeing you lately.

I don't love you. That's why I never kissed you.

I hope you will find someone who will be true to you.

You can give my pal, John, any message for me, for he knows.

I wish you all the luck in the world and hope you will find a boy friend who will be true to you.

DON

Inquiry revealed that Joan's mother did not know any of her daughter's friends — never met them, never talked

about them with Joan, never invited them to her home. Joan had been arriving home an hour or an hour and a half after the close of school. But mother never thought of her being interested in boys, thought that she should be interested only in her studies. Mother would not even admit that she herself had ever been interested in boys when she was in school — perhaps she was afraid her husband would be jealous.

Mother was advised not to take the matter too seriously, never to let Joan know that her note had been discovered, and to try to win Joan's confidence and become acquainted with her friends. Mother was also promised help by the school. The boy did not attend the same school, so little could be done as far as he was concerned — but then, he was not concerned any more, as he had declared his honorable intentions and withdrawn from the scene of action.

Discreet help was given by the Social Living teacher and the girls' vice principal. Mother did not wholly reform, but continued efforts by the school wrought some change. Between home and school, Joan has found fairly normal opportunities for enjoyable associations with boys of her own social maturity.

VII

During the past twenty-five years, junior high schools have become widely established. Educators with a vision of better schools and with the hope that this new unit would free teachers from a stratified school system have been primarily instrumental in establishing this new school unit. Not every junior high school has justified the aspirations of these seekers for a new order. But good prospecting has been done. Even though some veins were soon exhausted and others were in dry canyons that could not be supplied with adequate water, rich deposits of pay dirt and thick veins of the mother lode have been found.

COLUMBUS AND THE 'ALICE MABEL'

BY GLANVILLE SMITH

NOT without some rapturous anxiety on the part of her one passenger, the *Alice Mabel* worked her way between the breakers on Steventon bar, and was at sea again.

The sun rose, the clouds beyond the cays turned salmon-color with a wisp of rainbow risen up among them, the billows toppled, the sails cracked, and Cook, hovering near, was obviously obsessed with thoughts of breakfast. 'Can't set the table, eh, Cook?' said the Captain.

'No, sir,' said Cook. 'Too rough.'

'Well, bring your things back here,' said the Captain. 'Put the dishes in a pan, and put the pan on the floor as low as you can get it, and let the Chief know that breakfast is ready.'

The ham and the hominy soon appeared, the coffee cups, the big black pot, and the little strainer; the Chief, too, his hair brushed down in morning neatness. And while the world dropped from under us, or boosted us sky-high, or reeled dizzily about our heads, the Captain on one knee said grace, and we ate.

Grace was the regular thing on that Bahamian mail boat. Usually the Captain said it, but sometimes he would ask the Chief, a young man, to bless the table. They both knew how — two Abaco men, from Hope Town, which is a seafaring and God-fearing place. Thus, though the *Alice Mabel* had neither style, comfort, nor speed, she could not be said to be graceless. One of the things I liked about her best (and before the trip was done I was truly attached to her) was this homelike grace-saying.

But there are graces and graces. On the return voyage we had two Anglican priests aboard, going to Nassau synod; they said grace for us, crossing themselves and rattling off the formula with practised dispatch. It was very nice to have the hominy blessed by professionals, I suppose, but the Lord (if He is anything like me) must have wished with a sigh for something fresher. The Captain's grace was what I liked; it gave the food more sweetness, and in an unexpected way linked up the humdrum mail trip of the *Alice Mabel* with the first marine doings in the Bahamas.

Columbus was a prayerful man, though (it being still the day of one undivided Church) only an amateur, officially. On his second voyage he had a professional cleric with him, to give weight to the devotions; but on the first, when God's help must have been more passionately wanted, it was plain mariners' prayers that were offered night and morning. When at last, from the New World's first blue anchorages, the 'Salve Regina' joyfully was raised, sailors sang it; for all the twang of their rough husky voices, the islanders listening on the shore thought they heard music made by Men from Heaven.

Where the anchorages were, that idyllic first week in the Bahamas, is not exactly known, at least not by me. The settled opinion is, however, that Columbus's first landing was on San Salvador, the outmost though not the eastmost of the islands. From San Salvador he departed southward in a zig-

zag course that led away through the Crooked Island Passage. His journal of these zigzags, hurrying in excitement from island to island, is not easy to follow on a chart; but Captain Becher of the Royal Navy, wrinkling his brow over the problem eighty years ago, decided that one zig took him into Exuma Sound. At Exuma Harbor it was, he decided, that the fleet first took on water in quantity after the long voyage.

I should like to think this a true guess. With its cays, white bluff, and wind-bent trees, it looks a fit setting for History. Here too, to come to our own unmomentous story, the *Alice Mabel* dropped her anchor, the townspeople proved friendly, and sailors' grace ushered in the supper.

True enough, I also saw Long Island, where it is sure Columbus touched. Our outmost stopping place was Simms, on that island, a country road at the plain's sea edge, with a few hip-roofed houses and solemn shut-up churches scattered along it, and trees and cornfields planted in the porous rock. With its long shore, endless road, and distant long low hills, it seemed not the scene of History, but of a dateless quiescence. Its rôle, in fact, as the Captain pointed out while we were bringing in the mail, is astronomical rather than earthly. It lies precisely on the Tropic. When the sun comes to Simms, and can look down Mrs. Simms's well, he turns south again, and goes back to the Amazon.

We too turned back there, with the settlement's two weeks' accumulation of mail aboard. The wind and the High Church clerics were with us now; we came back to Nassau flying. But the struggling journey out suited me better. It had more of the sea and the islands in it, thanks to its day difficulties, peaceful night anchorages, and its slowness.

As far as Steventon, I had had a fellow passenger. He was a Simms of Simms, a mechanic going back from Nassau to make a proposal of marriage to his girl.

Simms was a real Conch or islander, who did n't feel comfortable with his shoes

laced. His broad silver-palm hat turned up in front when he looked into the wind, and when he looked off to sea a slow satisfaction came into his face, because boats and blue brine had been so much a part of his life from its beginning. But his opinion of the *Alice Mabel* will not bear repeating here. In the billows of Exuma Sound she made two miles an hour, which was worse than standing still to a man with a proposal pent up in his bosom. True, the delay was of some use to him. He gargled or sucked lozenges to sweeten his voice. Thanks to a current fit of hoarseness, his most frivolous remark sounded like the croak of an oracle at the bottom of a cave, and he felt this should be cured for the good of the business he had in hand.

But at Steventon his patience blew up. Spitting out a curse together with the last lozenge, he took his bicycle ashore, and rode over hill and dale to our next stop, to get the Old Nick out of his legs. It was night, but moonlight, and he got to George Town sixteen hours before we did, in spite of the gates to open and cows to shy rocks at that cumbered the limestone road.

His hoarseness was no better when we met again, but he was improved in meekness. Besides, he had been given a bag of fine tomatoes by a farmer, and another of bananas, which cheered him. I too, in George Town, was befriended by a lively colored man, who loaded a small boy with guavas, okra, pawpaws, and green lettuce, and sent him with me to the wharf. The Captain had picked up two loaves of bread, fresh-baked by the constable's wife. We dined well at anchor that night; there was something besides hominy to say grace over.

And afterwards when the moon was up again, hustling through the whiffy white clouds that drove across the sky, and the glassy water rustled under our black hull, Simms soothed his throat with tangerine juice, sugar, and rum, in which medication the Chief and I willingly shared. The Captain, a teetotaler,

sat with us, smoking a cigar, spinning yarns of hurricanes — of which the tough *Alice Mabel* had weathered several — and cracking Bible jokes. Though it was an agony to his gullet, these jests set Simms to laughing. 'Cap'n Carey,' he would wheeze, kicking his heels joyfully against the wheelbox, 'you 're the jokiest old fellow I'se knowed in all my days!'

In fact we were much at home there, anchored out of the wind. My companions, all Conchs of old families, knew these cays and bright blue channels like the pockets of a much-worn pair of pants. Ashore in the settlements they knew everybody, black and white. Simms was always hailing relatives. When the Captain set up his parasol on wharf or beach, to distribute parcels, it was like the home-coming of a benign potentate.

Since confidence is catching, I, the stranger, felt the world to be homelike too, in Exuma Harbor. I too had some friends ashore. In my brain was the comfortable recollection of my colored benefactor's garden, and of his white-washed house, with conch shells in a pink ring around it, where I had been made so welcome. While he was off gathering the pawpaws, his sister, who had lived in the lighthouse on Cay Lobos, told me of happenings in that still-remoter place: how ships would sometimes come so close you could see the people wave their handkerchiefs, or hear their called greetings. She was a merry girl, with a clear tuneful voice; the grace of her gestures, and the bright way her pigtailed nodded, made everything she said seem pretty. But old Columbus, anchored off that shore, with his sailors fast asleep around him after their prayers, must have peered out at its lightlessness with troubled eyes.

He found the Bahamas beautiful, to be sure. Almost any land would have looked good after the anxiety of the voyage. Moreover, he was a Mediterranean, used to the rocky, not really verdant, shores of the classic sea. If the English sailor or the Irishman in his crews had

written the journal, its entries might not have given these limestone cays the name of so green a paradise: to the Northerner their greenery is olive and silver for the most part. The parrots and flamingos, however, were the admiration of everybody. The people, the brown islanders, for innocence, gentleness, and good nature, were beyond praise.

But he had embarked not to find Arcady, but the Orient. He had a letter to deliver to the Great Khan! His mind, one of the least mean in the annals of the race, delighted in the simplicity of island goodness, but he was man of the world enough to know that descriptions of a society more charming than its own would not satisfy Spain. The riches of the heathen Orient were what he had come for, to reward his backers, and (his own share, this was to be) to recapture Jerusalem from the Turks. He had spent the best years of his life plaguing the courts of Europe to send him on his voyage, to establish commerce to finance a new Crusade: now here he was, with the gout beginning to cripple his joints, and found the people naked. They swam to the ships with balls of cotton to barter. It was their sole commodity. How many balls of Bahamian cotton would it take to deliver the Holy City?

Columbus did not waste paper on the foolish computation, but with morning sang the 'Salve' devoutly and sailed away for Cuba, of which he had begun to hear. There it was he should find the peacock porcelain towers and glittering thrones of gold told of by Marco Polo!

With our morning, no less fair, the *Alice Mabel* pulled up anchor, and, turning her nose toward a long-familiar port, toiled away over well-charted waters. The Captain's prayer led up to no cruise into the unknown, but a breakfast of plain ham and hominy. Nowhere in China, however, for all its towers and thrones, could old Columbus have seen such peacock-glittering colors as those of the sea we rode over that day, just going about our business.

WINTER TIDE

BY ROBERT NATHAN

THERE is a tide that makes upon this shore
Continual thunder as the waters leap
Rising and crying from the ocean floor,
Roaring and rising from the desolate deep.
This is no summer current, half asleep;
This is the night in which the world began,
This is the dark beyond the outer steep,
This is the icy enemy of man.
Stand here awhile beyond the flow and foam,
And do not tremble. Ocean is not free.
The fisherman who makes the sea his home
Knows that the tide must turn again to sea;
And where these waters tumble wide and bare,
Children will play and women sun their hair.

HOW STRONG IS JAPAN?

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

How strong is Japan? On the answer to this question depends the destiny of East Asia. The most varied guesses have been ventured. Japan is interpreted now as a nation of military and industrial supermen, now as a bluffer, a giant with clay feet ready to crumble at the first serious pressure.

Between Japan and the foreign observer are several walls to be surmounted. First there interposes the jealous secrecy over all information having even a remote bearing on military and naval matters. Sometimes this system is carried to ridiculous extremes. Names of Japanese units which took part in military operations years ago are carefully deleted in books and magazines. An unsuspecting foreign tourist is likely to be haled before the police if he photographs a bunch of Japanese radishes in a fortified zone.

But exaggerated and even absurd as the system of Japanese counter-espionage may be, it serves to keep foreign observers pretty much in the dark about many essential features of the services and of the industries which cater to war needs.

A second wall opposes in the personality of the average Japanese, which is apt to be reserved and repressed. And a third, and most effective, rampart is the Japanese written language, knowledge of which is restricted to an extremely small class of specialists. These infinitely complicated hieroglyphs shut off the majority of even serious foreign students of Japan from direct contact with her books and publications, and are

an admirable smoke screen against a potential enemy. A captured Japanese dispatch in time of war would demand a major deciphering operation.

Finally, even when physical Japan has been reckoned up, with all her fighting strength, her power in actual and potential industry, her weight in finance and her weakness in raw materials, there still remain the intangible factors which almost defy resolution. How solid are the traditional foundations of Japanese society, with its reverence for the patriarchal Emperor and the family system? How much of the Japanese way of life is ingrained and deep-rooted, how much merely the result of tradition and police regimentation and likely to crack under the shock of a major crisis? How perilous, from the standpoint of the existing order, are the 'dangerous thoughts' which the police are always on the alert to detect and repress?

Many elements enter into a calculation of Japan's strength and weakness; the most important of them seem to fall into three categories—military, economic, and moral.

I

What of Japan's weapons of striking power, the army and the navy? As regards equipment and modern weapons, the Japanese army, despite recent intensive efforts at rearmament, is distinctly inferior to those of the large continental European powers. In many fields it has not progressed far beyond the stage which had been reached at the

end of the World War. The tanks are of outdated models; the airplanes are inferior to those of the Soviet Union, Germany, and France in number, speed, and quality; the cavalry is still inadequately supplemented with mechanized units.

On the other hand, Japan enjoys a wide margin of superiority over China in the training, discipline, and equipment of her troops; the best proof of which is the easy victories which Japanese units have in the past won over much larger Chinese forces. An exception to this rule, the prolonged resistance of the Chinese on the outskirts of Shanghai in 1932, was only made possible by the mistaken military pride of the Japanese commanders, who persisted in making frontal attacks on a strong natural position which could have been, and eventually was, taken without difficulty by means of a flanking movement.

Geographical considerations make it most unlikely that Japan will ever be compelled to fight a Western army, except perhaps that of the Soviet Union. And while the Soviet Union to-day is superior to Japan in the number and probably also in the quality of its tanks and airplanes, it faces the permanent disadvantage of having its main centres of industry and population situated many thousands of miles away from the prospective scene of hostilities.

Japan's economy is being increasingly organized on a wartime basis, with mobilization plans highly perfected. A foreign observer at one of the recent field manoeuvres of the Japanese army remarked that while the showing of airplanes and other modern technical weapons was not impressive, by Western standards, the fighting spirit of the troops was incomparable. In bayonet charges the officers had to hold back the men from turning a sham fight into a real one.

The army prides itself highly on its morale, sustained by a very intensive system of propaganda which begins before the conscript is called to the colors and continues after he has completed his

term of service and passed into the reserve. An officer once told a foreign colleague that no attention is paid in training to retreating operations because the Japanese army will never retreat. Some military men are afraid that previous easy victories, coupled with lack of experience in the type of fighting that characterized the World War, may lead to overconfidence and disastrous results; but the majority believe that what they consider the unique Japanese spirit will be an important asset in future wars.

A distinctive feature of the Japanese army is its extreme simplicity. It is for use, not for ornament. Officers and men often do not shave for days at a time; soldiers do not march in step unless they are on parade.

Soon after I arrived in Japan, I obtained an appointment with a high officer in the War Department. I was surprised to find him sitting unshaved in a tiny room with the dingiest kind of furniture. But this officer, as I realized later, was living up to the code of *Bushido*, or mediæval knighthood, which prescribes self-denial and absence of ostentation as virtues of a warrior. This point is also emphasized in the precepts to soldiers and sailors drawn up by the Emperor Meiji, which include the following passage:—

The soldier and the sailor should make simplicity their aim. If you do not make simplicity your aim you will become effeminate and frivolous and acquire fondness for luxurious and extravagant ways. You will finally grow selfish and sordid and sink to the last degree of baseness, so that neither loyalty nor valor will avail to save you from the contempt of the world.

Here, as not infrequently happens, moral virtue is extracted from economic necessity. With her finances in chronic disorder Japan cannot afford to pamper her troops. Officers and men alike are obliged to subsist on a régime of austere frugality, in which food is still more plentiful and better-balanced than the diet of the peasant recruit at home.

The Japanese military system calls for deliberate hardening exercises. An especially hot day in summer or an especially cold day in winter will be chosen for an all-day march; and in winter gloves and vests are forbidden. At the end of a stiff march, troops will be put through vigorous setting-up exercises. Endurance, ability to bear any extreme of weather, any physical hardship, is regarded as a military virtue second only to courage itself.

The Japanese navy has kept pace with modern inventions better than the army, although it is inferior to the navies of the United States and Great Britain in capital ships, seaplanes, and guns. On sea as on land, however, Japan enjoys the advantage of proximity to the probable war zone. Any conflict in which Japan might become involved with Great Britain or America would have to be fought out in the waters of the Western Pacific, close to her home bases. And her defensive position, with one important exception, is immensely strong.

Japan proper faces a huge ocean, across which an attacking fleet would be compelled to voyage thousands of miles, and enjoys the further protective advantage of island outposts covering the three main directions from which an attack might be expected. The Kurile Islands, stretching out in a northeastern direction from Hokkaido to Kamchatka, are a defensive barrier against an attack from Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. The approach from the south, from Singapore or the Philippines, is covered by Formosa and the Loochoo Islands, while the far-flung South Seas Mandated Islands are ideally situated for defense against an American fleet, based on Hawaii.

Behind this position are narrow seas, the Japan Sea and the Yellow Sea; communication with Japan's continental dependencies, Korea and Manchukuo, is short and easy. As Denlinger and Gary say, in *War in the Pacific*, 'There is not a naval power in the world that

possesses the strength of geographic position that is Japan's.'

The weak spot in Japan's scheme of sea and air defense may be summed up in one word: Vladivostok. This Soviet Far Eastern outpost is only seven hundred miles from Tokyo, by direct air line, and the flotilla of submarines there might inflict serious damage to Japanese communications with the continent in the event of war. Moreover, the concentration of Japan's main industries in four areas (Tokyo-Yokohama, Osaka-Kobe, Nagoya, and North Kyushu) provides tempting targets for air bombardment.

The navy, like the army, zealously cherishes and cultivates the spirit of exalted nationalism that is practically a religion in Japan. The idea that death is always to be preferred to surrender is inculcated and reinforced by the example of the transport *Kinshu Maru*, which, when placed in a hopeless position in the Russo-Japanese War, refusing offers of surrender, went down with all on board, officers and men giving three last banzais for the Emperor.

The Japanese navy was originally modeled along British lines. The uniform is suggestive of the British, and English is the foreign language most generally spoken by naval officers, whereas their colleagues in the army are more likely to know German. The navy has, however, entirely passed out of the stage of tutelage and has developed a number of original features. A Japanese warship carries an unusually large number of officers, with the idea of having a substitute ready to take the place of any officer who may be killed in action. The quarters of the sailors, while kept scrupulously clean, are cramped, by Western standards, and there has been an effort to utilize this saving on space by providing thicker armor plate and otherwise increasing the fighting efficiency of the vessel.

Although the conscription system prevails for the navy, as for the army, a great proportion of the sailors are volun-

teers; Japan's large class of fishermen provides natural recruits for the service. The Japanese naval officer, like his military colleague, takes his work with fanatical seriousness and often shows a certain pride in having no interests outside his profession. Morale and discipline both in the army and in the navy are good. Despite the explosion of February 26, there is no indication that the tendency to form hostile cliques has spread to the lower ranks or undermined the traditional devotion to duty of the Japanese private soldier.

II

The degree of a country's military preparedness is inseparably bound up with its industrial and financial condition. And in this field, despite the progress of the heavy industries during the last years, despite the present and prospective plans for husbanding raw materials and providing synthetic substitutes, Japan is confronted with grave difficulties which would become almost insurmountable in the event of a protracted war with one or more first-class powers.

Any large war would immediately and seriously dislocate Japan's balance of international payments, which is already revealing a deficit under the milder strain of accelerated war preparations. Vastly larger quantities of oil, rubber, cotton, wool, iron, and nonferrous metals would be required for war needs; at the same time much of the plant and equipment now devoted to export industry would be taken over for war purposes. A huge gap would immediately manifest itself between the swollen volume of imports and the small quantity of exports.

And the means of bridging this gap over any prolonged period would be severely limited. Japan's present gold reserve is about \$450,000,000. Foreign deposits and securities are reckoned at almost 1,500,000,000 gold yen (approximately \$1,250,000,000 at the present day); but against this must be set a sum

of almost 750,000,000 gold yen which Japan owes abroad. Inasmuch as only part of the foreign holdings are liquid, it is doubtful whether the total amount of gold and foreign exchange which Japan could muster in the event of war would be much in excess of \$1,000,000,000 — a small reserve for such an expensive enterprise as a modern war.

Merely in her preparation for war, Japan has only been able to balance her budget by substantial annual bond issues. The beginning of a large-scale conflict would mean the end of financial stability and uncontrollable inflation. The murdered Finance Minister, Korekiyo Takahashi, had strong evidence to support him when he said: 'If Japan wants to avoid financial shipwreck she can permit herself no external or internal "national emergencies."' "

To be sure, history is full of wars which have been fought long after one or both of the combatants were bankrupt. A system of war socialism (already foreshadowed in the peacetime economic structure of the Soviet Union, Germany, Italy, and Japan), characterized by rigid rationing of foodstuffs and commodities, would make it possible to carry on war with little regard for technical financial considerations. But Japan's poverty in gold and foreign currency would represent a very serious handicap in a long war which would require large imports of raw materials and some types of munitions. The chances of foreign financial aid, in the present state of world politics, are slight. Japan has not floated any loans on foreign markets since the occupation of Manchuria and the subsequent deficit financing. A war-time loan would be such a poor financial risk that it would probably be granted only as an actual subsidy by an ally anxious to help Japan win the war. And it is very doubtful whether Japan could find any such ally to-day. Germany, the country with which she is on the best terms, is obviously in no position to extend financial aid.

Finance has always been a limiting factor in Japan's development. The Russo-Japanese War was ended on terms insufficiently favorable to public opinion because the government had virtually exhausted its financial resources. And Japan's relative poverty is a handicap in peacetime as well as in wartime expansion. Even if political relations between Japan and China were better than they are, it is doubtful whether large investments of Japanese capital in China would be possible, especially while Manchukuo annually absorbs sums which are large in relation to Japan's surplus capital.

Two factors have kept Japan poor in accumulated wealth, despite the striking progress of shipping, foreign trade, and some branches of industry. Apart from silk, which has greatly diminished in value during the last few years, and canned sea food, Japan's main exports are almost all manufactured out of raw materials that must be purchased abroad. Moreover, the empire contains no very rich deposits of gold or other precious metals. Poverty in capital is not only a potential handicap in war but a serious drawback to Japan in the constant international competition for trade and other advantages in China.

The food situation, while it might be adjusted in the beginning by the introduction of a rationing system and the placing of the whole nation on a Japanese diet, would present growing difficulties as the war continued. For Japanese agriculture, with its few machines and beasts of burden, depends very largely on patient human toil. The withdrawal of millions of working hands for service at the front, for work in munitions factories and other war activities, would almost certainly cause a progressive decline in productivity.

In short, the economic omens for Japan at war would be generally unfavorable, unless there were reasonable assurance that the war would end in a quick and decisive victory. Neither the nervous and volatile Japanese national

temperament nor the precariously balanced Japanese national economy is well adapted to the grim struggle of attrition.

III

How strong is the existing order in Japan, an order based on uneasy compromise, an unstable coalition of the military leaders, big business, the bureaucracy, and the political parties? Some ardently anti-Japanese publicists cherish the hope that even the small shock of a war with China, to say nothing of the major shock of a war with the Soviet Union, would be sufficient to overthrow the present system and herald fundamental social revolution.

This, I suspect, is wishful thinking, with little basis in Japanese realities. It is certainly significant that there has been no revolutionary outbreak in Japan remotely comparable in nationwide scope and depth with the 'dress rehearsal' of the Russian Revolution which took place in 1905.

The most serious popular dissatisfaction in the present century occurred in the summer of 1918, when there were widespread rice riots as a protest against the extremely high price which prevailed as a result of wartime inflation and profiteering. The all-powerful police, for once, were reduced to helplessness, and there was much burning of stores and warehouses belonging to firms which were accused of profiteering. But this was a large riot, not a revolution, and subsided as soon as the government made a few promises and brought up a few troops.

The best refutation of the idea that the Japanese masses are seething with suppressed revolutionary ardor was surely furnished by the course of the February 26 revolt. Here was a situation where one might reasonably have anticipated nation-wide riots, strikes, and disturbances. Yet there was not a ripple of violence outside the small area of Tokyo which the insurgents had occupied. The enormous majority of the Japanese peo-

ple went about their business as if nothing were happening.

To say that Japan, on the basis of available evidence, is not burning with revolutionary fire is not to suggest that the Japanese are living in a state of idyllic contentment. And Japan did not escape the world-wide trend toward industrial unrest, despite the fact that labor is weakly organized in the Island Empire, where less than 15 per cent of the 3,000,000 factory workers are trade-union members. If one may judge from the figures of the first three months, 1937 will be the most disturbed year in industrial relations which Japan has experienced during the last decade. During this period 704 labor disputes, affecting 63,197 persons, were registered. During the entire year 1936 there were only 1922 disputes, involving 90,310 workers. The main cause of the wave of strikes during the first months of 1937 was the sharp upturn in the cost of living.

The material position of the workers has been deteriorating since 1931. While retail prices between 1931 and the spring of 1937 rose by more than 25 per cent, earnings of industrial workers during the same period increased by only about 2 per cent. Even this slight increase was made possible only through overtime work, because the tendency of hourly wage rates until very recently has been downward, not upward. To be sure, real wages have not declined as much as these figures would indicate, because the number of workers employed has risen substantially, especially during the last two years, and newly employed workers, as less skilled, naturally receive lower than average pay. But the purchasing power of the average worker, especially of the woman worker, has been falling.

Because of the weakness of trade-union organization and because of the drastic methods which the police often employ against 'agitators,' Japanese workers are apt to resort to indirect means in order to gain their objectives. For instance, when the bus and street-

car workers in Tokyo wanted an increase in pay in the spring of 1937, they did not walk out in a body. Instead they worked out an elaborate scheme of 'go slow' tactics. Buses and cars which ordinarily are driven at a rapid pace crawled along and made long stops. As a result a good deal of inconvenience was inflicted; after several days of this 'go slow' strike the workers were granted an increase in pay, although a smaller one than they had demanded. The same methods were employed by the 3400 workers in an airplane plant belonging to the Mitsubishi Company in Nagoya.

A still more original trick was employed by 700 municipal bus workers who wished to help strikers on one of the suburban bus lines. The bus company was also the proprietor of a large Tokyo department store which operated a restaurant. So day after day a horde of bus workers poured into the restaurant, taking every available place at the busiest time and sitting there for hours over five-sen cups of coffee, thereby crowding out the regular patrons and inflicting financial loss on the company.

The strike wave has affected classes of people who ordinarily have nothing to do with the labor movement. A group of Osaka geishas attracted international attention when they walked out of their houses as a protest against conditions and demanded, among other things, the right to organize their own labor exchange. Their method was to occupy a picturesque Buddhist temple and to carry out a 'sit-down' strike. Sympathizers sent them enough money and provisions to sustain a long siege; and ultimately they received a partial satisfaction. More recently seventy taxi dancers in one of the Tokyo dance halls walked out, demanding higher pay and easier working conditions. Most bizarre of all was the 'strike' of a number of women in one of the brothels, who laid their grievances before the Tokyo Metropolitan Police Board. The police, who are always ready to act as arbiters in

labor disputes and often intervene on their own initiative, decided that the manager of the house should hand over the business to his son, who promised to give the women better treatment.

A few mild sit-down strikes have been practised, although Japanese workers have not yet dared to occupy any large plant. What they have done on several occasions is to barricade themselves in clubs or other public buildings, refusing to come out until favorable consideration is promised for their demands.

The strike wave of early 1937 was an indication that living standards of Japanese workers cannot be forced down too far without provoking resistance. But there was nothing revolutionary about it; production suffered much less than has been the case in America and in France during periods of labor unrest. The most customary settlement of the Japanese labor disputes was on the basis of a 10 per cent wage increase, which roughly covered the increase in the cost of living since 1936. While real wages have declined since 1931, they are still above the pre-war level. The worker, like the peasant, whose struggle for existence is usually much harder, has benefited to a limited extent from Japan's industrial progress, which has placed home-manufactured bicycles, cheap phonographs and radio sets, canned food, and other articles of consumption within reach of the masses.

Many things in the Japanese social and economic structure are resistant to social revolution. The relatively small number of big factories; the distribution of much industrial work among millions of little peasant and artisan households; the predominance of the small holder in agriculture — these are tangible factors which are matched in the intangible sphere by the long training in the family system, the conservative influence of the innumerable shrines and legends of the gods, the propaganda that is carried on in schools for such qualities as loyalty, obedience, hard work, thrift.

So a revolution from below, a sweeping revolt of the masses, seems very unlikely, unless under the stimulus of some crushing military defeat. Revolution from above, in the sense of a coup d'état, peaceful or violent, which would place the army in the position of undisputed master of the country, is more possible. But such a political change would not greatly affect the everyday ways of Japanese life.

IV

Japan's dream of dominating East Asia was put to a decisive test by the struggle with China which began in July 1937 and is still in full course at the time of writing. Up to that rupture it had seemed that new centres of resistance to Japanese expansion had formed which might create a different balance of power in the Far East to replace the one which had been overthrown when Japan occupied Manchuria and denounced the Washington naval agreements.

But the international situation in 1937 was unmistakably favorable to a Japanese settlement of accounts with China. The Soviet Union had been gravely weakened by the execution of many of its leading generals on mysterious charges of treason. Great Britain was preoccupied with the Spanish civil war and with the generally threatening European situation and was in no position to dispatch any considerable naval force to Far Eastern waters. The American attitude toward foreign conflicts was firmly isolationist.

There is no positive evidence that the fighting which started in a skirmish near Peiping and has already involved hundreds of thousands of men on both sides in various parts of China was the premeditated beginning of a calculated scheme of conquest. But at every stage in the widening course of hostilities the Japanese demands outran the Chinese willingness or ability to comply. By the time serious fighting had started in the Shanghai area Japan's political and mili-

tary leaders were abandoning their original slogan, 'non-aggravation of the incident,' putting aside hopes of a short and relatively inexpensive campaign in North China, and preparing, in the quaint language of Japanese official communiqués, 'positively to chastise the lawless Chinese.'

Japan's war aims have not been stated with any great clarity by her statesmen, but they have been indicated by the activities of her soldiers. When hundreds of thousands of men have been mobilized and a sum almost equal to the whole year's budget has been appropriated within two months after the outbreak of hostilities, it is clear that no petty concessions will satisfy Japan's ambitions. Repudiations of territorial ambitions may be technically sincere, but they are meaningless, because political changes can be brought about through the creation of new puppet states, on the model of Manchukuo.

There is strong reason to believe that Japan has three definite aspirations in China. The first is the creation of a régime in North China that will be entirely subservient to Japanese wishes. Along with a completely dependent Chinese administration in Peiping and Tientsin, a new Mongolian state, the frontiers of which are still indeterminate, seems to be taking shape. And Japan's ambitions are not restricted to the Peiping-Tientsin area. They include Shantung, where Japanese possess extensive economic interests, and Shansi, with its coal mines.

A Japanese-controlled North China, it is believed, will mean more cotton for the mills of Osaka and a new barrier to Soviet influence from the north. The coal of Shansi and the iron of Chahar are also important considerations; Japan's growing continental empire is expected to provide a large part of the raw-material base for the heavy industry indispensable to a first-class imperial power.

Japan's second aspiration is for a government in Nanking which will be only a little less subservient than the new

régime in North China. A Japanese diplomat, Mr. Toshio Shiratori, formulated an idea that would certainly find approval in Japanese military circles when he recently advocated, in terms that would suggest either naïveté or cynical irony, a complete Japanese military protectorate over China: —

'I should like to suggest that China abolish all the armaments throughout the country and entrust Japan with the maintenance of peace and order. It is my belief that, if left in charge of Japan, China will certainly find herself more strongly defended than otherwise. She is in danger of being beaten by Japan only when she maintains troops, but she will have nothing to beat if she has no troops. For China it is dangerous to keep troops, and it is safe to give up armaments.'

Japan hopes to achieve by her present military effort a new government in Nanking receptive to every Japanese wish, from 'economic coöperation,' in the sense of wholesale penetration, to a 'military alliance' along the lines of Mr. Shiratori's proposal. It is widely believed in Tokyo that, even though Chiang Kai-shek himself may prove intransigent, some Chinese will be found to negotiate with after the futility of resistance has been clearly demonstrated.

A third probable demand is for a change in the status of Shanghai, which has now twice been the scene of fierce fighting. A combination of the foreign and Chinese parts of Shanghai under a single administration with the status of a free city is an idea that finds favor in some Japanese circles. That Japanese influence in Shanghai will be immensely strengthened if the war turns out favorably may be taken for granted.

In short, 'Japan over Asia' to-day has become a living reality, for which Japanese soldiers and sailors and airmen go to their deaths with traditional courage, and for which the Japanese masses will have to pinch and scrape still more as the war bills fall due for payment.

The immediate response of the Japanese people to the war has been one of unanimous patriotism. Doubts and criticisms are uttered in hushed voices, if at all. Not a voice has been raised in the Diet in criticism of the war. The outward signs are all of enthusiasm: resounding cheers for the reservists who depart daily for the front; women collecting a thousand stitches on garments for soldiers, in the belief that this will serve as a talisman; long lines of people, from middle-aged business men to little schoolgirls, filing into the War and Navy Departments to make voluntary offerings for the benefit of the soldiers and sailors.

What are the chances that Japan will realize her bold stake on Oriental empire, and bring all China, in one form or another, within the orbit of her political and economic influence? The time factor is, I believe, of vital, if not paramount, importance. If Japan can crush effective Chinese resistance within six months, the military and political side of her venture will have succeeded, although the very broad question of whether Japan will have the surplus resources for effective economic exploitation will remain to be answered. On the other hand, if China after a year still has forces in the field, perhaps armed from Russia, Japan's ultimate victory is likely to prove a Pyrrhic one. Financial and economic difficulties will multiply; stocks of gold and foreign exchange will run low; the country will be seriously weakened in the event of a clash with some power better armed than China.

Even apart from the possible extension of the conflict to a point where Japan's limited resources would be seriously strained, it remains a grave question whether Japan has not appeared too late on the imperial stage. To-day the masses, even in backward and largely illiterate countries, are far more nationally conscious than they were during the empire-building days of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. There have already been abundant indications, both

in Manchukuo and in North China, that Japan's problems are by no means ended when the process of military occupation is completed. The unrivaled Chinese capacity for sabotage may make the fruits of conquest turn sour.

Japan's latest forward leap in China has grave and far-reaching international implications. Although there has certainly been no deliberate effort to irritate other powers, such 'incidents' as the wounding of the British Ambassador in China, Sir Hughe Montgomery Knatchbull-Hugessen, by a Japanese aviator are illustrations of the risks of international complications which may be encountered when warfare is carried on in close proximity to large foreign communities. Japanese efforts to prevent arms from reaching China are likely to provoke disputes with other powers. The risks of embroilment with Russia are enhanced when a Japanese army, flushed with victory, pushes into Inner Mongolia and approaches the frontier of the Soviet protectorate, Outer Mongolia.

July 1937 was a very fateful month in the history of Japan and China. It marked the beginning of what seems likely to be a decisive test of national power, a test which many people in both countries had foreseen and yet which had been postponed and evaded so often that optimists were beginning to believe it might be escaped altogether. Every ounce of Japanese national strength has been mobilized to meet an emergency that has been steadily expanding in proportions ever since it started and shows no signs of abating in the near future.

It may be that July 1937 will also be a fateful month in the history of the world. The same impersonal forces that have made for a relentless widening of the scope of Japanese operations in China may lead, in spite of the strong desire of other powers to remain isolated, to the transformation of the Japanese 'punitive expedition' in China into an international war. In this case Lukowkiao might achieve the mournful celebrity of Serajevo.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

REUNION BY PROXY

I SAW him over the heads of the crowd coming toward me on the Avenue. He was about my height and could see me the same way. He looked vaguely like someone I used to know, but it was n't until I saw recognition in his eyes that I tried to think of his name.

We were shaking hands cordially a moment later. I had prefaced my greeting, while he was still at some distance, with an ejaculation like '*Pranhnn!*' — which, in the confusion of our meeting, could have sounded like the slurring of many different names.

'What have you been doing since I saw you last?' I asked, and let him tell me. I listened enough to nod at the right places, but mentally I was running through the alphabet, pausing a second at each letter to see if it conjured a picture of his name. It did n't work.

He was still talking, so I went through the alphabet again, differently. I said the letters very rapidly and without consideration, hoping that my subconscious mind would make a selection.

It made two: R and S. They sounded equally promising as the letters his name should begin with.

'And what the dickens have you been doing?' he asked me at that moment.

'Not a thing,' I said. 'The usual things, that is.' I paused, then hazarded, 'I never see you around town any more.'

He made a gesture of disgust. 'I got fed up with that. I was wasting a lot of money and not getting any fun out of it.'

While he told me how it was possible to waste money amusingly — living in the suburbs was the answer — I resumed my research by putting the letter A after the inspired R and trying every letter of the alphabet as a third. Somehow I only came to the surface with Rafferty and Rabinowitz, and I knew they were n't right. I abandoned the R's and was just going to work on the S's when I caught his eye.

'And you?' he was saying.

'Oh, me?' I said quickly. 'Er — you knew I was married?'

'No! That's swell! Who to? Do I know her?'

Under the circumstances I had no idea whether he did or not, so I told him my wife's maiden name. He shook his head.

'Are you married, by the way?' I asked. It was a good question, because he went on to tell me about his wife and her rich aunt in Harrisburg who was pretty sick. At another time I might have thought him wordy, but it was a godsend at the moment.

'Forget his name for a minute,' I told myself calmly. '*Where* did you know him?' I ticked off the more inclusive groupings swiftly: College, Camp Kinnimacuk, Wall Street, and the National Guard. None of them clicked, offhand.

Then he stopped talking, and for the first time I began to get panicky. I realized later that if I had n't been so harried I should have seen that he was n't completely at ease himself.

Neither of us seemed to be able to think of another topic for conversation, so we just stood there for a few seconds and grinned at each other.

He laughed suddenly and slapped my shoulder. 'Don't get sore,' he said, 'but all the time I've been talking I've been fishing for your first name. I did n't want to call you plain Coggeshall.'

I stared at him. 'Call me — what?'

His grin became a little strained. 'It was "Butch" we used to call you at St. Elmo's, was n't it?'

'I'm not "Butch" Coggeshall,' I said after a moment. 'And I'm afraid I never went to St. Elmo's.'

It was pretty unpleasant to watch him blush. 'I can see now where I made the mistake,' he admitted. 'Well —' He stopped. 'Pardon me,' he said very slowly, 'if you're not Coggeshall and we've never met before — well, just who the heck did you think I was?'

'That's my problem. I not only don't know who you are, but I can't even recall who I thought you were.' I did n't mean it

quite the way he took it. 'Of course you're someone,' I apologized swiftly.

He did n't swing at me. Instead he made a strangling sound in the back of his throat and struggled for a moment to translate it into words. Failing, he turned abruptly and walked away from me.

I did n't have time to resent it. As he pivoted, I was aware that I had almost thought of the name he should have had. When I was n't trying at all, it sneaked up on me. I started to say it and it slid back into a blur of Scotts and Seeleys.

I walked over to a drug-store window and concentrated on a coffee percolator. I knew one thing: the name I sought, beyond any quibble of a doubt, began with an S. Its owner had been a counselor at Kinnimacuk.

After a while, staring at a set of Dickens, I got it. The name was Smith, as a matter of fact.

The more I thought about the whole thing, the sorer I got at the fellow who looked like Smith.

'MEDDERS I' MAY'

THE young Vicar had lately been promoted from the South of England to a parish in the wilds of Yorkshire. After some weeks' residence, in talking things over with his wife, he said he felt that he was getting nowhere. The people were so stolid, so unresponsive — even when he spoke to them in the street their faces never cracked; and as for preaching to them, he might as well be talking to a blank wall.

Well, this state of things could not continue; so after anxious deliberation it was decided to invite the leading farmers to a pleasant Sunday afternoon at the Vicarage — to get to know each other.

Accordingly, on the Sunday appointed, fifteen or twenty of these farmer chaps turned up at the Vicarage. They waited one for another, and then came in a bunch. The Vicar welcomed them. 'Now, fellows, come along — no formality. Here are cigarettes — help yourselves, and make yourselves at home.' None of them wanted cigarettes, but if they could smoke — hurrah! — they pulled out their old pipes, filled up with cavendish and cut cake, and in less than no time the atmosphere was a cross between a London

fog and a prairie fire. The Vicar had to light a pipe in self-defense.

When all were settled the Vicar said, 'I've lately been reading again that wonderful poem of Gray's: the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Any of you know it?'

Well, none of them knew it and none of them seemed to want to know it. 'I'm surprised at that,' said the Vicar, 'because the opening stanzas, at any rate, have a distinctly agricultural flavor. I'll read it to you.' And he read: —

'The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

'Now fades the glim —'

'Owd on a minnit, Vicar,' said Farmer Jenkwistle. 'Wod yer mind readin' that bit agean?'

'Splendid,' thought the Vicar, and readily complied. When he had finished: —

'Aye,' said Owd Jenks, 'carfew's at eight o'clock, is n't it, Parson?'

'I believe so.'

'Then what the hengment wor he doin' wi' his cows not milked at eight o'clock at neet? He owt to ha' hed his cows milked and his 'osses bedded dahn and be gerrin' his supper by eight o'clock at neet.'

'But I don't find anything here about milking,' stammered the Vicar.

'Nowt abaht milkin'! Them cows wor goin' somewheer, worn't they? An' they wor lowin', worn't they? What more do yer want to know 'at they wor goin' home to be milked?'

'I'm really not sufficiently acquainted with the technique of the farm to argue the point. Perhaps there were special circumstances.'

'Speshul circumstances? What speshul circumstances could there ha' been — unless he hed to get his milk to t' tahn; and then he'd ha' hed to get 'em milked by fower o'clock in t' afternoin.'

'An' there's another thing 'at strikes me,' piped up Owd Farmer Joster. 'Carfew's at eight o'clock an' it wor gerrin' dark then. That 'ud bring t' sunset to abaht seven-fifteen. That 'ud bring us weel into t' middle o' May. An' a "lea" is a medder, as everybody knows.'

'I've always understood so,' said the Vicar.

'Then what the hengment wor he doin'

wi' his beasts in his medders i' May? Wheer's his mowin' grass comin' fra in June, and wheer's his winter fodder bahn to be if he had his beasts in t' medders i' May?'

'I suppose the poet put "lea" to rhyme with "me,"' said the Vicar.

'It may be rhyme all reight, but it's not reason to hev t' beasts in t' medder i' May.'

'But the poet always claims a license, you know,' said the Vicar.

'License indeed! If yon feller hed a license he owt to ha' hed it tahn fra him for hevin' his beasts in his medders in prohibited months.'

'Well, the point is of no importance beside the majesty of the verses following,' quoth the Vicar.

'No importance — hevin' his beasts in t' medders i' May? Let any fathead o' mine put t' beasts in t' medders when they owt to be in t' pastures and he'd sooin get a thick lughoil. No importance indeed!'

'Well, now we have finished with the first verse, perhaps we can go on to the second.'

'Owd on a minnit,' squeaked Ratty Radler. 'Let's finish wit' owd text before we start on another. We've nobbat gotten to firstly and secondly yet. What I want to know is what wor he doin' ploughin' i' May? He owt to ha' hed his corn sown long afore that. What's tha think, Jenks?'

'Well, let's be fair to t' chap. Tha knows he mud a been ploughin' for turmits. Oh, tha's no need to tell me 'at it's too early to be ploughin' for turmits, but any chum'ead 'at 'ud hev 'is beasts in his medders i' May 'ud be gaumless enough to set his turmits too early and let 'em all run to seed a bit later on.'

'I really don't understand,' said the Vicar.

'Naw, an' yer not t' only one 'at does n't understand, Vicar, or that senseless stuff hed niver been written.'

'But what hurts me in this job,' said Charlie Grime, who was a bit of a wag, 'an' fairly cuts me to t' heart, is to think of this poor owd ploughman ploddin' his weary way 'ome after his hard day's work. Wheer wor his 'osses? I nivver knew a tired ploughman walk 'ome when he had a couple of 'osses to ride on.'

'Happen he'd forgotten to loose 'em aht, same as he forgotten what month it wor,' said one.

'Happen he wor ploughin' wi' a tracter,'

said another, and the conversation and hilarity became very general, developing into an uproar.

The meeting broke up in confusion. When all had left, the Vicar collapsed in his chair and gasped: 'Mary, dear, if ever you think I'm getting "uppity," just remind me of a ploughman who put his beasts in his medders i' May and walked home when he had a couple of 'osses to ride on!'

ANOTHER YEAR

'ANOTHER year,' he said, 'I mean to get at it a little earlier in the spring so as to get the weeds out of it.'

We were standing looking at the autumn wreck which he called his garden. It was a little angle of ground about so far this way and so far that — you know how big. A quarter of an acre? I guess so; or no, not that much — well, just a garden. The hedges and trees about it must, I suppose, in the summer have made it look like a bower. But now the leaves were mostly fallen, or thin and yellow. The wind whistled through it. Running across it were some ragged stalks of corn still standing, the leaves — or whatever you call them — a faded brown with streaks of mildew. It all seemed pretty empty and forlorn.

'A snug spot, is n't it?' said my gardener friend. Lord knows he did n't seem to see the desolation of it. To him it was the same little embowered enchantment where he had worked on his hands and knees in the long June twilight, his wife holding the trowel for him while he planted — what was it? — oh yes, the Dutch bulbs for a border, the ones that grow six feet high. No, they did n't come up. He thinks he planted them too deep.

'Another year,' he said, 'I'll set them just almost on the surface.'

'Another year' — that's always the tenor of his and other gardeners' talk. 'Another year.' And each year they try again, and the garden ends in weeds, and frost and wind and little clumps of half-size beetroots under a mist of fox grass, and a thick patch of long grass that to their fond eye is still the strawberry bed; and still they say, 'Another year.' Our human kind, so we read in the Scripture, began in a Garden. So we never want to leave it. I have no doubt that Adam said to

Eve, 'Another year I'll try pruning the apple trees earlier.'

'These strawberries,' said my friend, pointing to what I saw as a patch of grass and what he saw as a bed of strawberry plants, with invisible weeds, 'would have done better if we had kept the grass down. I really meant to cut the runners off and make a new bed, but I did n't get time. Another year I certainly will.'

'Did you have any strawberries this year?' I asked.

'Oh my, yes! Or well, at any rate, once or twice my wife and I had a great bowl of them — all we could eat.'

I know just how much a loving wife can eat, or fail to eat, under those circumstances. She reaches repletion at a cost, if they bought the strawberries, of about two cents. But there's no use applying cost accounting to amateur gardening. It won't stand it.

'These beets —' began my friend.

'Which beets?' I asked.

'Here, you see them — just along past your feet in a row. They go right across the garden.'

Then I saw them, the half-withered tops above the fox grass, and the roots, or bodies, or bottoms, — or whatever you call them, — just lifting out of the ground. 'The beets,' continued the gardener, 'are a failure.' It is characteristic of amateur gardeners that they like at times to admit failure in an offhand way. It seems to indicate huge success elsewhere.

'I think,' he said, 'I gave them too heavy a dose of nitrate.'

'Nitrate' is the name of a white powder that my friend keeps in his 'garden house' (a little shed, four by three, at the corner of the lot). I have noticed him often in the spring when the gardening is at its height, and green bursting out everywhere, crawling along on his hands and knees, and dusting on nitrate. If nothing else will kill the stuff, that will.

But it seems that you don't need, in such a garden, to take steps to kill *everything*. The birds, it appears, will look after a lot of it.

'These were the peas,' he said. 'The birds got them.'

He pointed to a sort of trelliswork of lath sticks with fragments of dried yellow vines, or leaves, clinging to them, or even tied to them. It must have taken hours and hours

to make that trellis. But it has the effect, I believe, of holding the peas down from growing. All amateur gardeners use it.

'Did n't you have any?' I asked.

'Oh, goodness, yes, we had one elegant feed of them — all we could eat — and then a flock of birds cleaned them out. Another year I'm going to put a sort of cover over them, a kind of movable net that I've invented.'

I have long since observed that my gardening friends live on *invention*. They never *make* the things. They just invent them, mostly in wintertime — all sorts of ingenious contrivances for automatic watering, for bleaching celery and spraying with nicotine where nitrate could n't reach.

'These beans,' said my friend, 'were fine.' This time I did n't ask which beans. I knew there must be beans in the grass somewhere.

'The only trouble with beans,' he added, 'is that they get old so soon.'

It is a common trouble in life. But I have often noticed its application in the gardens of my gardening friends. One day the beans are too young to pick, and a day passes and they are too old to eat. There is something about it, or like it, in the Epistle to the Corinthians. I think I've heard it at funerals.

A cold wind rustled through the little garden, shaking the leaves.

'Another year,' said my friend, 'I think I'll put in a cedar hedge. It will keep the garden warmer — either that or a sort of movable fence in sections that I invented one day on the way to work.'

The wind blew again, colder, and with a fleck of rain in it. The branches shook as if in denial of the fence or hedge. 'Come into the house,' he said; 'it's a little cold here.' A little! I had been half frozen ever since we looked at the first empty hotbed. 'Come into the house,' he said, 'and I'll give you a Scotch and soda.'

We went into the house. There was a flaming fire of crisp autumn sticks burning in the grate. It was warm and bright. Glasses and a decanter glittered on a tray. The light shot back in amber streaks from the whiskey in the decanter.

'Now then,' said my friend, 'a Scotch, eh?' as he moved to pour it out.

'Do you grow your own whiskey?' I asked.

'Good heavens, no,' he laughed. 'What an idea!'

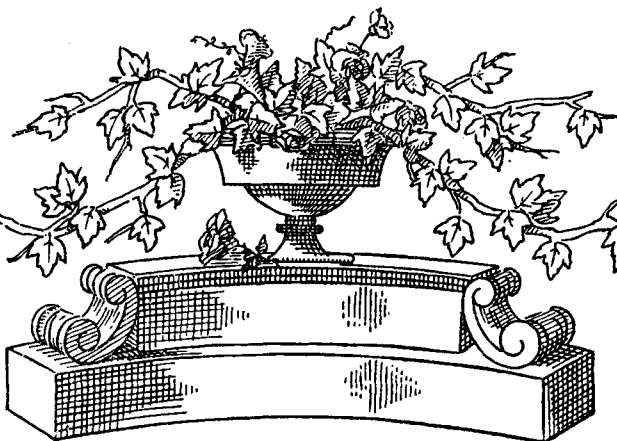
STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE
ATLANTIC NOVEL
ENCHANTER'S
NIGHTSHADE

BY
ANN BRIDGE

CONCLUDING INSTALLMENT

CHAPTERS 24-29



If You Missed the Earlier Chapters . . .

WHEN Suzy di Vill' Alta, in a fit of jealous rage, dismissed Almina Prestwich, her daughter Marietta's English governess, she precipitated a series of catastrophes which were to involve nearly all the members of the great Castellone-Vill' Alta clan.

Having been given her *congé* without more than a few hours' notice, — barely enough to enable her to pack, — and, furthermore, without being paid either her salary or her fare back to England, Almina not unnaturally turned for aid to Roffredo di Castellone, that hot-blooded young man who had, by his passion for her, unwittingly inspired Suzy's fury. He in turn, faced with losing her, prolonged their parting until she had missed her train and was forced to spend the night in his house. But Roffredo's passion for his work was as great as his appetite for love, and when, early the following morning, he received a telegram announcing that his most recent invention had been accepted, he rushed off to Milan before Almina was awake. From the servants (in 1905 and in provincial Italy, at least, all really important news was disseminated from that source) the information that Almina had been compromised promptly reached the three family estates of Vill' Alta, Castellone, and Odredo.

The Countess Aspasia di Castellone, a spinster cousin and an inveterate gossip, was the first to hear it, and together with her sister, Countess Roma, drove post-haste to Roffredo's villa to investigate. The upshot of this investigation by the 'Sorellone' — as the sisters had been dubbed by their younger and less respectful kin — was to convey Almina to Castellone to await further developments, much to the displeasure of the Countess Livia, Roffredo's widowed mother, whose apartments were also in that great house.

At Vill' Alta, meanwhile, La Vecchia Marchesa — Suzy's ninety-nine-year-old mother-in-law — was deeply distressed by the whole matter and was setting her splendid old wits to remedy the situation. The Marchese Francesco, Suzy's elderly and ineffectual husband, likewise regretted his wife's — to him — unwarranted dismissal of the girl, and for once expressed his feelings not without emphasis.

But it was at Odredo, Count Carlo di Castellone's property, that the betrayal of the little 'Postiche' — as Count Carlo had nicknamed Miss Prestwich — created real unhappiness: for Giulio, the twenty-two-year-old son of the house, had himself fallen in love with her, and to his idealistic nature his cousin Roffredo's action came as a stunning blow. It was, however, fifteen-year-old Marietta di Vill' Alta — she was at the time staying at Odredo — who was most deeply affected, for she loved both Almina and Giulio. Elena, the latter's high-spirited and mischievous sister, was torn between pity for Almina and anger against Suzy, while 'Gela' — Fräulein Gelsicher, that sensible Swiss who had come into the Count's household twelve years before as governess to the children and, since his wife's death, had become a sort of general factotum there — lamented that anyone so pretty and so inexperienced should ever have been engaged at all. The Count, being Suzy's discarded lover, took the matter relatively calmly.

Suzy herself was concerned only for the successful outcome of her flirtation with Roffredo, forgetting everything else when, a few days after her dismissal of Almina, she received an affectionate note in his handwriting proposing an assignation the following evening. . . .

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

BY ANN BRIDGE

XXIV

SUZY DI VILL' ALTA too had watched the darkening sky with anxious eyes that afternoon. Rain would wreck the rendezvous, to which she attached a passionate importance — mackintoshes and thick shoes were such desperately unromantic and unbecoming things, and one could not sit on cushions in a ruin in any comfort during a thunderstorm. But there was no sign of rain when she set out about a quarter past eight; it was cloudy still, but very warm, and she was able to go, as she had hoped, in the filmy dress of black Spanish lace, very transparent and graceful, with wide floating sleeves, trailing skirts, and loose flowing draperies everywhere; the frail black made her fairness both fragile and wonderful.

She threw a flimsy black chiffon wrap over all this, and went, eager as a girl, down the long flight of steps to the carriage; she generally used Agostino, the young groom, for night work, and did so on this occasion. Leaning back in the corner, as they bowled smoothly along the white road, pale now in the failing light, she closed her eyes, rehearsing in her mind, for the ninth or tenth time that day, the precise tone and shade which her manner to Roffredo was to bear when they met — ah, but, she sighed to herself, finding small tremors running all over her, she must keep herself well in hand; it was dangerous, it put one terribly at the other's mercy to be so much involved, so moved. She lit a cigarette to steady herself.

At the spinney she got out, and dismissed Agostino; he turned his horses precisely where old Tommaso, earlier in the afternoon, had turned when he brought the Marchese Francesco and the two girls in the brougham. When the carriage had disappeared round a bend of the road, Suzy began to make her way into the wood.

It was very dark in there. Dusk was already fallen, and the overcast sky made the gloom deeper still, even out on the road; in the thick shadow of the trees and bushes it was almost pitch-dark. Suzy had a rough idea of where the little ruin was, but it was years since she had been to it. She pushed on.

But what was this? A spray of leaves touched her arm, cold and damp — she drew her arm away, but the spray stuck to it. Startled and disgusted, she put out her left hand to free her right, and touched another bough, which also stuck; stepping sideways to avoid the revolting contact with this invisible nastiness, she found that the whole of the left side of her dress was caught — when she moved she seemed to be pulling half the wood after her.

At that she screamed — not very loud. 'Roffredo!' she called — disagreeable as it was to be found in this state, she must get him to help her. Not a sound came but the note of a sleepy bird, which, startled by her cries, went whooping away through the wood. It was n't possible, — an icy pang of fear and anger went through her at the thought, — it was n't

possible that he had failed to come? And in panic at the idea she called again, her voice strained now with anxiety — 'Roffredo! Here, quick! It is not a joke! Help! It is I — Suzy.' This time not even a bird answered; the high notes of her voice were followed by absolute silence.

It was probably the realization that he had really not come, that something had gone fatally wrong with the meeting, which precipitated Suzy's collapse. With the curious incredulity which always accompanies a disappointment as bitter as that, she felt that she *must* reach the ruin and see for herself whether he was there or not, so she started wildly forward again. She was actually quite close to the ruin, though in the dark she could not see it, and just on the edge of the gummy area; if she had gone back to the road then she would have escaped with a ruined dress. But she went on, and soon she was hopelessly involved. The loathsome stuff was everywhere. In the darkness this suddenly became a horror that could not be borne — she lost her head completely, and began to run this way and that, screaming, calling for Roffredo, and struggling frantically among the sticky bushes. Having forgotten the very existence of the well, she came on it without warning in the darkness, and pitched in headforemost.

The so-called well was not of any great depth, but there was enough water in it to soak Suzy from head to foot. The shock of the cold plunge brought her to her senses to some extent; when she had struggled to her feet, and stood holding on by the bank, dripping and shivering, for the first time she attempted to think what to do next. She could now see the little ruin close in front of her; she thought she remembered that it was quite near the edge of the wood on that side, and that if she went straight out past it she would come on to the smugglers' path. After some unsuccessful efforts she managed to struggle out on to the bank. She made her way to the ruin, and felt round

it with her hands — it was too dark to see, but there was no sign of rugs or cushions. With a little choking sob she left the place, and pushed out through the bushes behind it. The slimy stuff was here too, but on her wet dress and hands it no longer stuck. Now she was clear of the wood, and here was the smugglers' path; she turned right along it, and soon reached the road.

Here she paused, and again considered what to do. From where she stood to Vill' Alta was nearly five miles, a longer walk than she had attempted for years, even when stoutly shod and prepared for exercise. But she had told Agostino not to come back, as Roffredo had suggested, so that now she was left without any means of return except on foot, unless she applied to Roffredo for a lift — the villa was only a few hundred yards away. But that she could not do. Turn to him now, after he had treated her like this, she thought, with an angry sob — no, never! So she began to walk along the road in the direction of Vill' Alta — hobbling, rather, in the clinging constriction of her wet clothes, her high-heeled shoes turning over now and then in the rutted dust.

The road seemed endless. The severity of her experience in the wood had left her almost exhausted, the plunge into the pool had made her cold; her teeth began to chatter, and though she tried to hurry, in fact she walked very slowly indeed. Once or twice she stopped to rest for a few minutes, leaning against a roadside tree. After what seemed to her an immense time she reached a crossroads; she realized with a shock that she was only at the diligence stop — there were still nearly four miles between her and home. She began to wonder if she could do it — besides feeling cold, she now felt ill. But there was nothing for it but to persevere, and she struggled on.

They came on her about a mile from Vill' Alta. Agnese, who had her head out of the carriage window, saw her first, before the carriage lights reached her —

the white arms against the shadowy black figure, on the pale road. She was staggering along with the uncertain steps of complete exhaustion; when she saw the lights coming she made a feeble effort to leave the road, but the ditch was too much for her — she fell, and lay where she fell. As the carriage drew up Agnese sprang out, lantern in hand, and ran to her; when she reached her side, she almost recoiled, so shocked was she at what the lantern light revealed. The Marchesa's face was ghastly: white, scratched, and dirty, and ravaged with those peculiar deep marks which are left by fatigue, exposure, or a violent emotional experience — she looked twenty years older than when she had left the house a few hours before. To the maid's horror even the thin wrap had vanished, and much of the frail dress itself was torn away, leaving the neck and arms quite bare; what was left of it was damp and clammy, as was the pitiful hair, which hung down loose and wet, with no pads, or puffs, or curls left anywhere.

All this was alarming enough, but when Agnese tried to get her mistress into the carriage her state alarmed the servant still more; she was icy cold to the touch, and shivering violently — when Agnese tried to raise her to her feet she collapsed again, moaning, and asking to be left alone; she seemed to have no strength or wits left. Agnese shrouded her in a cloak, but had to get Tommaso to leave his horses and help her; between them they managed to bundle her into the carriage. There Agnese muffled the chilled woman still further with the rug, and sat chafing her icy hands while Tommaso drove on almost at a gallop.

Anxious to avoid any noise or commotion which might disturb the old lady, Agnese decided to go to the back door, in the *cortile sporco*, and perhaps for the first time in her life Suzy di Vill' Alta came into her own house by the servants' entrance. Valentino was hanging about; he also had at last come to feel a cer-

tain anxiety, as two o'clock came and passed.

'Help me to get her upstairs, and then get some brandy, quick,' Agnese hissed. 'These stairs — it is quicker.' Supporting her on both sides, they took her up the back stairs to her room, and put her on the couch. 'Now the brandy — and Apollonia must fill some hot bottles,' Agnese said, going with him to the door to be out of earshot.

'She is ill?' Valentino asked.

'I fear it — don't undress, you, and tell Tommaso to stay up a bit. We may have to send for the doctor.'

'What has happened?' Valentino asked.

'How should I know? But she is wet as a drowned cat, and chilled to the bone! Be quick with that brandy,' the maid snapped, fairly pushing him out of the door — she closed it, however, very gently after him.

When Valentino came with the brandy she demanded mustard, and while he fetched that she gave the Marchesa a good tot of the spirit, mixed with hot water. She put the mustard in a foot bath, and the stone hot bottles, presently produced by Apollonia, in the bed; she kept the cook to help her, and between them they sponged the Marchesa's face and hands, and did their best to dry her hair, one or other of them continually plying her with the hot brandy the while. To their astonishment they could not get her face and hands clean, even with soap and water — some darkish sticky substance was all over them, and gummed her damp hair into matted masses here and there. The cook, puzzled, bent and sniffed at the wet head. '*Santa Vergine*, it's birdlime!' she whispered. Agnese sniffed too. 'It's true!' she said. 'In the name of all the Saints, what can have happened?'

At last she and Apollonia had done all they could — the Marchesa lay in bed, wrapped in her dressing gown, with the bottles pushed to a suitable distance; her hands and feet were much warmer, and her partly dried hair wrapped in a towel;

she seemed sleepy and quiet. Agnese sent a message by Apollonia to say that Valentino and Tommaso need not sit up; she would do so herself, and there was in her opinion no need to send for the doctor — she thought the Marchesa would do, now.

But in the morning it was quite clear that the Marchesa Suzy would not 'do.' One glance told Agnese that, when she slipped in at about 8 A.M. to look at her mistress. She was still more or less asleep, but she was shifting restlessly in the bed, and breathing heavily; her face was flushed, and a hand which she flung out above the bedclothes was burning hot when the maid touched it. She called an underling, sent her for the Marchese Francesco, and told him brusquely that the Marchesa was ill. The doctor must be fetched.

The Marchese Francesco was rather fussed, as he always was by any sudden emergency calling for decisive action. He stood fiddling with the tassels of his dressing gown, and then asked what was wrong with the Marchesa.

'She went for a drive yesterday evening, without a proper wrap, and took a chill,' the maid returned, blandly.

The Marchese bent and peered at his wife through his spectacles, and then addressed her — '*Cara, come stai?*'

The Marchesa opened her large eyes and stared full at him; then her face took on a look of horror, and she said in a small voice, but with an extraordinary intensity of expression which gave it the piercing quality of a cry — '*Roffredo! Help! It is not a joke! Come!*'

Those brief sentences, obviously spoken in delirium, sent the Marchese Francesco flying. Agostino was dispatched to Gardone for the doctor. And, when breakfast had been taken to La Vecchia Marchesa, Francesco sent to beg an audience of her.

Not even to his mother had Francesco ever spoken his heart about his wife; the old lady had often wondered how far his placidity about her vagaries was due to

indifference, how far to sheer obliviousness of them, and how far to a sort of resigned tact. But there could be no mistake about his distress and concern at that moment. Suzy was one of those fortunate women who are never ill, and the old Marchesa had to go back to the hours of her confinement, before Marietta's birth, to find a parallel for Francesco's present misery of anxiety. It seemed to her to be of exactly the same quality now as then, eighteen months after his marriage, and with a flash of surprise it occurred to her that perhaps after all Francesco, in some deep corner of his shy and incompetent heart, still loved the beautiful creature who, through all her adventures, had never shown him anything but graceful affection and courteous consideration. It might be, she thought, studying her son's disturbed face as he sat by her bed, his eyes, behind those masking lenses, fixed on her face in a pathetic appeal for reassurance and support — it might be that he loved Suzy still, and needed and longed for something more than she gave him, even though what she had given had been enough to keep love alive. With unwonted warmth she comforted him, praised the Gardone doctor's skill and Suzy's superb constitution, and promised to see her as soon as she was dressed.

The doctor arrived soon after eleven, and took a serious view. It was an acute congestion — it might develop into a pneumonia. There must be expert nursing — and two Moravian Sisters were telegraphed for from Padua; it was further than Venice, but the doctor had a high opinion of the hospital and the nursing there. (Such a thing as a lay trained nurse hardly existed outside Rome in those days.) And then he asked a number of questions as to the origin and onset of the illness. The old Marchesa here intervened. The illness had only manifested itself this morning, the young Marchesa was already too ill to be questioned, she herself had as yet had no time to make inquiries. When the doctor

came again in the evening, she would probably be in a position to furnish him with such information as was *necessary* — she emphasized the word a little — for the conduct of the case. In the meantime his instructions would be followed, and she wished him a very good morning.

But when the dogcart had been dispatched with the prescriptions to Gardone, and the doctor's more immediate instructions carried out, the old lady sent Giacinta to sit with the young Marchesa, and commanded Agnese's attendance in her own room. When the maid appeared she dealt with her with something more than her usual unhesitating firmness.

'Agnese, your mistress is gravely ill,' she said. 'It is essential to know exactly what has caused this malady. You must tell me *everything*, do you understand?'

'Yes, la Marchesa.'

'Now tell me, at what hour did the Marchesa return last night?'

'Something after the two hours, la Marchesa.'

'Did you see her?'

'Yes, la Marchesa.'

'Did she seem well then?'

'La Marchesa, no. She was wet and cold, very cold.'

'Wet? It has not rained! How came she to be wet?'

'I don't know, la Marchesa. But she was wet all over, and already drying again; her clothes were all torn, and there was something on them, and on her hair and hands — birdlime, *credo*.'

The old lady listened with a grave face. 'Who drove her last night?'

'Agostino, la Marchesa. But he did not bring the young Marchesa back. She dismissed him, early.'

'Who did bring her back, then?'

'Tommaso, la Marchesa, and I. When the Marchesa did not return, I grew anxious, and took the carriage, and we found her and brought her home.'

'Found her where?' the old lady asked sharply.

'On the road, la Marchesa, between

here and Odredo. Walking along, stumbling and falling, without cloak or wrap, her hair all down and her face dirty! Oh, my poor mistress!' — and the maid began to cry.

'She was alone?'

'Quite, quite alone! And in such a condition! We had to carry her to the brougham — she could hardly stand,' the maid sobbed out, fairly letting herself go at last.

'Stop sniveling, and keep your wits in your head!' the old Marchesa said sharply. She considered for a moment or two, tapping her old hand, her usual accompaniment to thought, on the arm of her chair. There was something extremely peculiar about the servant's story. Then she looked hard at the maid, who stood, still sniffing and dabbing rather furtively at her eyes, before her.

'Agnese, have you any idea where your mistress went last night?'

'Yes, la Marchesa.'

'Where then?'

'To meet the young Signor Conte.'

'How do you know this? Was there a letter?' (The old Marchesa had not lived for ninety-nine years among Italian servants for nothing.)

'La Marchesa, yes,' the maid said simply.

'Bring it to me.'

Like all ladies' maids, Agnese was perfectly familiar with the various hiding places in which her mistress believed her more private correspondence to be securely concealed, and the previous night while Tommaso was sent for she had slipped off, candle in hand, to the boudoir, and ferreted among the receipt files till she came on the latest note from Count Roffredo, which she had read and replaced. So Roffredo's epistle was fished out once more from its resting place among the receipts, and put into La Vecchia Marchesa's ancient hands. She dismissed the maid, and read it, sitting alone; when she had finished it she, like Agnese, sniffed, but with a different intonation. Then she took her morocco-

cornered writing board, and indited a short note, in her fine spidery old writing, and dispatched it, and waited, using her bright old wits on this extraordinary set of facts, but without, it must be confessed, much result.

That note brought Count Roffredo over soon after *colazione*. She received him in her own sitting room.

'What time did Suzy leave you last night, and where?' she asked abruptly.

The young man looked at her in apparent astonishment. 'I did not see the Marchesa Suzy last night,' he said. 'I have not seen her since the Meden picnic.'

Taking the letter from a little bag at her waist, she handed it to him, saying, 'And you did not write this either, I suppose?' with fine sarcasm.

The young man took it and read it, from beginning to end, and then looked up at the old lady with a grave and rather bewildered face.

'No, I did not write it,' he said firmly. 'I have never seen it before in my life. And I should perhaps tell you that I was by no means in the mood to write her such a letter as this' — he tapped his fine hand sharply on the outstretched paper. His face had grown surprisingly angry. 'I *am* penitent, I *am* ashamed of what happened the other night — but not towards *her*! But for her unwarrantable treatment of that unfortunate girl, I should never have been in the position to "lose my head and behave like an idiot"!' He shook the sheet of paper angrily before the old lady.

His anger, and still more his championship of Miss Prestwich, convinced the old Marchesa as nothing else could have done that he was in fact *not* the author of the letter which he still held. But his last speech sent her off on another tack.

'Do you want to marry her?' she asked.

He looked slightly taken aback, and sat for a moment, obviously thinking.

'Now, no,' he said at length. 'If we had been left alone, if the thing had been

allowed to run its course in peace, I think very likely I should have wished to. But this would give us a bad start. I should feel that I had been compromised into it, the province would probably be odious to her, let alone Rome, and she — she is sensitive and proud; she would feel all her life that I had done it out of pity. It would make it too difficult. English, too! That is of itself a difficulty.' He looked hard at the old face opposite him — it was as if she were somehow drawing out of him secret truths of which he had never before been aware. 'I shall never be able to be very thorough as a husband,' he said, with a curious simplicity. 'I must make an easy marriage, with a wife who knows all the ropes and will do three quarters of the work. An Italian, with her own resources — and a clever one.'

The old Marchesa looked at him for a long time in silence; there was an odd softness in her look. But at length — 'Roffredo, I had no idea that you had so much common sense,' she said dryly. Then she reverted to the matter in hand. She took the letter from him, and looked at it again.

'Very curious,' she said, examining it. 'So it was a trick. Hm! Someone has been behaving very badly. Suzy went to this precious rendezvous, and somehow got wet through; and she had to walk home, alone. To-day she is ill. Had you heard this?'

Roffredo had not heard a word. He expressed proper concern, asked all the right questions.

'The doctor comes again this evening,' the old lady said. 'I am afraid it is grave, but we shall know more then.' She looked at the letter again. 'But who can have written this?'

'Who? There is only one person in the province who could have written that,' the young man said, energetically — 'and naturally she will have had her knife into Suzy over all this; she was devoted to Miss Prestwich. Of course, it is my cousin Elena.'

XXV

La Vecchia Marchesa was not familiar with Elena's activities in the matter of forgery: the awe in which even Elena stood of the old Marchesa had been sufficient hitherto to protect the household at Vill' Alta from any direct attacks.

When Roffredo had gone the old lady read the letter again, carefully. With the curious detachment of the very old, she even paid the document the compliment of giving her little dry chuckle over it. But it was essential to find out what had happened, for Suzy's sake and Francesco's, and she dispatched yet another note, this time to Fräulein Gelsicher, demanding that Elena be sent over in the carriage immediately to see her.

La Vecchia Marchesa was inclined to think rather highly of Elena. She did not put her on the same shelf as Marietta, but she liked her trimness of appearance, her liveliness, her uncomplicated fearless sagacity, her rather *méchant* wit. When the girl had made her curtsy, tendered her rosy blooming cheek for the routine kiss, and seated herself, the old lady regarded her, far from inimically, for a moment before opening fire.

'My child, I have sent for you to ask you some questions, which you will have the goodness to answer accurately,' she began. 'On Saturday my daughter-in-law, Suzy, received a letter, purporting to come from your cousin Roffredo, inviting her to meet him last night at a certain ruin in the little wood near his villa, by what I believe they call the Holy Well. The letter urged her to dismiss her carriage, as he would bring her home. She went, and sent the man back. What happened there, I do not know — and as she is now gravely ill, indeed in delirium, it is impossible to find out. But Roffredo, whom I have seen, denies all knowledge of the letter, and I am inclined to believe him.' She paused, and looked steadily at her great-niece. 'Do you know anything of it?'

'Yes. I wrote it,' Elena said at once.

'You did! And may one ask why you did such a thing?'

The girl looked at the formidable old lady with a level gaze. 'Yes, Bonne-Mama' (Elena and Giulio, like Marietta, used the familiar title), 'I will tell you. I did it because I was not at all pleased with Zia Suzy for the way she treated Postiche. Indeed, I have not been pleased with her for a long time! I hated to see her always having her own way, tormenting people and making them her slaves, and being perfectly successful with it — still praised, still admired! Even Papa! Oh yes — I have seen that quite clearly, just lately; she has had him too! It is not what I like — one's own father made a fool of in that way! It is not dignified for him — or for us, me and Giulio.' She paused, as if gathering her forces, and then looked straighter than ever at the old Marchesa, who listened to this outburst in complete silence. 'And when it came to downright cruelty to that poor little creature, who is as innocent as milk, I would not let it go unpunished! Sending her only to the diligence, and having her left there alone!' Her always high color had risen, her superb brown eyes blazed, the ring of her words was almost splendid. 'So I said to myself that *she* too, Zia Suzy, should know what it was to be left on the road alone, as she had chosen should happen to a girl, almost a child, and a foreigner at that! *That* is why I wrote that letter.'

The fundamental honesty, accuracy, and justness of the old lady's mind rose to recognize, and even to salute, not only the sincerity but the justice of the girl's speech. Yes, she was right — it was undignified for them, and unfair to them. About the rest, at bottom, Elena was right too. The old lady felt a sudden respect for the girl's instinct for righteousness, violently and even wrongly as she had expressed it.

But for the moment she left all that. She had still to get at all the facts.

'So — you wrote it. And Roffredo

knew nothing of it. And you arranged for her to go home alone, on foot. But how came she to be wet through? It did not rain. Agnese says that on her return she was soaked to the skin and covered with some sticky stuff, like birdlime.'

Elena looked at the old Marchesa with round eyes.

'How she got wet, I don't know, unless she fell into the pool,' she said. 'There is a pool, just by the ruin. But the birdlime I arranged myself. On Saturday, while Zio Francesco painted the flower, this enchanter's something, and Marietta read and moped, I ran across to Trino and got a bucket and a brush, and put it all over the bushes.'

The old woman glanced at the fresh face opposite her with something very close to awe, tinged with comic appreciation. This was something like an *in-trigante!*

'And do you think that was a pretty trick?' she asked, in a perfectly amicable voice.

Elena continued to blush.

'No, Bonne-Mama,' she said, still with her ready frankness. 'I believe it might have been better if I had not had *that* idea.'

'So do I,' said the old lady. 'That was rather an ugly joke. I think you have too much intelligence to play such tricks as that.'

Elena said nothing. The old lady looked thoughtfully at her.

'Well, my child, I am glad you have told me everything plainly. It seems clear what happened — and now poor Suzy has pneumonia,' the old lady said, as if to herself, with a sudden simplicity of sadness in her voice.

'Bonne-Mama, for *that* indeed I am sorry,' Elena said, impulsively, and kissed the old lady. 'I did not mean to hurt you and cause you this anxiety.'

The old lady returned her kiss. 'My child, playing Providence is generally a dangerous game,' she said, with a return of her briskness. 'Sometimes one must do one's part, arrange things; but venge-

ance, at least, is best left to the Lord God. It is said that He has a taste for it!' she added, with one of her sly looks. Then, abruptly, she changed the subject. 'How much does Marietta know of all this?'

'About Zia Suzy's illness?'

'No, the rest — Miss Prestwich and her dismissal, and Roffredo; and also about her mother's part in it all. Does she know anything?'

'Yes — she knows most of it; about Roffredo and Zia Suzy certainly; about Papa, I think not,' Elena said.

The old lady looked vexed. 'Could this not have been avoided? I thought the Signorina had more sense.'

'It was not Gela's fault. It is mine, if anyone's. I told her,' Elena said. 'But she was picking up so much from the servants anyhow that she must have heard it in time. And also Giulio flew to her, mad with despair, after he had seen Roffredo and heard about Postiche from him, and poured out the whole thing.'

'Why should he tell *her*? And why was he mad with despair?'

'Oh, he tells Marietta everything — they are thick as thieves,' Elena replied, with a slight return of her usual airiness. 'And Giulio, you know, is head over ears in love with Postiche, so for him this is all awful. He is in a most miserable state.'

'And Marietta? How does she take it?' the old lady asked anxiously.

'She is *very* unhappy, I think,' Elena answered. 'She never says anything, you know — or very seldom. But she loved Miss Prestwich, and believes in her, and I think she has not liked what Zia Suzy did. And that will have hurt her too. For her, really, it is worse than for anyone, for she has two affections spoilt,' Elena said, with her customary brief assessing of the situation.

The old lady tapped on her chair. Then she asked Elena to give her her writing pad, and indited her third note that day, summoning Fräulein Gelsicher

to visit her next morning; and gave it to Elena, and dismissed her. When the girl had gone, she sat again, thinking about the whole thing. The onslaught of youth on maturity made her feel more tender and protective to Suzy than before. But — really that young girl, Elena, was right. Youth had its claims. It was time that this business of Suzy and Carlo should stop. Indeed, for Marietta's sake, Suzy's activities of *that* sort must really all stop. And remembering her interview with her son that morning, she thought that it was perhaps the case that he too, the aging husband, had some claims which now deserved consideration, as well as youth. Poor Francesco, he had not had much out of life!

Fräulein Gelsicher was actually exceedingly glad to receive the old Marchesa's summons. Ever since that unlucky Wednesday of encounters and revelations she had been longing to take counsel with La Vecchia Marchesa; but her hands had been so full with Giulio, and the general relations of Odredo with Vill' Alta were become so peculiar, that she had lacked either the time or the courage to seek an interview. About Marietta, too, she would be glad of the old Marchesa's advice. She saw no easy outlet for her. To return and live with her mother, with some other governess substituted for the one she loved so much, a perpetual reminder of her loss and the reason for it; watching, with eyes sharpened by this bitter experience, the manner of her mother's life — that was not going to be so easy. Really, the Swiss woman thought, as she drove up the long curve of the hill below the great gray house, the best thing the Marchesa Suzy could do now would be to die!

It seemed, on her arrival, very much as if the Marchesa Suzy were going to gratify her impious wish. The doctor's brougham was at the door, and upstairs she had to wait for some time in the old lady's boudoir, since the Marchesa, as Roberto informed her, was with the doctor in the young Marchesa's room.

When the old woman at last appeared, it was with a grave and anxious face.

'Yes, she is very ill — terribly ill,' she replied briefly to the governess's inquiries. 'It is an exceedingly severe pneumonia. She has of course a wonderful constitution, and that gives some hope; and the two Sisters seem excellent. We shall not know much till Sunday or Monday — the crisis, the decision, should be reached then.' She gave a tiny sigh. 'Meanwhile, I thought that you and I ought to have a little talk,' she resumed. 'Elena tells me that Giulio is in a very bad state and that it is because he is so deeply attached to Miss Prestwich. Is that true?'

'Perfectly true, Marchesa. He eats next to nothing, and hardly sleeps; he has given himself over to this sorrow in the most complete way, and unless we can do something, I cannot foresee what the end of it will be. It is eating into his mind.'

'He must have distraction,' the old lady said, decidedly.

'Pardon me, Marchesa, but if you mean social distraction, he will not take it.'

'No; he must go away,' the old lady said. 'Is there nowhere that he can be sent?'

'I do not know,' the Swiss said doubtfully. 'His great wish has always been to go to Oxford to study — that is why he was so anxious to learn English with that poor girl. But I have never been able to persuade his father to agree to it.'

'Carlo is — and always was, between you and me — a fool,' the old lady said energetically. 'But now, he *must* see the necessity. I shall speak with him — it must be arranged.'

'Marchesa, if you could get this settled, it would do more for Giulio than anything else. I believe it would cure him.'

'It *shall* be arranged. Now tell me, how is that little thing, Marietta? All this is very hard for her. And Elena tells me that she knows all about it?'

'Yes, Marchesa. Giulio made her his confidante. That is a most extraordinary child,' the Swiss said, in a rare burst of enthusiasm. 'Her patience, her wisdom with him! — and her silence and self-restraint about her own sorrow. A woman of forty could not show more soul. Her comprehension is astonishing.'

'She ought not to have to comprehend all these things, at her age,' the old Marchesa said, rather sadly. 'But she is reasonably well — eats, sleeps?'

'Fairly well — she is a little listless. But, Marchesa, I am rather concerned about her in the future,' Fräulein Gelsicher said. 'I do not think it would be a good plan to introduce a new governess into the household at all soon; it would be a constant reminder of her sorrow, and of its cause. And yet I do not see what else is to be done. She cannot be alone.'

The old lady considered.

'No — for the present, that would not do. It would be cruel. And Suzy —' she paused, and sighed. 'For the moment, no. In any case, she will be delicate, need care, for a long time after this,' she said, 'even at the best.' She thought again. 'Could *you* take her?' she asked suddenly.

'I? Here?'

'No, no — at Odredo, and in Rome. Would you have time? Be willing?'

'Marchesa, there is nothing I should like better,' Fräulein Gelsicher said earnestly; 'but of course, the decision would not rest with me.'

'If you are willing, there should be no difficulty,' the old lady said briskly. 'Some proper arrangement would of course be made with the Count.' Then, with one of the quick turns so characteristic of old age, she gave her little sardonic smile. 'I cannot altogether congratulate you on your present pupil, Signorina.'

'Elena? Is something wrong? I wondered that you sent for her,' the Swiss said anxiously.

The old lady pulled the Roffredo letter

out of her little bag, and handed it to the governess without a word. Fräulein Gelsicher read it in silence, and then looked up over the sheet, with eyes in which a distressful conviction lurked, at the old Marchesa.

'This is not — *her*? ' she asked.

'Indeed it is — she sent that, arranged the whole thing, as a stroke of vengeance.'

'Oh, Marchesa! But this is terrible. I am unspeakably sorry, ashamed,' the poor woman said. 'She has caused this illness, then?'

'Not intentionally. She meant merely to leave Suzy alone on the road. But unluckily she had also the idea to put bird-lime on the bushes all round the ruin, that day when my son went to paint the flower — yes, yes, that was why she arranged this famous picnic; and so we imagine that Suzy, in the dark and in her confusion, fell into the well.'

Fräulein Gelsicher's rejoinder to this startled the old lady.

'So *that* was why she took the mackintosh,' she said.

'The mackintosh?'

'Yes. She took one with her, and left it there. She must have worn it while she was using the birdlime, and made it too dirty to bring home. But, Marchesa, this is terribly wrong of her,' the Swiss said. 'I cannot tell you how sorry I am.'

'Do not distress yourself too much, Signorina. And if I were you I should not scold her about it. I have spoken to her. But she has made her own judgments on this whole affair — on Suzy, and on her father too. They all have; Roffredo also, and no doubt Marietta as well. One cannot say they are wrong. The thing has gone on too long. To *you* I speak freely,' the old lady said. 'I should have seen sooner that it must stop.'

'Marchesa, I am glad that you feel this,' the Swiss said. 'To me, for some time, this has been a matter of great concern. I wished to speak to you about it, but, in effect, it was not an easy subject.'

Abuse?—Misuse?—Disuse?



A FOOT sometimes seems to break down all at once. The pain may be sudden but the break-down almost always is gradual. Foot troubles, like ailments in other parts of the body, can usually be traced back to their sources.

If you have pain in your foot, you need the advice of your doctor or an orthopedist, who specializes in preventing and correcting foot and other deformities. He will endeavor to determine whether your foot has been subjected to abuse, misuse or disuse and will prescribe the best treatment for its present condition.

Abuse of the feet is largely a matter of ill-fitting shoes—too short, too narrow, too pointed, too high-heeled, too thin-soled, or with soles that are not flat but have a rocker-bottom appearance. A too-short stocking may also be responsible for foot trouble.

Misuse commonly means walking, standing or running with the toes pointed out instead of straight ahead. It also means throwing the weight of the body on the inside of the foot.

Disuse is insufficient exercise, causing the feet to

grow weak. When the feet are not properly exercised, the muscles supporting the arches often become weakened until the bony framework sags and the feet are nearly flat.

It is almost impossible to maintain good posture if one has deformed or weakened feet. Bad posture usually forces the vital organs of the body out of proper position and may lead to poor general health.

If you are having difficulty with your feet, consult your doctor who will advise about treatment, or may recommend seeing an orthopedic specialist. You may need a different type of shoe, or special foot and leg exercises, or some particular kind of arch support.

The joys of outdoor life, the pleasures of sight-seeing, the benefits of walking, and the enjoyment of athletic sports are only for those who have sturdy, dependable feet.

The Metropolitan booklet "Standing Up to Life" presents useful foot exercises and contains valuable information on the care of the feet and on how to select shoes that fit. A postcard will bring you a free copy. Address Booklet Dept. 1237-T.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*

LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Copyright, 1937, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

'It was not. But I wish you had done so, all the same,' the old Marchesa said. Then she made one of her birdlike hops to a fresh idea. 'How is that poor little creature, Prestwich, do you know?'

The Signorina did not know, with any accuracy. It was some days since she had seen the two Countesses.

'Hm. It is almost time someone found out,' said the old lady.

XXVI

It was in fact some considerable time before La Vecchia Marchesa or anyone else took any definite steps to find out how Almina was getting on at Castellone. All that week the Marchesa Suzy's illness overshadowed both houses, Vill' Alta and Odredo, and dominated the thoughts of those who lived in them.

Almina, during that same week, spent most of her time sitting in her room at Castellone, a piece of sewing — which she scarcely touched unless someone came in — in her lap, staring in front of her, and thinking.

One of the principal things which occupied her was the whole matter of her feeling for Roffredo. She gathered from the Countesses that he was being blamed on all hands for what he had done, and her own heart could not rise in his defense, could not acquit him of the most reckless selfishness and a cruel lack of self-control. This brought her back to the question which she had asked herself that morning at the Villa Gemignana, when his revolver lay on the table before her — of what was wrong with their love, which at the time had seemed to her so dazzling and perfect. Roffredo's love, she saw it now, was clearly selfish; it was not the tender and cherishing emotion which she had read of in the works of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge and other Victorian writers, and it was, alas, fatally evident that it was not 'pure.' But what about hers? What had she loved him for? In the cold light of her disillusionment and the clear-sightedness of pain, at last

she asked herself that; and the answer was disquieting. It had not been for any of the qualities which she had been taught all her life to value — not for any special goodness, or gifts of mind or character. She had simply been carried away by his good looks, his gallant bearing, his imperiousness and wit, and the flattery of his making love to her. Oh yes, and more than the mere flattery of that — there was more. Almina did not know that convenient and graceful modern expression 'sense-enchantment,' so she did not use it; but she did at last realize and admit to herself that those dizzy raptures when she was in his arms were more of the body than of the soul.

To a person with Almina's strong moral preoccupations this was a painful and shocking admission. For no one had ever given her any definite guidance in the difficult and delicate matter of discriminating between sense and spirit in loving, or in the still more difficult and delicate art — whose mastery is almost a lifelong task — of learning how to combine the two.

The two Countesses were not the sort of people to be of much help in this situation. Both meant to be kind — in a way both were kind to her; but the difference between the English and Italian mentalities was a great obstacle, besides the girl's youth and shyness. Neither realized the sort of help she needed, nor would either really have been capable of giving it. For their practical benevolence, for putting a roof over her head and getting her money for her, for their general supervision of her and her affairs, she was deeply and silently grateful, and for Aspasia, with her healthy bluntness, her cheerfulness, and her strong character, she was beginning to feel a certain genuine affection. But as far as her own private problems were concerned, during those days of Suzy's illness Almina was very miserably alone.

There was one person in the province who was even more alone, just then, than Miss Prestwich, and that was Suzy her-

Someone has put it this way:

The Goal of our Engineers
is to Help our Customers Use
as Few Pounds of Aluminum as possible

Barrows are dangerous as statements of industrial
my. But this paradox happens to be a true description
of program of engineering cooperation.
Everyone who makes use of aluminum (or any other
material) wants to use the least amount which will serve
desired purpose. That is good engineering, good
business, and good business.

35 INSTEAD OF 40

Example, John Doe sees a market for a really light
barrow. Naturally he considers aluminum. He
states that by using forty pounds of aluminum he
cut the weight of ordinary wheelbarrows in half.
If, by advice in the matter of design and the right
alloy to use, we show him how to make his wheelbarrow
only thirty-five pounds of aluminum instead of
40, we have helped him make a still better barrow.
This will be a benefit to the user. It will mean more
business for Mr. Doe. And for us, it will create a new
market for aluminum where none existed before.
Our engineering programs combine to provide this
benefit to users. Both are as old as the aluminum
industry.
Our program continually seeks new alloys of aluminum.
These are made by combining just the proper amount of

other metals with aluminum, and the number of possible
combinations is large. Every alloy differs in important
properties from all other alloys, and has the ability to
perform better under a given set of conditions than any
other material.
In fifty years of research we have developed a large,
related family of such alloys. The ultimate purpose of
these alloys is to enable the John Does to use 35, instead
of 40, pounds of aluminum on their barrows.

The other program seeks to make sure that John Doe
uses the right alloy, and uses it in the most economical way.
The practical knowledge of our engineers is placed at his
disposal. If help in design is welcome, or assistance with
manufacturing problems is required, where should a user
find better help than among the men who have made the
usefulness of aluminum their life work?

HELP FOR MOTHER N.

Nature made aluminum light. Research has made it
strong by creating alloys. Engineers have made it useful
by showing where and how to employ these alloys most
effectively.
The increasing usefulness of aluminum is a direct
reflection of this continued program of helping customers
use less aluminum.

ONE OF THE POINTS OF INTEREST
IN FINDING THE ROADS TO LIGHTNESS

Lightness of aluminum is a road to lightness. No road can touch every
point of interest. No alloy has everything. Engineers call these points of
interest properties. Notice how properties vary. Can you tell why Alloy
I is preferred for airplanes? That is one purpose of our engineering help.

HOW SIX ALLOYS COMPARE in four out of many POINTS OF INTEREST TO USERS						
	Best	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
Strength	V	IV	VI	III	II	I
Stiffness	VI	III	IV	V	II	I
Resistance to Fatigue	I	II	VI	III	IV	V
Electrical Thermal Conductivity	I	II	V	IV	III	VI

ALLOY I
ALLOY II
ALLOY III
ALLOY IV
ALLOY V
ALLOY VI

ALCOA

PRODUCED BY UNIZORC
REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

self. Who can say where the sick go during the long days and hours of acute illness? What does the spirit do, then? The sick can seldom say, for the brain is the channel through which we communicate the movements of the spirit, either to ourselves or to others — the words, the ideas in which we try to clothe those experiences, are furnished by the brain's mechanism. So Suzy lay, alone in her own world, with who knows what bitter companionship of thought drawn from her last conscious experiences.

To those beside her — to the old Marchesa and to Francesco — this withdrawnness was peculiarly troubling. The old Marchesa, like most healthy old people, disliked the very sight of illness. But far more distressing was the strange feeling of impotence: seeing Suzy there before her, and yet not there, not within reach of her love and sorrow, utterly unresponsive to speech or touch.

During the final twenty-four hours they would not let the old lady go into the room — the Sister on duty sat, her fingers lightly on the wrist to note the pulse, her head bent low to mark the breathing, watching, waiting, trying to gauge whether the body would have enough resistance left to survive the shock when the temperature came down with a crash. On Sunday night the doctor stayed in the house; he forced Giacinta to give the old Marchesa a sleeping draft in her evening glass of warmed wine, after which she was put, unresisting, to bed — he was almost as anxious about La Vecchia as he was about his patient. As a result the old lady slept deeply and long; when she woke, she at once sent Giacinta to inquire for the night's news. A few moments later there was a tap on her door, and the Marchese Francesco walked in. He was still in his flowered dressing gown, his beard untrimmed, his thin hair anyhow, but his face was luminous with happiness. 'It is past,' he said. 'It is past, and she lives! She is terribly weak, but she lives. Oh, Mama' — and the poor man knelt down

by her bed and put his disheveled gray head in her lap, as he used to do when the hair was brown and thick, and fairly sobbed in his relief.

Messengers to inquire had been coming all that week from all over the province, and from Odredo and Castellone at least twice a day; by midday on Monday it was fairly generally known in the neighborhood that the crisis was past and that the Marchesa Suzy was going to recover. At about five o'clock a little penciled note was brought up to the old Marchesa, who had had her first good afternoon nap for several days, conveying warm congratulations on the news from the Countess Aspasia, and asking whether the Marchesa felt equal to receiving her in person for a few moments? 'I, too, have some good news for you,' the note concluded.

The old Marchesa sent a message requesting her to come up — after the solitude and anxiety of the past week she felt quite in the mood to see Aspasia. When the usual flow of greetings and congratulations was over, and a full account of the course of Suzy's illness had been given by the old Marchesa, and almost visibly pocketed by the Countess Aspasia, 'And what is your good news, my dear Aspasia? Is it about *her*?' the old lady asked.

'Yes, Marchesa. It is all right, the Virgin be thanked! *That*, at least, that poor child is spared.'

'I am glad. I am thankful,' the old lady said gravely. 'Poor little creature, she is a good girl — I cannot feel that she was really much in fault. Tell me, how is she?'

'She is relieved, of course, but she is still low in herself,' the Countess replied. 'I think that, morally, the thing preys very much on her mind,' she added, with unexpected penetration. 'When she is alone, she just sits and looks! It is not good for her. It may be better when she goes home.'

'In my opinion, she should not go home just yet,' the old lady said. 'My dear



More Income to More People

SINCE 1850, the average wage rate in American industry has increased 500%. Even allowing for increases in the cost of living, the "real wage"—that is, the purchasing power of labor in terms of goods—has approximately doubled since 1900.

The worker has also been receiving a steadily increasing proportion of the total income available. In 1900, wage and salary payments represented only 53% of the national income. By 1934, the figure had increased to 67% of national income.

From 1923 through 1929, wages and salaries consumed 80% of the gross income of manufacturing industries. If all the profits of all the corporations that reported for income tax purposes

in 1935 had been turned over to workers instead of to stockholders, the resulting increase in wages would have been less than 8%.

Industry has done more than pay workers out of its income. In times of stress it has paid them out of its deficits. In the three years ended 1932, American business paid out 24 billion dollars more than it took in—paid from its savings of preceding years—thus making by far the greatest contribution toward sustaining public purchasing power during the depression.

The American system of private industry and business, although it has its faults, has nevertheless distributed more income to more people than any other system in the history of the world.

As bankers for commercial and industrial enterprises, it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a better understanding of the facts about private business.

BANK OF NEW YORK & TRUST COMPANY

48 Wall Street • New York

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

New York's First Bank

Founded in 1784

Copyright 1937—Bank of N. Y. & Trust Co.

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

Aspasia, you have done a good work for that little thing — could you continue it for a week or so more? I should like a little time to consider — I think I might possibly arrange something. These last few days, with Suzy so ill, I have done nothing. But now — I must see,' she repeated.

The old Marchesa's 'seeing' involved, in the first place, the writing of two or three letters, and a brief and rather acid interview with Count Carlo. She told him roundly that he must now let Giulio have his wish, and go to Oxford. She did not mince her words. 'His being mewed up at home in this old-fashioned way, with a sister and a governess, was always ridiculous; now it is become impossible. You must let him go.'

Count Carlo did not like the idea, and was unwise enough to advance one or two arguments against it. They were decisively dealt with. At last —

'Yes, and I have this further to say to you, Carlo — this affair with Suzy must now stop. It is enough. Marry again, if you must, or take a mistress in Venice; but this business *en famille* I will not stand.' Quelled and routed, the unhappy man eventually agreed to both propositions — he was mopping his brow with his fine cambric handkerchief as he walked down the broad staircase after leaving La Vecchia's room.

The old Marchesa's next move was to send, on the following day, for Giulio.

With Giulio and his lovesick condition she felt peculiarly impatient, and she awaited him in a rather irritable mood. He must go to Oxford, of course; nevertheless it was tiresome of him to have caused these extra complications, to worry Fräulein Gelsicher, and to have blurted out everything about the little Prestwich to her darling Marietta. But when the boy actually walked into her room, impatience and irritation died. She was shocked by his appearance; he had a peculiar stricken look, and when he sat down and began to speak, the curious uncontrolled inflections of his

voice and the movements of his hands suddenly made her realize that his nervous condition was really serious. He must be got out of it somehow, and quickly.

She began by talking to him about going to Oxford, and was further disturbed by his listlessness and lack of enthusiasm at the prospect. 'I thought you wished so much to go, but you do not seem very glad,' she said at length. 'Is it because you are so unhappy about Miss Prestwich?'

Giulio winced. 'Yes, Bonne-Mama,' he said.

'Hm,' said the old lady. 'I thought you were to be a philosopher. Philosophers don't go all to pieces because they are hurt.'

'You are thinking about the Stoics,' the boy said gloomily, argumentative even in his sadness. 'And, in any case, it is more for — more for *her* that I mind than for myself; that is what I can't get over.'

'Bother the Stoics!' said the old Marchesa sharply. 'And I fancy, Giulio, that you are deceiving yourself. Miss Prestwich has had a cruel experience, which has caused us all distress; but, as it most fortunately turns out, it will have no serious or *lasting* consequences.'

Then with a brisk 'Now listen to me, my dear Giulio,' the old Marchesa took up her parable, and gave him some of her views on life and love. She was very open with him. 'Your real trouble is pure masculine possessiveness — another has taken what you love. So now you feel that she is spoiled, secondhand — is it not so?' And when, rather shamefacedly, he admitted it — 'But that is fundamentally all nonsense,' she exclaimed vigorously; 'especially since she will not have a child. Men have always these ideas! We should be in fine case, we women, if we could no longer look at a man because he had taken some other woman! Do not feel this, my child; it is a false feeling. A loose woman is one thing — a girl whom misfortune has

DON'T SET THE BRAKES!

Twenty years ago the United States government took over the American railroads as a war measure—and gave them back to their owners in 1920—on the eve of a depression.

Facing railroad men and management were such tough problems as these:

They had to find ways to meet greatly increased operating costs with lagging revenues.

They had to repair and replace war-worn equipment.

They had to meet new forms of competition.

And they had to operate under rules, regulations and restrictions more complex and bewildering than those imposed on any other business in America.

But the railroads made the grade!

Great new locomotives were developed—freight today moves 50% faster than in 1922.

Curves were straightened—stronger bridges built—thousands of miles of heavier rails laid to make safe speed possible.

Safety has steadily advanced.

Today the American railroads deliver the finest railroad service in the world—with the lowest rail freight rates in the world—23½% lower than the peak of 1921, shortly after government operation was ended.

And with all this, *they pay the*

highest railroad wages in the world.

Meanwhile the mountain of regulation has piled steadily higher—under state law as well as federal.

An immediate threat is the TRAIN-LIMIT-BILL—a bill to limit the length of freight trains—to force the railroads to run unnecessary trains—under the pretext of safety.

In face of the fact that the American railroads have reduced accidents to employees by 75% in the same years in which they developed longer and faster trains for better service—

In face of the fact that the more trains run the greater the chances of accident, especially at grade crossings—

In face of the fact that this one law would add more each year to the cost of railroad operation than the total cost of all air conditioning of trains to date

—this bill has already passed the Senate.

The harm of this legislation is measured in more than money-cost, great as that will be. It wipes out the major benefits of the improvements the railroads have made—but more important still it stymies progress, and hamstring future initiative, enterprise and invention.

Do you want the advancement of the nation's basic transportation system brought to a standstill? If not—it's up to you!

Don't set the brakes on railroad progress!



ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

XXVII

overtaken is quite another. This is a *good* girl, whatever happened to her. No — be at peace; presently you shall see her, before she goes — I will arrange it. And if, after a time, you find that you love her still — well, you will be in England, and no doubt you will be able to meet her. In the meantime, you will have your Oxford.' She paused; then: 'In any case, for all your life remember this — do not exaggerate the importance of the body. *Dio mio*, have we souls, or have we not? And with which does the good God concern Himself?'

These preachments did Giulio a great deal of good. She had seen so much, one *had* to believe her, and belief in what she said was comforting and somehow cleansing. He thanked her, and was beginning to wonder if he ought not to be taking his leave, when suddenly she spoke of Marietta. She asked how the child was, and when Giulio said vaguely that she seemed all right, the old woman snapped out at him with a return of her normal sharpness.

'She is all right, you think?' My good Giulio, have you at all realized, in your concern for your own troubles, what *she* must be feeling? She too has lost Miss Prestwich, whom, remember, she also loved; and — ' she hesitated for a moment — 'in addition she is necessarily very unhappy about her mother, precisely on this account. She has had all this to bear and, as well, she is grieving and worrying over you and your unhappiness.' She sat looking rather sternly at him, and when he did not answer she went on, 'Might you not try now to do something to comfort her, to help her in *her* unhappiness?'

Giulio looked at her, slightly startled.

'I don't think I should be much good at that, *Bonne-Mama*,' he said slowly. 'I — I am very fond of Marietta; she's a darling. But you see I am not much accustomed to helping people in such ways.'

'No, I see that clearly. And it is high time that you began,' said the old Marchesa.

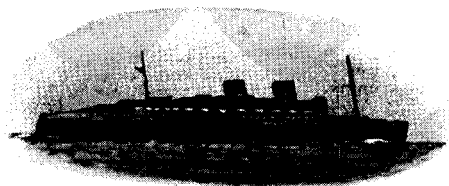
Giulio walked very slowly homeward from Vill' Alta, thinking as he went. Yes, he felt better; he felt encouraged; the poisoning misery and hatred and despair had, as it were, been washed out of him by that vigorous directness. But the old Marchesa's matter-of-fact acceptance of his love for Almina, her hint that it might some day come to fruition, and not be frowned upon — this did more to lighten his mood than anything else could have done. The worst part of his misery had actually been the feeling that in Almina's humiliation his love had been humiliated, that this love itself was somehow tainted and soiled by her disgrace.

He walked on, remembering his talk with Marietta that day after he had been to see Roffredo at the villa. Some of her words came back — what she had said about the person who was tipped out of a boat not having committed suicide. But that, — he stopped a second time, astonished, as the thought struck him, — that was almost exactly what La Vecchia had said! 'A person who is overtaken by misfortune.' And Marietta too had spoken, as the old lady had done, about the soul — something about the unconsenting spirit holding up its head in Purgatory. He walked forward once more, thinking how extraordinary it was that a young girl like Marietta should have had the same ideas about such a situation as the old, old woman. His little cousin's words, unheeded at the time, took on a new weight; and he began now to think of what the old lady had said of Marietta and her troubles. Yes — she must indeed be very unhappy; and he had never even thought of that, had done nothing to help her! A rush of real affection and penitence, such as he had hardly ever experienced, warmed his heart still more. He began to hurry — he wanted to see Marietta quickly, and tell her about all this, and do whatever he could to comfort her.

Lido after dark



THE CONTE DI SAVOIA . . . MIDNIGHT



THE miraculous Southern Route sun has one down . . . and the scene changes utterly. Instead of beach slacks . . . it's "white tie and tails." Instead of deck tennis, dancing, traps . . . it's music and champagne . . . or Spumante, if you prefer to "do as the Romans do," as you probably will. For of course this is an Italian ship, offering all the warmth and subtlety of Italy's wines and ta-

ble delicacies as well as those of other countries. Daytime Lido brought first fame to the Italian Line, with its sweeping play-decks and pools. Lido after dark brings the crowning mark of elegance to your Wintertime outdoor crossing.

Choose the great Rex, the gyro-stabilized Conte di Savoia, or the charming Roma, for an express voyage. Or enjoy the more leisurely route of the Vulcania or Saturnia, with their eight or nine extra ports to entertain you on the way.

All are true Lido leaders . . . by day or night! . . . in Winter as in Summer.

*The leading **TRAVEL AGENTS** in your city are our representatives. Consult them freely—their services are gratis. Or apply to our nearest office: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, New Orleans, Montreal, Toronto.*

ITALIAN LINE



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

He found her, as he had done on that evening nearly a fortnight before, sitting ready dressed for dinner by the marble table under the stone pine. As the young man approached he was struck, this time, by something curiously desolate about that small figure, in the unbecoming starched white dress, all alone under the great tree. He went over and put an awkward arm round her small shoulders. 'What are you thinking about, *cara?*' he asked.

The unwonted caress and endearment startled the child, shook her out of her usual self-control. Her eyes were swimming in sudden tears as she turned them up to her cousin.

'Oh, *her*,' she said sadly. 'I am almost always thinking of her.'

He sat down beside her, and again put his arm, with clumsy tenderness, round her little thin form.

'Listen, I have some good news for you about her,' he said. 'She is n't going to — to have a baby.'

'Who told you?'

'Bonne-Mama. Marietta, that *is* good news, is n't it?'

'Yes, it is. Yes, it is very good,' she said, warmly and gladly, fumbling for her handkerchief to wipe her eyes. 'Tell me, what else did Bonne-Mama say?'

'Well, you know I am to go to Oxford? Gela told me yesterday, but she said I was not to speak of it; but now that Bonne-Mama has told me too, I do not see why I should not, especially to you.'

'Oh, Giulio, I am glad! I am so very glad! How was this settled?'

'Oh, it is all Bonne-Mama, of course. She sent for Papa, and arranged.'

'That is *very* good,' the child said thoughtfully. 'It is right. Bonne-Mama always knows what is right; and she causes things to happen, as others cannot. She has some special force in her.'

'Yes, she is wonderful,' the boy said, earnestly. 'But, Marietta, do you know, I think you have something of her way of knowing what is right also.' And as she looked at him in surprise — 'Do you

remember what you said to me that first day, over there,' — he waved behind him toward the ridge, — 'about — about Almina? That because — what happened — was not of her intention, it did not affect her soul? Not touch her, really, at all?'

'Yes,' she said. 'I remember. I am sure it is true.'

'Well, Bonne-Mama said almost the same thing to me this afternoon. She said that she was good, that it was only misfortune. And she spoke of the soul being what mattered.'

'I am very glad she told you this, because you will believe *her*,' the child said, quite practically and without the smallest resentment.

'Another time, I think perhaps I shall believe you too,' the boy said. 'I think you are much wiser than I realized. But, Marietta, has it helped you, also, to believe this — to be less unhappy, I mean to say?' Giulio felt vaguely that he ought to be getting on with the business of comforting his little cousin; this talk was in itself easing and consoling, but so far *he* was not doing much.

'Yes, in a way. But I miss her so dreadfully, all the time; and I hate not knowing how she is, and thinking of how unhappy she must be, all alone over there,' the child said sadly, looking across to where Castellone showed white and maroon above the treetops. 'You see, *she* may not know that we think this. She may feel about herself as — as you felt about her, till now. Oh, I wish I could see her!' she said, on a long breath.

'I wonder if you could not!' Giulio said suddenly. 'I believe it might be possible, Marietta. Because, do you know, Bonne-Mama has promised that before she goes back to England I shall see her! She said that. But I think you ought to see her too. I shall tell Bonne-Mama that you wish to.'

'I wish Bonne-Mama would see her herself,' the child said musingly. 'That is what would help her most of all, if Bonne-Mama would say those things to



GALA NIGHT FESTIVAL on the EUROPA, one phase of the richly varied life on the Lloyd swift expresses BREMEN... EUROPA sailing midnights from New York Midtown piers; Morning arrivals at Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen.

THOROUGHNESS ... on Atlantic Crossings

strange way to caption a festive shipboard scene? Not at all. Genuine happiness, unforced, unsimulated, can come only from the rightness of thousand minute details in living. Especially so on shipboard Thus the thoroughness on Hapag-Lloyd ships: Extreme care in the selection, schooling, training of all stewards; In preparation and serving of food, and, of course, in scientific navigation. Yes, even the regularity of sailings, the actuality of arrivals contribute mightily to the care-free ease and comfort of those traveling for business or vacation whether in Cabin Class, Tourist Class or Third Class.

Sailing Schedules, Reservations from Your Local Travel Agent, OR



Midnight Sailings from New York
Morning Arrivals at
CHERBOURG, SOUTHAMPTON, BREMEN
THE LLOYD SWIFT EXPRESSES

Bremen • • • Europa

In Spring, Summer **Columbus** Adding Ireland

IRELAND • ENGLAND • FRANCE • GERMANY

A Sailing Every Wednesday Midnight of a Hapag "Famous Four" Express:

New York

Deutschland • Hansa • Hamburg

Leisurely at Low Rates

M.S. St. Louis, HAPAG • LLOYD S.S. Berlin



Hamburg-American Line • North German Lloyd

57 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



TWENTY-THREE OTHER OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

PRODUCED BY UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

her that she said to you. *I should try to say them, if I were allowed to see her; but I don't suppose she would pay any more attention to me than you did!*' she said, a momentary glint of amusement crossing her small face. 'I am too young — no one pays any attention to what people say till their hair is up! There's the gong! Giulio, you must fly,' she added, as the deep musical notes boomed out across the garden.

In fact, this was another of the cases where Marietta and the old Marchesa thought the same thing right. A couple of days later, unprompted by Giulio, the old lady did something she very rarely did nowadays — after due preparation, and exchanges of notes, she ordered out the closed carriage and, escorted by both Giacinta and Roberto, she drove over to Castellone, in the teeth of the impassioned protests and lamentations of the Marchese Francesco, who was sure that it would be too much for her. The birthday was now only three days off; there was, in spite of Suzy's illness, to be a big reception in the afternoon — she ought to be saving up all her strength for that, her son said; and the doctor and Giacinta said likewise. The old lady swept their objections aside. She wished to go; she was the best judge of her own powers; she was going. She went.

Her first call was on the Countess Livia. It was very formal — the old Marchesa found Livia, with her lack of vitality, her sour righteousness, and her religiosity, singularly unsympathetic. And she was a rare hand at keeping her powder dry; she was not going to waste her strength — which was by no means as great as she had given the doctor and the Marchese Francesco to understand — on a discussion of recent events with Livia, which would certainly irritate her. No — she had only one serious thing to say to the widow, and after ten minutes' exchange of courteous trivialities, as she rose to take her leave she said it. 'My dear Livia, I am sure you will understand me when I say that the more your

son Roffredo is in Milan, and out of the province, for the next few months, the better. Good-bye. This has been such a pleasure. Till the twenty-third! *A rivederci!*'

Then she drove on along the wide terraced drive to the red wing, and called on the Countesses Aspasia and Roma. This interview, though less chilly, was also brief. Sitting very erect in her chair, the old lady formally thanked them both for what they had done for Miss Prestwich.

And then she said that she had a request to make. 'I should like to speak with Miss Prestwich, alone. Is this possible? I beg that you will not derange yourselves — her room, the garden, wherever is most convenient!' But of course there was really no question of her moving from the chair in which she sat — the sisters left, and after a few moments the door opened slowly, and Miss Prestwich came into the room.

She stood for a moment, hesitating, just inside the door, looking with large and rather timid eyes at the old Marchesa. 'You wished to speak to me, Marchesa?' she said at last, in her pretty, polite Italian.

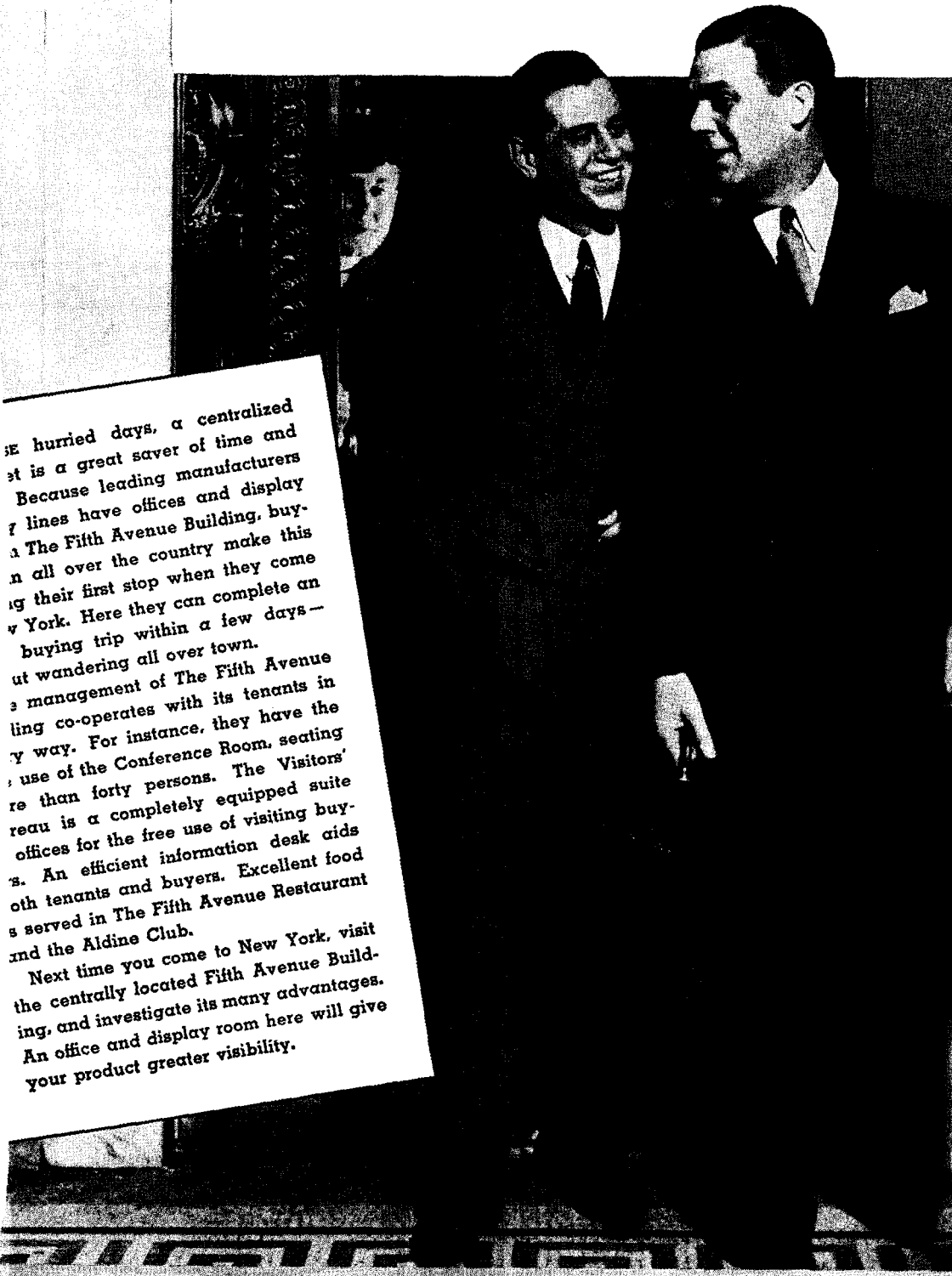
'Yes, my child, I do,' she said, very pleasantly. 'Come and sit down here by me, and let us have a little talk.'

The ready color came into the girl's face as she crossed the room. La Vecchia Marchesa had never called her 'my child' before.

'Well, my child, I am not overproud of the way my relations have behaved to you,' the old lady said, without further preamble. 'It has distressed me very much that this should have happened to you while you were with us. I wish to tell you, on behalf of — of us all — that I regret it very deeply.'

This, which practically amounted to an apology, surprised and embarrassed Miss Prestwich so much that she was almost incapable of speech. She blushed more deeply than ever, and said, 'Thank you, Marchesa.'

**"Our biggest sales are made right
here in The Fifth Avenue Building"**



SE hurried days, a centralized
et is a great saver of time and
Because leading manufacturers
f lines have offices and display
a The Fifth Avenue Building, buy-
n all over the country make this
g their first stop when they come
v York. Here they can complete an
buying trip within a few days—
ut wandering all over town.
e management of The Fifth Avenue
ling co-operates with its tenants in
y way. For instance, they have the
use of the Conference Room, seating
re than forty persons. The Visitors'
reau is a completely equipped suite
offices for the free use of visiting buy-
ers. An efficient information desk aids
oth tenants and buyers. Excellent food
s served in The Fifth Avenue Restaurant
and the Aldine Club.

Next time you come to New York, visit
the centrally located Fifth Avenue Build-
ing, and investigate its many advantages.
An office and display room here will give
your product greater visibility.

THE FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

'*Niente*. There is something else that I wish to say to you. I had occasion recently to have an interview with my great-nephew, Roffredo, who told me, with all possible emphasis, that there was no foundation whatever for an accusation which was, I believe, made a ground for your dismissal — that of impropriety with him while under my son's roof. I believe him — and I wish you to know that I believe him.'

This time Almina made no answer at all — speech was quite beyond her.

'A piece of advice, however. When you are acting as a governess, *never* have anything to do with young men. You may be innocent as the dawn, but it does not pay. Dismiss them all. If they do not accept this, tell your employer, or leave. There is no other way.'

The girl looked at her. 'Marchesa, I did mean — I did at one time refuse to see him. But then — it began again, and I found it almost impossible, in the circumstances —'

'Enough! I know the circumstances. You were most unfortunately situated,' the old Marchesa interrupted. 'I do not blame you, in this case; I am merely advising you for the future. And *à propos* of the future, have you made any plans?'

At that Almina fairly broke down. 'No,' she sobbed out. 'How can I? I have no reference, from here — and it has been so short. I do not know *what* to do! I suppose I must go home. But — my mother! She had counted so much on this! And all my clothes! I cannot think what she will feel. And I, myself — *now!*' She shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

The old Marchesa sat, during this outpouring, watching and listening to the girl, and she was unusually moved. From the heights of her immense age, the cool wisdom which those long decades of experience had taught her, she now, at the close of her hundredth year, stretched out a hand, as it were, to the stricken creature, the pretty conscientious little foreigner whose good breed-

ing and integrity had been so evident to her from the outset.

'Listen,' she said — 'listen to me. In the first place, do not, I beg you, exaggerate what has happened. My nephew is, unfortunately, a reckless and selfish creature — he treated you shamefully when you went to him, as I believe in all innocence, for help. Now, in this matter I wish you to see clearly, to envisage things as they are, and not falsely,' the old lady said, with emphasis. 'You are not guilty — no sane person could hold you so. To love a selfish man is unwise, but it is not a crime; and you have had little experience. In your country, girls are very oddly brought up, according to our ideas; they are taught nothing about love — which, after all, is a very common occurrence. And I think that you perhaps overestimate the importance of this embrace. Is it the body which is immortal? Did your soul, willingly and of set purpose, yield yourself to him? Of course not — I knew it already, perfectly. Then let your soul rest in peace, for this. Call it an accident, if you will.'

She paused. Almina was looking at her with wide eyes and parted lips, but she said nothing.

'After all, it might have been much worse,' the old lady pursued briskly. 'You have escaped the embarrassment of a child. That would have been a real complication! But as it is, you are what you were — try to remember that! And now,' she went on, fumbling in the little bag at her wrist, 'I have a plan for you. I heard not long since from my friend, the old Grand Duchess of Saxe-Greinau, that she was seeking an English governess for her grandchildren; she knew that you had come to us, and she thought I might help her to find one. I wrote already yesterday to her, recommending you. I have told her that we no longer need you now, since, with my daughter's illness, it is proposed to let Marietta be for several months, at least, with her cousin Elena, in the good Gelsicher's care.'

Protecting Your Peace of Mind

DISRAELI once spoke . . . in a far more tranquil era . . . of "the sweet simplicity of the three per cents." Today, in an age of hectic pace and endless economic cross-currents, such "sweet simplicity" has vanished from investment technique. ¶ The City Bank Farmers Trust Company, faced with modern financial complexity, maintains a custodian management service. ¶ This Company offers comprehensive, up-to-date methods of study and analysis . . . multiple contacts in the world of affairs . . . adequate facilities for safekeeping and handling . . . the counsel of investment specialists . . . the close attention of trained officers. ¶ It tries to understand your individual problem . . . to co-operate with you in a personal and human way . . . to conserve your property in its integrity . . . to secure for you the maximum yield compatible with sound investment. ¶ It aims, with the aid of its broad experience of more than a century, to protect your income . . . your leisure . . . your peace of mind.

City Bank Farmers
CHARTERED 1822 *Trust Company*

Head Office: 22 William Street, New York; *Uptown Office:* Madison Avenue at 42nd Street;
Brooklyn Office: 181 Montague Street

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

She stopped, and began to remove from its envelope a letter which she had pulled out of her bag. 'Does this plan appeal to you?' she asked.

'Oh, Marchesa, yes,' the girl said, the color flooding into her face again. 'But especially for Marietta! That is just what she needs; that is just what will help her most, at present — to be with the Signorina! I am so *very* glad. Nothing could be better,' she said, almost eagerly.

The old lady looked oddly at her. 'Hm! Well, no one could call you selfish,' she observed. 'I am sorry the child has to lose you; and I am more than ever certain that I do right to recommend you to the Grand Duchess. Now, here is a recommendation which I have written for you,' she said, handing her a couple of sheets covered with her fine writing; 'when the time comes, you can send it to her.'

'Oh, Marchesa, I am grateful. You are very good to me,' the girl said, with the warm accents of happy sincerity.

'Enough, enough; it is said. You are relieved — I understand,' she said. 'Now, tell me about your mother. Has she heard anything of all this?'

Almina's mouth quivered. 'No,' she said. 'I — I have not written. I have tried, but I could not! That is the worst part of all, to tell her this. She — I do not know how she will bear it.'

'You must not tell her,' said the old lady, very emphatically. 'Why should you? It will cause her very great distress, and for what? How will she, or you, be the better for her knowing this?'

Almina murmured that she had never concealed anything from her mother.

'So be it. Well, for her sake you will now begin! To tell her would be cruel — you must carry this burden alone. I repeat, you are not guilty — then keep your sorrow to yourself. As to the reason for your leaving here, I will write to her.'

'You are *very* good to me, Marchesa,' Almina said, rather tremulously; 'I cannot thank you as I should wish.'

'Don't trouble, my child; your face speaks,' the old woman said. 'And now,' she went on, 'before I leave I should like to speak once more with the good Countesses. Farewell, my dear Miss Prestwich' — and as the girl rose from the little curtsy she had learned to make in the province she tapped her on the arm. 'Remember, you are what you were,' she said. 'Don't forget it,' she called after her, as the girl left the room.

To the Countess Aspasia, when she returned, she mentioned the proposed arrangements. 'And in the meantime, my dear Aspasia, *air* is what she needs — of that I am sure. I should let her be constantly in the garden; let her sit there to read, to work. This has pulled her down.' Then she drank the inevitable Marsala which was offered to her, and went back to Castellone in her carriage. She told the Marchese Francesco that she was none the worse for her outing, and insisted on going down to dine with him. But on the drive home Giacinta had noticed with concern that once or twice her aged mistress laid her little gloved hand to the left side of her bosom; and in the *salone* after dinner, even before the coffee came, she fell asleep in her chair.

XXVIII

Two days after La Vecchia Marchesa's visit to Castellone Miss Prestwich was sitting out in the garden, whither she had been duly hunted by the Countess Aspasia. From where she sat she could see the Monte Canone, its blunt squarish summit silvery with a powdering of new snow, the first of the year; she was thinking of the day when she had first seen it, from the churchyard wall at Macerbo, and Roffredo had told her its name. She had met him and the mountain, for the first time, together! She recalled that scene now with a curious cold detachment; she felt as if she were cut off from all personal connection with it by the events which had come in between. So a man might look

In the POST we say
In LIFE you'll read
In COLLIER'S it's

"GIVE HER A HOOVER—
AND YOU GIVE HER THE BEST"

—but for the
Atlantic Monthly
we change it to



"GIVE HER A HOOVER - *she's used to the best!*"

★ *A unique group—this Atlantic Family*

★ *real (not dyed rabbit) mink coats on their ladies and homes unplastered by mortgages*

★ *first-flight income tax returns and books all over the place*

★ *with here and there a yacht or a string of polo ponies*

Now, listen, you who get this magazine a dozen times a year—if our trusty representatives could have got by those high-powered servants of yours, every Atlantic house and housewife (instead of most of them) would have had The Hoover long ago.

—and the best one Hoover makes, too: the 150 Ensemble, complete with cleaning tools, that sells for about \$96.00 all told.

Your kind know and are used to Orientals woven three hundred years ago; tapestries Cesare

Borgia "borrowed" from the Duke of Urbino; Spode dinner services; fine bindings by Sangorski & Sutcliffe; and genuine Colonial cherry pieces. But things like these call for other possessions of a character. . . . **In cleaners, that's The Hoover.**

Wives are wives whether they read *Atlantic* or *Hot Confessions*. They deserve the Hoover whether their cleaning's done for them or they drudge at it themselves. And the finer the home the more it needs the Hoover's kinder care.

In thousands of homes this year wives are going to get a kiss and a Hoover for Christmas—and love it!

In a lot of homes like yours they'll get Schiaparelli hostess gowns, Louis Vuitton luggage, trinkets from Tiffany, Parisian perfumes—and The Hoover.

If you haven't The Hoover, leave that next Directors'

Meeting a little early—phone for a Hoover man to come over—or drop in a leading department store—and make arrangements to "Give Her a Hoover —She's Used to the Best!"



THE HOOVER COMPANY • Factories: North Canton, Ohio • Hamilton, Ontario

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

at a hand or foot which, after hurting him intolerably, had been amputated, she thought.

La Vecchia Marchesa's visit had effected an even more profound change in Almina's mood than the old lady's intervention had made in Giulio's. To understand how profound one must remember that for nearly three weeks, after the most severe shock of her life, the girl had been living in almost complete mental isolation, without anyone to whom she could speak freely about her feelings. And the arrangements for her future which the old lady proposed had given her a further sweet relief; not only new hope, but — in the circumstances almost more important — a fresh orientation to her thoughts. How she had slept, that night — what a breakfast she had eaten the next morning! And with how thankful a heart, on the previous day, she had written to her mother, giving her own account of the Marchesa Suzy's illness, the arrangements for Marietta, and the old Marchesa's plans for herself, for which she asked her mother's sanction. She had apologized for her silence, pleading, not quite ingenuously, the general stir and upset; but the mere fact of being in communication with her mother again, even disingenuously, had afforded her a quite exquisite comfort.

But the writing of that letter had somehow, for her, brought Gardone to an end. Even as she set down the sentences with her pen she had a curious feeling of finality; and it persisted. Her body in its clothes, her trunks and boxes, would only go presently, but she herself had already left the province, she felt. With an almost dreamy sense of the strangeness of this feeling, as she sat now gazing at the silvered head of the Canone she found herself looking back at Gardone as one does at a place that one has recently quitted. The strangeness lay in the fact that for months now life as it was lived there, so differently from in England, had seemed part of the

very stuff of her own life, so familiar was it grown — and now she was remote from it. She thought of that life — and as she reviewed it, still with that wondering sense of being severed from it, those who had peopled this scene came clearly into her mind, in a sort of procession: the old Marchesa, with her black stick and her white lace, her crisp sentences; the Marchesa Suzy, indolent and graceful in her hammock, with her flowing skirts, her gold mesh bag, and her tiny cigarette; the Marchese Francesco peering through his thick glasses; Marietta — oh, Marietta doing everything, everywhere! She turned away from that thought to the other household: Umberto bowing and beaming at the front door; Count Carlo stroking his beard and talking about vines or manures; Giulio's impatient face then, and his quietly eager one when he came to work with her, his occasional bursts of mischief with Marietta and Elena; Elena herself, with her shining fashionable head and her lively malice, affectionately tormenting Fräulein Gelsicher; and the Swiss with her plain kind face, her shrewd speech, and her *bonté*.

Last of all, almost reluctantly, her thoughts moved again to Roffredo. Though she did not fully realize it, her own past feelings had blurred him to her — he had been a mouth and hands and a voice murmuring endearments, an excitement and a pain, for so long that his face, his bright head and his laughter, his splendid movements and his imperious manner, had become ghostly. Of them all, of those figures which had filled her world, she found that the most vivid and solid were, not he, but Marietta, the Swiss, and the old Marchesa.

The thought of the old Marchesa switched her mind off this reviewing of the past, and brought it back to their interview of two days before. For the twentieth time she went over in her mind the old lady's words to her. It seemed very strange to the English girl that there should have been no condemna-



Hotel Marguery

Guests of The Marguery have shown by their continued patronage that they appreciate its genial atmosphere and, especially in the cooler months, its proximity to the shops, to the theatres, and to Fifth Avenue and the Grand Central Terminal.

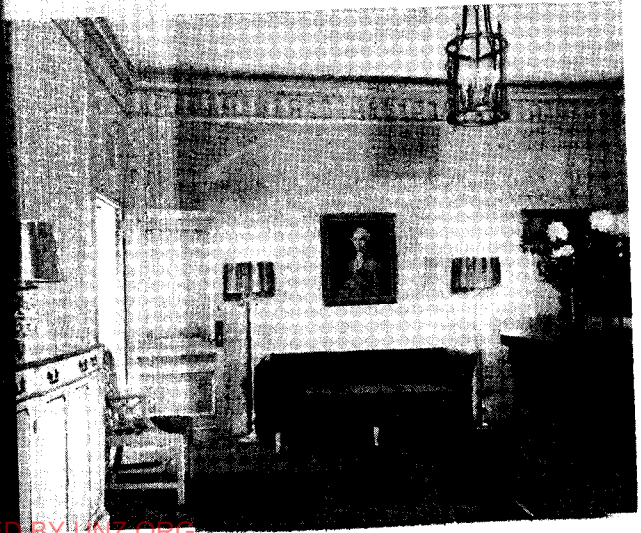
If you are planning to spend the holiday or part of it within the New York area, you can choose no more convenient, comfortable nor distinctive address than The Marguery. Its staff awaits the pleasure of serving you.

Single rooms from \$5. Double rooms from \$7
Suites from \$10

For booklet and further information,
write us

THE HOTEL MARGUERY

100 Park Avenue, at 47th Street, New York



ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

tion, no hint of cheapening of her, in the old Marchesa's attitude. On the contrary, in an utterly startling way she had minimized the episode at the villa, brushing it aside as an accident. 'Is it the body which is immortal?' But the Marchesa had always seemed to her wise — was it not possible that she was right? Right not merely in an Italian way, but ultimately right? Were the sins and disasters of the body perhaps not so all-important, so finally ruinous, as she had been brought up to believe?

'You are the same, remember' — she could hear the old woman's thin sharp voice, with its great precision of syllables, saying that too. Since this idea had been put into her mind, forty-eight hours before, the girl's nature, eager to revive, had begun tentatively to embrace it — she began to find that her feelings now followed her thought. 'I do feel almost the same,' she said, half-incredulously, to herself.

But she was beginning to see another side of the whole affair more clearly too. If she was not irremediably stained by Roffredo's embrace, when she was hardly conscious of it, still there had been conscious wrongdoing. She could face that, now. These things *did* affect her; they were the things of the will. And there had been a measure of something like error when she had surrendered her standards of what was really lovable and admirable to a purely physical charm. Oh, why had no one told her that the body exists, that the body has its own life and needs, and may betray the mind and the will? Why had no one ever told her what to expect, and how to deal with those overpowering blisses which could be, apparently, so unrelated to the soul? Why had no one ever spoken of all this to her?

She thought again, as she had so often thought in Gardone, of her mother's final injunction to her — 'Be prudent.' Now she was critical of it. She had not been prudent, it was true; but all the same the advice struck her as inade-

quate. 'That really comes to telling you *not* to love,' she said to herself. 'What one wants to know is *how* to love. There must be a right way of loving; just being careful and holding back can't really be the *best* thing.'

In this critical mood she thought again of her relation with Roffredo, and now her thought was more gentle to it. Spoiled as it had been, wretched as it *had left her*, it *had not* been wholly ugly and bad — there had been elements of beauty and tenderness in it. Oh yes, there had, she thought, tears starting to her eyes; and if only she had known more about it, known how to love, those things might have been preserved. But now it was too late, she thought sadly, staring out over the green domes of the stone pines at the soft outlines of the mountains; she would have to go on with only her own bitter and unillumined experience to guide her.

A cracking of dry twigs on the slope below and to her right made her glance down in that direction. Giulio di Castellone, looking very hot, was scrambling up through the trees towards her. When he reached her side he bowed and shook hands, saying '*Buon giorno, signorina*,' rather formally; then he pulled a note out of his pocket, and handed it to her — 'Bonne-Mama asked me to bring you this,' he said.

Startled and embarrassed by this unexpected visitor, Almina took the note.

It was one of the old Marchesa's usual command-requests, to the effect that she desired Miss Prestwich to come over to Vill' Alta on the following morning — 'to see my grandchild, who will be spending the day here, since it is, as perhaps you know, my birthday.'

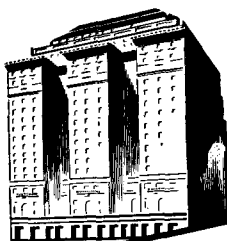
Almina looked up from the sheet to Giulio with a stir of color and shining eyes.

'How good the Marchesa is!' she said. 'I am to go over to-morrow to see Marietta!' In her pleasure and surprise the first embarrassment of this visit was quite swept away.

IT'S A
MATTER
OF TASTE



THE BUSINESS of selecting a hotel for your next visit to New York deserves a little thought. There are a number of hotels comparable to the Roosevelt in price and general desirability, yet sufficiently different in character to make a choice necessary. Our location, our services (sincere and without ostentation) and our deliciously prepared food are well known.



A
UNITED
HOTEL

The ROOSEVELT
Bernam G. Hines, Managing Director
Madison Ave. at 45th St., New York

(With entrance to the Grand Central Station)

Enjoy



The
Delights of
Modern Train Travel

RIDE THE

Los Angeles
LIMITED

TO OR FROM

CALIFORNIA



On this famous all-Pullman train you'll enjoy the restful quiet and cleanliness of air-conditioning . . . a spacious and beautiful club observation car . . . delicious meals deftly served. Among the many unusual features are barber and valet service. And there's also a Registered Nurse-Stewardess in attendance. Your trip will be delightful from beginning to end on the Los Angeles Limited.

Lv. Chicago daily at 10:15 p.m.

Lv. Los Angeles daily at 8:00 p.m.

BOULDER DAM

A thrilling sight! Be sure to see it en route — all-expense side trips from Las Vegas, Nevada, for as low as \$4.65

For Information Apply to

W. S. BASINGER, P. T. M.
Room 565, Union Pacific R. R.
Omaha, Nebr.

THE
PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC

Road of the Streamliners and the Challengers

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

Giulio had by this time seated himself by her on the rough bench; as he spoke he looked at her. 'I am going to Oxford.'

She turned at once. 'Oh, are you? I am *so* glad. How has this been settled?'

'Oh, Bonne-Mama, of course!'

'She is very good,' the girl agreed fervently. 'Do you know what she has arranged for — for me?' she asked, rather shyly.

'About Germany? Yes, she told me yesterday.' He sat looking rather gloomily at her. 'Shall you ever go to England, if you take that post?' he asked at length.

'Oh, I suppose so. Sometimes, in the holidays. It is not so far as here. Why?' she asked.

'I had thought, if I was in England, that I might see you occasionally,' he said. 'I had hoped it.'

'If you don't always come back here in the Long' (she used the idiom of her day), 'I expect I should be at home then, some of the time.'

'I hope you will let me come and see you,' he said. 'I shall wish to, I think, very much. I — there is something I have to say to you,' he brought out, with a jerk. She turned, surprised, and sat looking at him with perfectly unsuspecting calm, while he remained stuck fast in embarrassment. 'I — I shall not say it well; you must forgive me; I have never said, never thought such a thing before,' the boy brought out at last, almost stammering in his nervous haste. And as she looked at him, with her clear gray eyes, in mounting astonishment — 'I love you so much!' he burst out.

She sat absolutely still, looking at him. It was incredible. He was saying this to *her*, *now*? After what had happened? Or did he perhaps not know?

'Count Giulio, do you know why I am leaving?' she said, slowly and stiffly, but on an irrepressible impulse.

'Of course! I know everything,' he answered, the color flying into his pale face. 'In fact, Roffredo told me himself,'

he said, with characteristic impulsive tactlessness. '*O cara signorina*, what is it?' he cried distressfully, as she hid her face in her hands. 'Oh, forgive me — I told you I should say it badly! You see, I have never loved anyone before. Do forgive me!'

From behind the girl's hands came a funny little sound, between a laugh and a sob. 'And still you say this to me?' she said, taking her hands away, and looking at him.

'Yes, I do,' he said. 'Why not? Everyone knows it was not your fault.' And as she turned her head away again, he took her hand and kissed it. 'I love you, *cara Almina*,' he said gravely. 'I think I had better stick to that, for if I try to say anything else, I trip on something which hurts you! That is natural — there is so much to hurt you just now; you have been so much hurt! But if you will let me love you, perhaps you will forget that, a little.'

The tears gathered in her eyes.

'Count Giulio, you are very good to me. I cannot understand this at all,' she said, lamely and vaguely.

'Can you not? But it has been so, almost from the first moment you came,' he said earnestly. 'I used to think women were — well, were somehow unhelpful, a hindrance to my life, except Gela. But then in you I found everything I valued — as in Gela, only with more learning. And with' — he looked at her very shyly, and raised her hand to his lips again — 'with beauty as well,' he said.

She found nothing to say but 'Oh.' But Giulio was now well started, and needed little help from her. His reverence, his adoration, his pain, the delicate ardors which, now that he saw her again, seemed to spring from it, and the shy hopes which leapt to birth from the very telling of his love to her, so, face to face — all this came pouring out, expressed with a directness which had the very quality of poetry. And the girl, listening in a sort of stilled wonder, for the

HAWAII



5 LUXURIOUS DAYS

Sail with the great white *Empresses* — speed monarchs of the Pacific — and enjoy their regal luxury and entertainment en route. By *Empress of Japan*, largest and fastest liner on the Pacific, or *Empress of Canada*, \$125 up First Class; \$85 up Tourist Class. Or go on the more leisurely *Aorangi* or *Niagara*, \$110 up First Class; \$75 up Cabin Class. Ask YOUR AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New York, Chicago, San Francisco and 38 offices in the U. S. and Canada.

Canadian Australasian Line

Canadian Pacific

The Salvation Army STANDS READY

Particularly at Christmas time, The Salvation Army endeavors to give that "little more" which makes the difference in the celebration of the festive season. Last Christmas 557,053 dinners were given to needy poor, and in addition 299,536 children were made happy with toys and warm clothing.

REMEMBER

The Salvation Army in your Christmas benevolences and

REMEMBER

The Salvation Army in your will.

Make Checks Payable to The Salvation Army and Send to
COMMISSIONER EDWARD J. PARKER
National Secretary
122 West 14th Street, New York City



"Eastward still ... beyond Cathay"



Sail Eastward to all those lands you long to see . . . and sail by P & O — the Line whose very name has, for a full century, evoked the glamour of the world beyond Suez. It's more inexpensive than you might think. Just cross to England by Cunard White Star . . . and there embark in any liner of the P & O and British India fleets, led by the new, 22,500-ton Strathnaver, Strathaird and Strathmore. Regular service to Egypt, Sudan, the Persian Gulf, India, Japan, Australia, East and South Africa, Mauritius. **Round-the-World Tours** — P & O and associated Lines offer varied world tours, sailing eastward or westward, tickets good for two years. Itineraries as low as \$838 with Top Class in all ships, \$561 with Second and Tourist Classes. With British India steamers between Europe and the Orient — \$744 Top Class. **P & O Cruises** — From England to Northern Wonderland, the Atlantic Isles or the Mediterranean — in season.

Book through your local travel agent or

CUNARD WHITE STAR LINE

GENERAL AGENTS

25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Avenue, New York

EAST OF SUEZ

is the realm of

P&O

PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL
AND BRITISH INDIA STEAM
NAVIGATION COMPANIES

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

first time really saw him. He was not just a moody, difficult, bookish boy: he was a person, a lovable and valuable person, single-minded in his passion for truth as in his passion for her; someone who with all his immaturity and his faults *did*, ultimately, conform to those standards which in Roffredo's case she had flung aside, to surrender to physical charm.

And when he had gone, after a farewell from which their shyness could not quite exclude a stirred tenderness, she sat on alone, quietly wondering, and astonishingly raised in spirit. This declaration had done, would go on doing for her, something that nothing else could have achieved at that moment — nothing less than the rebuilding of her shattered personality, the re-creation of her belief in herself. The old Marchesa had begun it; but this went much further. And she was never to know that it was the old Marchesa who had told the boy, when she gave him the note as an excuse for finding Miss Prestwich alone in the garden, to do just that. 'Tell her what is in your heart — and don't forget to kiss her hand!'

Old ladies of a hundred do in fact know a great deal.

XXIX

The one-hundredth birthday of the old Marchesa di Vill' Alta dawned as one of those still, blue-and-golden days which make late September in the province of Gardone a reminder of Ovid's Golden Age. So the day dawned, and so it moved to its still and quiet close.

The Vill' Alta carriage arrived early at Castellone, and carried Miss Prestwich through the yellow fields to the gray house on the hill. Tommaso's straw Homburg swayed slightly against the sky in front of her, the green and beige carriage rug shrouded her knees, the hairs of the fat white horses blew back and settled on her sleeves. It was all as it had been, she thought, on the

day of her arrival. And the likeness was completed when, as the carriage approached the little gate in the wall, the iron whined on the stone, and Marietta ran out, her black plaits flying, her face alight, to greet her governess. She carried her off to the *torrino*, avoiding the family gathering of sons and daughters that had assembled during the previous two days at the house, and they sat there, the two of them, the child's arm tucked confidently through that of Miss Prestwich. 'Oh, I have so wanted to see you! I have so missed you! It has *not* been at all nice without you,' the little creature said, and flung her arms round Almina's neck, and hugged her almost with passion.

'I wish you were not going away,' she said presently, sitting back and looking at her companion — 'but I see that it is best; necessary. You would not be happy here, now. Oh, how difficult love is!' the child said, unexpectedly. 'There are so many sorts — and they all seem to hurt people! They die, like Zia Nadia — after all, she really died for love; or they are ill, as Giulio was; or terribly hurt, like you. Do you mind my saying that?'

'Marietta darling, I don't mind *what* you say,' Almina said. Somehow with her little pupil there was no embarrassment.

'I am glad. I do think that for to-day, for this last time,' — the delicate Donatello mouth quivered a little, — 'I think that you and I might speak freely. Oh, I have been so — so suffocated at Odredo, really speaking to no one. I have never needed to speak much before,' the child said with great simplicity, — 'because until all this happened there was not much to say. But now — how I have needed you to speak with!'

'What is it you most wished to speak of?' Almina asked — her sense of loving responsibility for her pupil rose up again and overcame any private feelings of shyness.

'Oh, you — what happened; and Mama. About you, I see it clearly, I think

Winter Begins in AUSTRIA



... begins in December ... and lasts through April ... with perfect snow conditions, endless sunshine, a bright carnival atmosphere. Revel at St. Anton, Kitzbuehel, Saalbach. Ski with the masters. Expert licensed instruction everywhere. Cable railways.

Hotels and inn houses as inexpensive as ever. Overnight from all ports. 40% railway reductions.



Consult your agent to-day or
Dept. A

AUSTRIAN STATE TOURIST DEPARTMENT
630 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK



BETTER HEALTH FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Protect them against Tuberculosis, the disease that still leads as a cause of death between 15 and 25

BUY and USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

The National, State, and Local Tuberculosis Associations in the United States

explore

THIS WINTER THE FASCINATING
SPANISH-INDIAN SOUTHWEST



Indian- detours

BY-THE-WAY TO CALIFORNIA

● Turn aside, on your California trip this winter, for the memorable experience of a 1-to-3 day *Indian-detour*, by motor, through the unspoiled Spanish-Indian country centered by Old Santa Fé, N. M. ● You will enjoy the sparkling climate, the intimate browsing about through inhabited Indian pueblos, pre-historic cliff dwellings, isolated Spanish-American mountain villages and time-worn, picturesque mission churches. ● You will enjoy, too, the pleasantly informative guidance of cultured young women couriers—and the informal comfort of your headquarters in Fred Harvey's beautiful La Fonda Hotel, in Old Santa Fé.

With rail fares near an all-time low this winter, Santa Fe's fleet of fine fast trains offers new comforts, convenience and variety of service to California, Old Santa Fé, Grand Canyon, Phoenix and Palm Springs ● Let our representatives work with you in developing your winter trip plans.

T. B. Gallaher, P. T. M., Santa Fe System Lines
1103 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Mail *Indian-detours* picture folder, and fares

from _____ to _____

Name _____

Address _____

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

—that it did not touch you; that it was an accident, not you. The worst has been Mama.'

'She is better, now, is she not?' Almina asked — even at that moment her English governessy instinct prompted this slight willful misunderstanding.

'Yes, oh yes. It is not *that!* It is what she did to you, and the reason. I find that so hard to understand — and to bear. Mama' — she looked away to where the swifts wheeled in the soft blue above the road, as if she were pursuing a thought that flew and wheeled like a bird — 'Mama has always been — oh, very important to me, though I really see her very little; she has not the time for much conversation with *me*,' the little girl said simply. 'And so, that she should do something wrong and cruel, not in a mistake — she who is always kind and generous to others — I have felt that I could not bear it!' the poor child said, and put her head down on Miss Prestwich's shoulder.

A month, a week even, before, Almina would have been quite incapable of dealing with this situation in any way that would have been of the smallest real use to her pupil. Now, stroking the child's head, she thought quickly, and on quite new lines. And at last, still doubtfully, but on an imperative impulse, she spoke.

'I can understand that,' she said slowly; 'how you feel, I mean. But, Marietta, because I have — loved — Count Roffredo myself,' her voice was a little unsteady, 'I think I can understand about her too. He has a sort of spell about him, when he chooses; it is like a kind of magic. It might move one to anything.' And as her pupil raised her head, and looked at her with wide and rather astonished eyes, she went on: 'And she — perhaps I ought not to say this to you, but I think he was possibly careless with her too; pretending to more love than he felt, and not thinking about *her* feelings. And I was wrong not to tell her about him — I see that. She may — I think she must have felt de-

ceived, both by him and by me; and that would make one very angry.'

The child looked at her thoughtfully.

'Yes,' she said at last. 'I see that — I do see it. I am glad you have told me this.' And suddenly she flung her arms round Miss Prestwich again, burying her face. 'Postiche, you have no idea how good you are!' she exclaimed. 'Oh, how glad I am that I have seen you to-day!' She raised her head to look into Almina's face. 'No one else could have told me this, helped me in this way.'

Almina was touched, and thankful too. Even in her own troubles, she had given quite a lot of thought to the repercussions on Marietta of all this affair. She decided to go on.

'I am glad this has helped you,' she said steadily. 'It is very important, I think, how one feels to one's mother. I should have been very unhappy if you had been — had been at cross-purposes with the Marchesa because of me.'

Marietta looked at her consideringly. 'What is your mother like?' she asked suddenly.

'My mother?' Almina too considered. It was difficult to think of Mrs. Prestwich in connection with the Marchesa Suzy; the whole structure of English life, so different to that which she had come to know in Italy, stood between the two women.

'Things are quite different in England,' she said slowly. 'But my mother and I — that is the same thing; at least it could be, perhaps, with you and your mother. I feel — oh well, with her one is always perfectly *safe*. And I feel with her — well, that I can pull and pull on her love, and it will never break.'

Marietta took this in slowly, looking in front of her.

'That is beautiful — and happy,' she said at last. 'That is what I should like. With Bonne-Mama, you know, I feel something of that too. Only she is so indulgent to me — almost too much. But with Mama — I am not sure. She is somehow further away. She must love



Low Winter Fares to **SUNNY ARIZONA CALIFORNIA**

Now's the time to go! Winter fares are so low it's nearly as economical as staying home. Choose your favorite recreation or means of healthful rest. Write for the surprising details.

The direct comfortable low-altitude route from Chicago on the all-Pullman Golden State Limited, the fine Apache, or the Luxury-Economy Californian. All 3 daily—completely air-conditioned. Morning and evening departures—arrivals. Through sleepers from Minneapolis-St. Paul, St. Louis—and from Memphis by car to car change on the Golden State. Excellent connections for other trains.



W. J. LEAHY, Pass'r Traffic Mgr.
Rock Island Lines
723 La Salle Street Station
Chicago, Ill.

ROUTE OF THE ROCKETS

Chosen by the

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS
ASSOCIATION as

"the most original book of 1936"

and hailed with delight by
thousands of readers in 1937

THE COUNTRY KITCHEN

BY DELLA T. LUTES

12th thousand. \$1.75 per copy

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
BOSTON MASS.



LAND OF ENDLESS Variety!

Thermal wonders gushing close to deep, sub-tropical forests. Fantastic native Maori stockades, nearby bustling English-like cities.

NEW ZEALAND . . . "The Bright New Land" . . . (so named more than fourteen centuries ago). Her hospitality and splendid travel comforts, combined with low costs, open wide the world's most unspoiled show-place.

Swift luxury liners bear you on your journey into languid-living South Sea pathways . . . Hawaii, Samoa, and Fiji . . . on a 15-day glamour-voyage from Los Angeles, San Francisco or Vancouver, B. C. to this "realm of endless variety."

Seek the experienced counsel of your Travel Agent . . . have him explain how New Zealand's exchange makes your dollars go further, or write:

New Zealand Government
606-J So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.
or 320-J Bay St., Toronto, 2, Can.



ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

me, I suppose — but I am little, and not pretty; I think beautiful mothers are just a little vexed, generally, to have daughters who are not! Mama would have liked me more if I had been something of a beauty.'

This quiet simple statement moved Almina almost unbearably. Her own observation entirely bore out its truth. And once again the new insight and frankness that her own pain had given her spoke from her mouth.

'Marietta, I believe you could do something to alter that,' she said. 'You know you are very' — she cast about for a word — 'you "walk very much by yourself,"' she said, quoting her contemporary Kipling; 'you do not open out much to people, not even to your mother. I think perhaps, if you tried, you could get nearer to her; if you' — she pushed up her hair with both hands and wrinkled her soft brows — 'if you let her see that you wanted to be. I may be wrong, but I think this.'

At that very moment, in the Marchesa Suzy's room, up in the house, the same subject was under discussion. Hardly that, perhaps; rather La Vecchia was speaking, and Suzy listening. The old lady had planned her day carefully. The reception was to be at five o'clock, and she must take a good rest after luncheon; the late morning was always her own best time, and in these days of convalescence it was also Suzy's — Suzy, she considered, was now strong enough to be talked to seriously, and the birthday was a good occasion on which to make an impression on a difficult point. So the old woman made her stiff, slow, resolute way to her daughter-in-law's room, and sat down by the bed, where Suzy lay, slightly propped up now on lace-fringed pillows, dressed in white crepe de Chine and swansdown, pearls on her neck, and her short curls arranged with some attempt at art. The loving warmth of the greetings which passed between the two women disguised itself presently in little playful sentences.

'You are very elegant to-day, my daughter,' the old Marchesa said, touching the swansdown and the pearls.

'Of course — I have made a *grande toilette* for your birthday, Bonne-Mama. One does not celebrate such an event once a week!' Suzy responded, smiling.

'It is true,' the old lady pursued. 'And my dear Suzy,' — she laid her hand on the younger woman's, — 'on this day, when I have reached the fantastic age of a hundred years, I should like you to know, from my own mouth, how pleasant you have made life for an old woman, ever since you came into the family, fifteen years ago.'

The ready tears of weakness had sprung to Suzy's eyes. 'Oh, Bonne-Mama, if you only knew what your goodness to me has meant!' she said — and then, with a little half-sobbing laugh: 'But it is *sixteen* years, *cara*; Marietta is fifteen.'

The old lady bridled for a moment — then her fine thready laughter pealed out. 'So she is — I had forgotten!' But her face changed then, to a gravity that was still charged with tenderness.

'My daughter,' she said, 'I have something to say to you about Marietta. I think, you know, that she is beginning to need you now.'

Suzy looked puzzled.

'To need me? How, Bonne-Mama? Till just now, I have always had her with me.'

'In your house, yes; with you, *cara mia*, no,' the old woman said, with unusually gentle firmness. 'In fact she has had almost nothing of you. What she needs from you now is your time, your thought, your attention — all the practical evidences of an affection which, I feel sure, exists, but which might as well not exist if it is not fully demonstrated.' She paused, and then went on: 'I think perhaps the same is true of Francesco. He is not a young man any more; it would help him, comfort him, I fancy, to feel himself the object of such a loving attention as you have always shown me.'



Before leaving on any extended trip, convert your expense money into Mellon Travelers Cheques. It is the ideal way of carrying travel funds. They can quickly be converted into cash or used directly in payment of any item of travel expense. Ask for them at your bank.

MELLON NATIONAL BANK PITTSBURGH

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

*"What else has
ANN BRIDGE written?"*

Thousands who have enjoyed
ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE
her current best-selling novel,
are asking this question

The answer is:
PEKING PICNIC

Winner of the 1932 Atlantic \$10,000 Prize
and

ILLYRIAN SPRING

"An uncommonly agreeable and graceful
story."—N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW. 12th
printing.

Each \$2.50

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS
BOSTON, MASS.

*MORE of the
good things in life!*



To countless thousands Miami Beach is an Arabian Nights island created solely for vacation enjoyment—providing more varied fun and entertainment around the clock than any other corner of the map. To other thousands Miami Beach means even more. They have discovered that the bright-lighted pageant of playground Miami Beach is a background for gracious home life, with more of all life's good things—a city enriched by the ideas and requirements of interesting, progressive people from all over the world.

Get your S.Q. at*

City of **MIAMI BEACH**
FLORIDA

*Your SUNSHINE QUOTA of winter health and happiness. Within commuting distance of northern centers, a winter average temperature of 69.6°! WRITE to the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce, Miami Beach, Florida, for hotel and apartment rates and illustrated Booklet A-2.

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

In all their sixteen years together, these were almost the first words of direct criticism that Suzy had ever had from her mother-in-law. She looked at the old lady almost in amazement, and then turned her head away — tears welled up in her eyes again and began to run down her face. But the old Marchesa went steadily on.

'To give them both — the child and my son — what they need may well involve the sacrifice of some of your other relationships,' she said, leaning a little on the last word; 'but I believe you would find this worth while. At my age, it is one's children and one's grandchildren who count — it is unwise to sacrifice them to more ephemeral affections.'

She paused again, and sat waiting for a response. Suzy gave her hand a slight squeeze, but still she said nothing. Very gently, but with a certain remorselessness, the old woman pursued her object, and once more began to address words to that silent weeping figure in the bed.

'Marietta is a very remarkable child in some ways. Beauty she has not — importance she has; she is full of intelligence, of soul. She needs comprehension, affection — and an object for her loyalties and her love. You are the natural object for that, at present; and I cannot but feel, *cara mia*, that this exaggerated feeling of hers for the little Prestwich is in some sense a criticism of her relation to you. If you had chosen to fill her heart, she would hardly have looked at her governess!' She waited a moment, and then said, in a different tone, one Suzy had never heard her use, far-away and wistful: —

'I love her more than anything in the world; I wish this for her. So much — so much . . .'

Weak as she was, those words, the last ones so faintly spoken, moved Suzy very deeply. 'Oh, Bonne-Mama, I will give her this — I will try!' she sobbed out. 'Children are — are not in my line, very much; if she had been a boy, it might have been easier! But I will do my best.

I should like you to have everything you wish, to-day.'

The old woman rose, bent over the bed, and kissed her. 'Thank you, *figlia mia*,' she said, gently. 'You have made me glad. You will have your reward,' she added, with characteristic precision.

The old Marchesa did not get quite everything she wanted on her birthday, though she got a great deal. When she left Suzy she went back to her own sitting room and sat for a little in her upright chair, among the hydrangeas in pots, the baskets with beribboned handles, the bouquets which crowded the room, brought by the family, sent from all over the province, and even from Bologna and Rome. Well, that had not gone so badly; Suzy had certainly taken the point, and she was quite sufficiently intelligent, quite generous and skillful enough in her dealings with people, to carry her promise into effect, once she gave her mind to it. One could hope, now, that things would go better, the old woman thought. And sometime to-day she must find a moment to say a word to that darling child, that ardent brilliant creature, her precious little Marietta. A faint mist clouded her eyes at the thought of Marietta. What should she say to her? That life could be hard, but not as hard as it sometimes seemed — and that it was also good? That the trick of it was — was — what had she been going to say?

She put her hand up to her left side — that tiresome little pain again! She was so fond of Suzy, it had been hard to say those severe things to her — tiring. She was really not equal to seeing her darling now — besides, perhaps she was still with her nice little Postiche. No, just now she must sit quiet — she was really rather tired. She rang her little silver bell for Giacinta, and told her to take out all the lilies — the scent was almost overpowering, quite stifling! She sat on, in her chair, and presently dropped off to sleep.

But there was no sign of fatigue or

This Christmas RIDE Upstairs on a Sedgwick

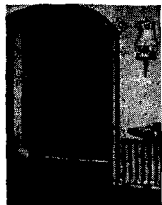


The thrill of your first car will not be comparable to the delightful convenience of a Sedgwick Electric Elevator in your home. For all members of your family — and guests. Smooth, safe riding comfort, with no more exertion than the pressure of a button. A Sedgwick provides a lifetime of service and puts an end to tiresome, heart-straining stair climbing, often so unsuspectingly dangerous as doctors will tell you. The cost is moderate enough to prove no serious obstacle, and deferred

payments may be arranged. For all details, address SEDGWICK MACHINE WORKS, 145 West 15th St., New York.

Established 1893

★ WRITE FOR
ILLUSTRATED
BOOKLET ★



HERE is one gift the whole family will enjoy this Christmas and for many years to come. It makes all writing so much more pleasant and agreeable. For the Children, a real stimulus in their school work and a proven way to higher marks. For Mother, a welcome help in her home and social duties. For Dad, a handy, businesslike aid in making records and reports.

And it is so easy to own a Noiseless Portable under the famous Remington Rand 10c a day purchase plan.

In the complete Remington Portable line are six other models with prices starting at \$39.50. See them at your Remington Dealer's. Have him tell you about the convenient 10c a day plan. Arrange with him to have your Remington for Christmas. Or, if you prefer, just mail the coupon to

Remington Rand Inc.

World's Largest Manufacturers
of Portable Typewriters

SEE YOUR DEALER, OR

SEND COUPON NOW

Remington Rand Inc., Department 218-12
Buffalo, N. Y.

Without obligation, send me the Remington Portable Typewriter catalog and your 10c a day plan for Christmas purchase.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



BOOKS Are Ideal Gifts

Do your Yuletide shopping the easy way — at your bookstore!

The most formidable Christmas list will lose its terrors as you find your answer to every gift problem on your bookseller's pleasure-laden shelves.

Remember — your gifts will give lasting enjoyment and bring lasting appreciation if they are BOOKS.

Remember Them with Books

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

weakness about her that afternoon, when she sat in the great cool *salone*, in her richest black brocade, with the marvelous ruffled 'front' of *point d'Alençon*, and the little cap to match. She was seated at the further end, in one of her favorite high-backed chairs, with the flowers from her room, lilies and all, banked behind and around her — a figure at once formidable and gracious, for all its tiny stature. Because of the Marchesa Nadia's recent death it was only a 'family reception'; but the stranger would hardly have guessed it from the names and numbers that thronged the room and the terrace; only the fact that the dresses were all black, white, gray, or lilac might have given it away.

The ramifications of the Vill' Alta and Castellone families were so widespread that half the province could claim relationship, and every known cousin of every conceivable degree had contrived to be present, from near and far; Odredo and Castellone were full to overflowing with relations from a distance, Asquinis, di Montes, and Barbellinis — all come to celebrate an occasion which made half Italy vicariously proud. On a small table, under alabaster paperweights, were set out telegrams of congratulation from the Queen, from members of the houses of Aosta and Piedmont, and other notabilities; out on the terrace was an open-air buffet with Madeira, coffee, and sweet champagne, of which the centrepiece was a vast cake surrounded by a hundred candles.

At one point the old Marchesa proceeded out on to the terrace, to cut the cake and have her health drunk, and listen to speeches, seated in her usual wicker chair; but for the most part she remained at the end of the *salone* among her embattled masses of flowers, like royalty on a throne, while one and another were brought up to her by Anastasia Colonna, to kiss her hand and utter compliments and felicitations. They were brought one at a time, and as a rule

swept away after a moment or two — Anastasia was anxious that the old lady should not overtax her strength.

Then suddenly, something of a stir and commotion became evident in the great drawing-room. The sons hastened in, Roberto and Giacinta were hurriedly summoned, Anastasia asked people to step outside. Anxiety and consternation flew through the assembly. 'She is ill.' 'She has collapsed.' 'They are taking her upstairs.' 'The doctor has been sent for' — the rumors ran from mouth to mouth. In five minutes the gossips of the province had killed the old Marchesa off outright. Some people left at once; the majority, however, remained, standing unhappily about on the terrace, in whispering groups, waiting for further news, for confirmation, for certainty.

'Listen to Aspidistra!' Elena muttered indignantly to Fräulein Gelsicher — 'she has practically arranged the funeral already! Such rubbish — as if Bonne-Mama, of all people, would go and do anything so melodramatic as to die today!' And, in fact, after less than a quarter of an hour Anastasia reappeared on the terrace steps, to give to those nearest her a reassuring report. It was no more than a sudden faintness — after all, the day had been one of great exertion; the old Marchesa was now quite herself again, and was resting quietly in her room. She regretted extremely not to be able to bid her guests good-bye; but they would realize, Anastasia said, with something of her mother's firm smoothness, that it would be most unwise for her to come down any more that day.

'There you are!' Elena muttered to Fräulein Gelsicher. 'What did I say?' The company, taking the hint, dispersed gradually. The Sorellone drove off in their pony carriage, Aspasia saying to Roma that Anastasia was always one for putting a good outward face on things — for her part, she did not believe the old lady would see the night out! Count Carlo, taking a last glass of champagne, expressed the belief that the Old One

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED
BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF
MARCH 3, 1933

of ATLANTIC MONTHLY
published Monthly at Concord, N. H.
for October 1st, 1937

State of Massachusetts, County of Suffolk, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Donald B. Snyder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Atlantic Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher and editor are:

Name of —	Post-Office Address
Publisher, Donald B. Snyder,	8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.
Editor, Ellery Sedgwick,	8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

The Atlantic Monthly Co. 8 Arlington St., Boston
Ellery Sedgwick. 8 Arlington St., Boston
Ellery Sedgwick (Trustee) 8 Arlington St., Boston
Mabel C. Sedgwick (Estate) 14 Walnut St., Boston
M. A. DeWolfe Howe. 16 Louisburg Sq., Boston
Reginald Washburn. Worcester, Mass.
Teresa S. Fitzpatrick. 8 Arlington St., Boston
Trade Winds, Ltd. 68 William St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Boston Five Cents Savings Bank, Boston, Mass.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Donald B. Snyder
(Signature of publisher.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September 1937.

[SEAL]

L. H. Houghton, Notary Public.
(My commission expires September 7, 1938.)

There's Romance, Recreation and Rhythm on the Range



Take a westward trek to Phoenix this winter, and find adventure and glamour galore. This warm, dry Valley of the Sun is a land where you can still exult in the thrills of frontier-day life, but with all the modern comforts of home . . . a land where the Three R's mean Recreation, Relaxation, Romance. Canter over enchanted mesas to the tune of creaking saddle leather . . . revel in chuck-wagon dinners 'round an open camp-fire under stars as large and twinkly as the Kohinoor diamond . . . take pack trips into deep-canyoned mountains far from civilization . . . feel your blood tingle at the soft strumming of a guitar as the songs of the range come to life. You can play golf, tennis or polo, too, under the bluest of turquoise skies. And when you feel a yearning for relaxation, sun-laze the time away in palm-lined patios, or gather with smart crowds at fashionable hotels and intimate dine-and-dance places. Phoenix, and the nearby Valley towns, offer apartments, bungalows, hotels, dude ranches, and desert inns to fit your travel budget. 'Go western' this winter for the most adventurous, most fascinating vacation of your life!



Winter Rates now in effect
on Transcontinental Lines.

Phoenix
Valley of the Sun Club
602 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
Arizon

Please send new free illustrated literature and book

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

would live forever, and drank to her two-hundredth birthday; Fräulein Gelsicher and Elena, disapproving of this levity, hurried him off — Marietta was to spend the night at home, by the old Marchesa's wish, and to return to Odredo next day.

Countess Livia drove away with two carriage loads of guests to Castellone; she had just heard from Countess Roma of Miss Prestwich's visit to Marietta that morning, and, while her lips moved silently in the words of the Office for the Dying, her mind was actively condemning the old woman for having allowed a pure young girl like Marietta to speak to 'that creature.'

In one of the Odredo carriages Giulio, made grumpy by anxiety, quarreled with his sister: 'She knows all that is necessary, she has done everything she could — why should she desire to live longer? To wish her to live till to-day was fundamentally absurd — there is no virtue in number! Why a hundred, rather than ninety-eight or ninety-nine?' Elena told him curtly that philosophers were well known to be usually also fools.

Up in the old Marchesa's sitting room the *sal volatile* and the brandy stood discarded on a table — they had done their work. The old lady had insisted on leaving the couch where they had placed her at first, and sat now in her high-backed chair — 'It is more comfortable so,' she protested impatiently to Anastasia. It was only that tiresome little pain over the heart — 'which I may tell you I have constantly, lately' — which had suddenly overtaken her downstairs, this 'me with surprising strength. 'It is 'hing — probably indigestion. That cake of Apollonia's was very rich.' then she demanded to see Mari-

re birthday wish La Vecchia did
As a result of her insistence the
was sent for, and presently
light and slim as an elf, in her
in with the black ribands, and
grandmother and asked her

how she did. 'Well, well — it was nothing,' the old lady said. 'Sit there, by me, my child — I want to talk to you.' Marietta did as she was bidden, taking a low chair beside the old woman, who retained her little hand and fondled it caressingly. She sat for some time in silence, trying, for the second time that day, to recall what it was that she had wished to say to this precious young creature, this treasure of her old heart. But it was no use — she could not remember, she could not do it. She was too tired. There had been so many people, that afternoon.

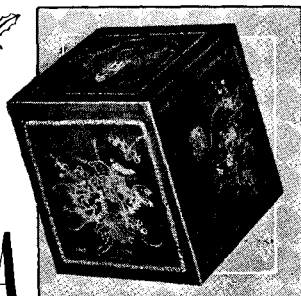
'It is no good,' she said at last, rather wistfully. 'I had something to say to you, but I find that I am rather too tired now, my little one. I will tell you to-morrow, when I am fresher. Give me a kiss.'

The child put her arms round the old woman's neck and kissed her — to her surprise, Bonne-Mama rubbed her fine old ivory-colored cheek gently, lingeringly, against the soft apricot-white one. 'Thank you for letting me see Postiche, Bonne-Mama,' the little girl said; 'it has made me so happy, seeing her again. And I am so, so glad that you have made this nice plan for her. She is so good!'

'Yes, she is,' the old woman said. 'Now, run away.' She kissed the child again. 'God bless you, my darling one, my treasure. I will see you in the morning.'

Marietta slipped out, quietly as she had come; she ran downstairs and made her way on to the stone-pine ridge. Darling Bonne-Mama, she did not really seem very ill; only rather tired and vague. How funny and tender she had been, too; generally she only just stroked one's hand! And what could she have wanted to say? The child at once wondered if she could have done something wrong — wandering along between the stone pines, she ran her mind over the day, the past week or so, but she could think of nothing serious. But coming to

80
F-2
a
illets
|||
|||



HU-KWA

for Remembrance

For the person whom you wish particularly to honor at Christmas, Hu-Kwa Tea is the ideal gift. Unique in its delicate, smoky flavor and aroma, unblended Hu-Kwa has rare character that sets it apart even from other fine China teas.

A gift of Hu-Kwa — especially in the festive 1-lb. red Chinese lacquered box with decorations by hand—will be remembered and enjoyed long after the memory of ordinary presents has faded. And the beautiful box in which it came all the way from Fu-Kien Province in China—will be a lasting reminder—decorative, and useful as well.

Your check for \$5.00 brings this colorful 1-lb package of Hu-Kwa at Christmas time to whomever you designate. The 1-lb tin is priced at \$2.50, and the 3-oz. trial tin at \$1.00.

Delivery Prepaid on Initial Orders

MARK T WENDELL

Sole Importer

156 STATE STREET • BOSTON, MASS

\$10,000 REWARD

FOR

**THE MOST ABSORBING
UNPUBLISHED NOVEL
SUBMITTED BEFORE
FEBRUARY 1, 1938**

*You still have 3 months in which
to finish your manuscript*

THE REWARD is offered jointly by
The Atlantic Monthly Press and
Little, Brown and Company. For
Circular giving details and conditions
address the

SIXTH NOVEL COMPETITION

The Atlantic Monthly Press
8 Arlington St. Boston, Mass.



Did you ever dream of Christmas spent under the bluest sky, with plenty of sunshine, fresh flowers in your garden, the mercury line above 65° F.. Such is Christmas time in Mexico City!

Shake the snow off your shoulders and spend the sunniest Christmas of your life in cosmopolitan Mexico City. Or, if you so prefer, join those in search of quieter places in provincial Mexico... Patzcuaro, Uruapan, Morelia, Guanajuato and scores of other somnolent, picturesque towns, just overnight from the Aztec capital, offer you a colorful, romantic atmosphere, chuckful of charm and tradition, in Mexico's glorious balmy weather.

EXTREMELY ECONOMICAL

Your travel agent will help you to plan a wonderful different Christmas holiday in Mexico, so inexpensive that it will cost you even less than if you choose to stay at home... Write us for information on round trip fares, fast, through, up-to-date train service, and our latest illustrated folders. 10 cents will bring you a beautiful seven color pictorial map of Mexico.

NATIONAL RAILWAYS OF MEXICO

201 - B, North Wells Bldg. - Chicago, Ill.

*A necessity for those who write
A delight for those who read*

THIS TRADE OF WRITING

BY

EDWARD WEEKS

"Contains a great deal of salutary, sensible and witty advice, information and comment about the trade of writing by an editor who knows his business." —
Stephen Vincent Benét in the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

"Seldom has so much hard-headed advice and useful information based on successful experience been offered to those engaged in the craft of writing."
— *Hervy Allen*.

Fourth printing, \$1.75

AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

one of the open spaces between the trees, where a great segment of the arc of mountains to the north opened on the eye, she stopped with held breath, and gazed and gazed — in a moment she had forgotten all about her grandmother, or possible naughtiness. Here was beauty; here was that strange source of the uplifting of the heart — sorrow or uncertainty must be stilled before this. Her spirit took wing, planing off into those remote realms of aspiration and bodiless worshipping bliss which are youth's special home and kingdom. She stood there, lost and happy in her private world of wonder.

After Marietta had left the room the old Marchesa sat on, half-dozing, in her chair. Anastasia crept in, but, seeing her quiet and comfortable, crept out again. Giacinta was in the bedroom beyond, with the communicating door open — she too came in several times and fussed quietly about, pulling up the light indoor rug over the old woman's lap, tidying the bottles on the side table; the old Marchesa, accustomed to these ministrations, paid no attention to her. In a dreamy vague way, behind her closed eyes, she was meditating — little scraps of thoughts that came and went. It had been a pleasant day, a pretty party. She wished Suzy could have been there — Suzy would have enjoyed it. She had enjoyed it herself. Everyone had seemed happy, had met contentedly — even Marietta and the little Prestwich. She was glad that was all arranged. It was a pity she herself had not been able to talk to Marietta — it was the one thing left undone. But she would be with the excellent Gelsicher now, the little thing. And she had really been too tired — *too* tired.

She was *very* tired, still; she had never been quite so tired before, she thought. In a strange remote way she felt that perhaps the call was near, now — not to-day, or to-morrow, but soon. If one was as tired as this, really rest was the only thing left. Still more dreamily,

her mind skimmed over the long past — touching the landmarks, some great, some small, that stood up out of the misty distance. Oh well, life had been, on the whole, good — sometimes painful, often pleasant; never so important as one imagined at the time, as these young people imagined still. And she had had a good long spell of it. A childish sense of triumph stirred in her, and she startled Giacinta by murmuring aloud — 'And I have lived to be a hundred!'

The maid hurried forward. 'Does the Marchesa want anything?'

'No, no — what more should I want?' the old Marchesa said.

The woman went over to the window and raised the sun blind; it was getting rather dark in the room. The striped yellow awning rolled up with a little rattle, and settled into place with a click; the soft sunless light from the upper sky, faintly warmed by the evening gold, filled the room. Still holding the cord, Giacinta turned and looked at her mistress. 'She looks old,' she thought; 'at last she looks very old. But she looks quite happy.' She turned away again, and fastened the cord round the double hook, leaning forward over the sill to do so. Outside, the tops of the cypresses below the terrace stood up against that soft evening sky, burnished like green spears in the last sunlight; beyond, from the foot of the hill, the autumn countryside stretched away, golden with harvest, the completed fullness of the year's cycle, and lit by the late sunshine, till it faded gently into a far, invisible horizon.

The maid turned back into the room. 'It is a beautiful evening, la Marchesa,' she remarked. But the old lady did not answer. The maid went over to her, pulled the rug up to cover the little old hands, put another shawl round her shoulders, and then, taking her work, seated herself under the window, where she could keep watch over her mistress, and sat sewing, as the light faded.

(The End)